THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao Dom 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MAY 11, 1918

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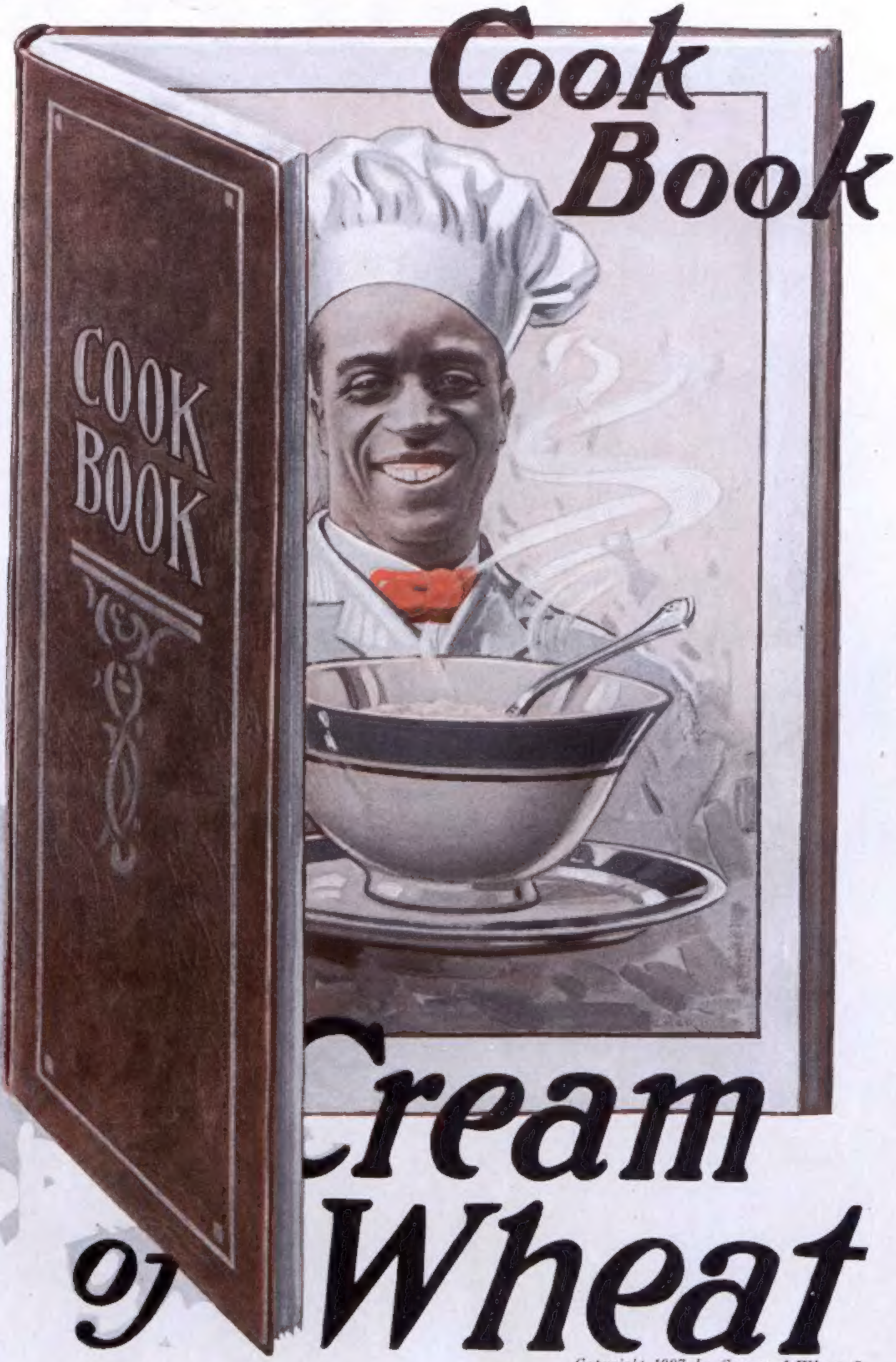
Ma Pettengill and the Animal Kingdom—By Harry Leon Wilson

The Best Dish in the Cook Book



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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, H. D. Walker,
E. Dinsmore, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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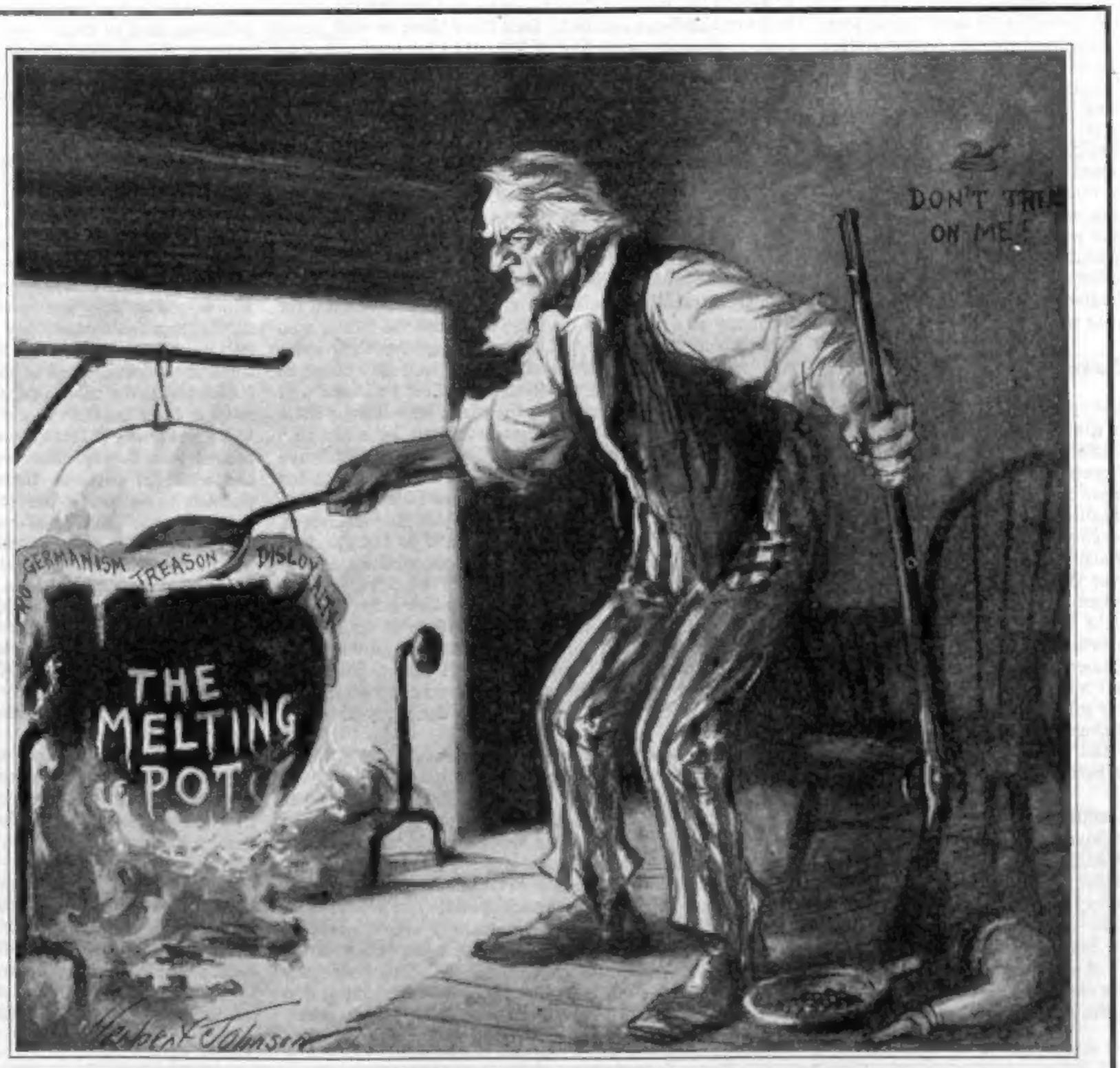
Our Imported Troubles and Trouble Makers—By Samuel G. Blythe



The Scum Always Rises to the Top

VARIOUS timid folk see American Bolsheviki in the offing. They observe signs and portents. They construe happenings. They imagine forthcomings. They have uneasy hours, and the more money they have the uneasier are their hours. They read things in the papers. They listen, perchance, to street-corner orators. They think that the world is upside down anyhow, and that there is no palpable or profound reason why the United States should not run amuck suddenly any more than there are rational reasons for a good many other things that are happening here, there and elsewhere.

Who may blame them? A glance at the first page of any newspaper on any day gives ample justification for any dire suspicion any person may have concerning the stability of the nation in the future as regarded in terms of battle, revolution, murder or sudden death. In a world welter it is difficult to fix a sane point. We used to figure, with reasonable certitude, that two and two make four; but now—how do we know but those Germans have done something that makes two and two tot up to five, or three? It is all very well to talk to the average citizen about the saving grace of sense—all very well; but he gets ample evidence every day, and has been getting ample evidence every day for forty-odd months, that sense is abolished in this world—eliminated—annihilated—no more. Therefore, why not American Bolsheviki one of these mornings?

That struck me as a question worth considering, so I considered it. I traveled back and forth in the United States, and up and down for some nine or ten thousand miles and considered it all the way. The conclusion I reached is that we shall not have American Bolsheviki, unless conditions get a thousand times worse than they are, because this is America, and the soil isn't right for the growth of it. I found that though we have the makings of Bolsheviki, to a degree here and there, the makings haven't the morale. There is a vast difference between talking red and seeing red, between feeling red and doing red. We have a considerable number of red talkers and red feelers in this country, but not so many who see red, and who consequently are incited to do red. Most of our Bolsheviki are potential rather than practical. They erupt vocally but not physically. Their revolutions are in their minds.

Moreover, those who fear and those who wonder use the term Bolshevik rather loosely, for it has come to mean, as merged into the vernacular, any sort of opposition to existing, not to say orderly, government, just as the term Jacobin is used by our orators and essayists, and as anarchy means, in the common acceptance of the term, bomb throwing, assassination and nihilism. In the ordinary usage the Bolsheviki and the I. W. W. are similar affairs, with similar objects and similar principles—or lack of them. I have no doubt that when the world is stabilized again there will be miles of labored literary explanation of the differences between the Bolsheviki, the Jacobins, the I. W. W. and other overturning organizations—much hair-splitting and reams of minute differentiation. So be it. As it stands Bolshevik is a good convenient term for the purposes of descriptive identification of those who are protesting, and there is no harm in using it as such. We need not be chary of the feelings of the I. W. W. or any of the other organizations, parties, leagues, groups, sections or racial congeries that may be brought into consideration. Matthew Arnold, writing of the Jacobins in England, said: "There are two votaries of Jacobinism—the hysterical and the pedantic; we have them both and both are dangerous." Similarly there are two sorts of potential Bolsheviki in the United States—the ignorant, and thereby hysterical; and the intellectual, or pedantic. Neither is particularly dangerous provided the Government handles them practically rather than politically. In the present situation in this country an altruistic consideration of the elements that may disturb might easily bring about some culmination of what is now largely a disorderly spirit of defiance of the established order.

This defiance is acute in certain sections and has resulted and will result in sporadic outcroppings of mob and other violence, in sabotage, in seditious organization, in opposition to measured policies. It is merely a discontented feeling in other sections, a sort of vague protest against conditions that are oppressive, or seem to be, or are urged as so being by propagandist speakers and writers. This condition has been seized upon by agitators of all sorts and used as a basis for their arguments. It has been used economically, politically and socially. The natural unrest caused by the war situation, the great labor upheaval, the readjustment of our every phase of living to meet war

demands, the draft, and half a dozen other marked changes in our national procedure have given the agitators of all kinds a fresh and fertile field for their incendiary tilling, and they have been quick to till it. Every quack with a national cure-all, every hobo with a gift of gab, every crank with a grievance, every radical with a theory, every dreamer, utopian, reformer, protagonist and letter writer has mixed in, and there has been a wide yammering from coast to coast, that has ranged from incitement to anarchy and to the milder brands of uplift and overthrow.

In these demonstrations the term worker has been overused and misapplied, until some of the workers have been led to think they have a sacrosanct standing in their communities. The man who labors has been glorified and apotheosized until a good many of them have taken it all so seriously that they are assaying themselves as the only salvation and refuge of our civilization and our democracy.

"The worker is coming into his own!" these vealy thinkers and inciters shout; and the worker of a certain sort takes the term home to himself as especially personal, and thinks that his "own" is all there is, and that he must get that, else there will be no justice or freedom or reward of true merit in the country. The worker is all puffed up about himself and therefore is easy prey for the agitator.

The absurdity of it all is apparent to those who will think about it for a space. We are all workers in this United States, the great, overwhelming mass of us, but the disposition is, on the part both of the talkers and of those talked to or otherwise incited and argued at, to arrogate to men who actually work with their hands some especial and sanctified standings in the communities, some exorbitant merits, some deservings of tenderer and closer consideration, some higher attributes and some greater needs. The explanation of this is of course that certain of the men who do work with their hands are organized on the basis of craft unionism and in other ways, and for that reason are more effective as instruments, if they can be moved in the mass, for the trying out of the doctrines, theories, incendiarisms and reprisals of the agitators. There is a vast deal of politics in it too, just as there is much politics in the glorification of the farmer that occurs whenever there is an election on. The difficulty comes in the tendency of those appealed to and incited to take the appeals and the incitements seriously.

The Half-Baked Reformers

SINCE the war began, the opportunities for the agitators have been greater and the reflexes more acute. There have been a quick observation of and action on this condition. Every element of protest, whether the intellectual Bolshevikism of the theorists or the actual sabotage of the I. W. W., has hastened to exalt the particular reform or radicalism that the particular exhorter has in mind as a specific for all that may ail us. Each has seized on war conditions as the fulcrum for his lever that is to move the world, or our part of it; and the naturally disturbed minds of those appealed to have made the appeals more fruitful than they would have been in ordinary circumstances. There is no doubt that certain elements of our population, which will be defined, would start a real Bolshevik movement if they could, or some sort of social or economic revolution, but they will have a hard time doing it. There is a saving clause in Americanism, and that saving clause is the chance each man has for bettering his specific condition in life.

In a Utopia every man would be on an equal basis with every other man as to employment, hours of labor, wages and standard of living—a dull level of pleasant existence. The great American objection to craft unionism is that it has a tendency to place every man in a union on an exact level with every other man—that is, the best mechanic often receives no more for his skill than the poorest mechanic receives for his lack of skill, provided they are both members of a union and are engaged on similar work. The strong argument for unionism is this very thing: That the union establishes and makes possible a minimum scale whereby all are at the somewhat utopian level of wage equality, hour equality and living equality.

However, unionism is one thing and the attempt to use workers, whether in unions or out of them, to bring about an upheaval of present-day circumstances is quite another. There is strong hope that the recent conference between labor and capital will settle that phase of it so far as our war makings are concerned; and the real labor leaders of this country, as well as most of the rank and file, show a tendency to do their parts, notwithstanding the many strikes and disputes that marked our first year of war.

Advanced radicalism assumes two guises: One is an intellectual, theoretical destructiveism, often cloaked under the convenient term of reform—a pale, protesting patriotism that is based on a perverted idealism rather than on a real sense of national needs; and the other is an actual destructiveism that is based on an idea of industrial and economic frightfulness. Normally, the cleavage would come along those lines in this country, for there always is more or less of an expression of this sort of thing. Nothing is normal now, and the abnormal conditions rising out of the world chaos have caused an expanded membership under the first division, a flocking to that standard of men who, though having their own motives, mostly ulterior, recognize this phase of affairs as a convenient instrument for their propaganda, and hasten to preach and practice in company with those who have been long at the game. The elements of the second division are the same as they have been, but the numbers are greater.

Thus we find for the first part, in the larger centers of population, a loosely bound but none the less effective coöperation between dissimilar elements. Linked together in about the same lines of incitement, all tending to develop unrest, are these various factors: The theoretical or palely intellectual element, who, not having the nerve to be out-and-out socialists, feed their theories with finely spun pronouncements about necessities for readjustments of the social order, and make insidious attacks on the Government and its operations under the guise of pointing out methods for the aid of the struggling masses; the pacifists, who lament war and who have no conception of national honor or national obligation, but who shout for peace to cover their own cowardice and lack of nationality, assailing the war makers and war, and being willing to go to any length, even to the destruction of existing government, to protect their own skins and advance their milky conceptions of what life should be, without ever taking into consideration what life really is; the pro-Germans, who from racial or traitorous or political reasons are for Germany as against the United States and the Allies, who will stop at nothing to get an advantage for their sympathies, and who encourage all sedition and all offense to government as helping to strengthen their positions and giving aid to the enemy; the theorists, who have a little assimilated certain philosophies set forth by men who themselves subordinated real conditions to their intensive ideas of them, who mistook in most cases argument for fact, who to advance a conjecture never failed to tumble down a truth; half-baked altruists and yawping reformers, who spread their poisons without regard to the effect of them, seeking only to gratify their little vanities and to inculcate their ill-digested measures of what they think will be reform; publicists, whose greatest concern is in getting publicity for themselves regardless of what their fulminations may lead to; and partisans, who are blinded by politics and think only in terms of party, justifying their attacks and demands on their absurd contention that the only political good there is rests in the party to which they belong.

In the second segregation we find the advocates of force, sabotage, revolution, the incendiaries. Here are the I. W. W., some sections of the foreign-born population, some types of socialists, radical opponents of the war, and all the various elements of disorder that exist in this country because of the heterogeneous character of our population. The first class is in opposition because of various motives, though all are operating to the same end. The second class is in opposition from motives of frankly avowed revolution or because of nonappreciation of what this country means and is, and neglect to find out. Together they make up what I shall term our potential Bolsheviki, and it was their possibilities for disturbance that I surveyed.

It is my contention that these vealy young gentlemen who have absorbed a few theories at college, who have tried to assimilate the principles of political economy, who have "studied" present-day problems and have academically formed opinions on what they give no evidence of understanding, which opinions they scatter broadcast in a superior and patronizing fashion, seeking to set themselves up by pointing out alleged errors and fashioning their discourse entirely on book premises rather than on actual conditions; the pop-eyed sociologists; the political theorists; the older pedants and college professors who have only the vaguest conception of the real forces of existence and who mouth and write their theories of how to govern and other "problems" regardless of real conditions—are as deep in the mire of this present unrest as the most reckless I. W. W.; and this is proved by the sometimes open and sometimes disguised support of these crasser movements that these dangerous altruists and theory spinners give—as witness various defenses of the I. W. W. from time to time from kid-glove radicals in various parts of the country.

Every center of population in the country has its exponents of the writing or speaking propaganda that tends to incite, either by innuendo or by outspoken expression, opposition to labor and social and political conditions. No government can thrive without an opposition. There can be no criticism of criticism, nor any complaint over it. The point is that there are many of these critics who use methods of attack that are in reality seditious in their influence and in their intent. They more or less openly support the elements that must take the physical brunt of the encounters with law and order, and do it under the high and patriotic plea of reform for the benefit of the working people.

Without Honesty or Patriotism

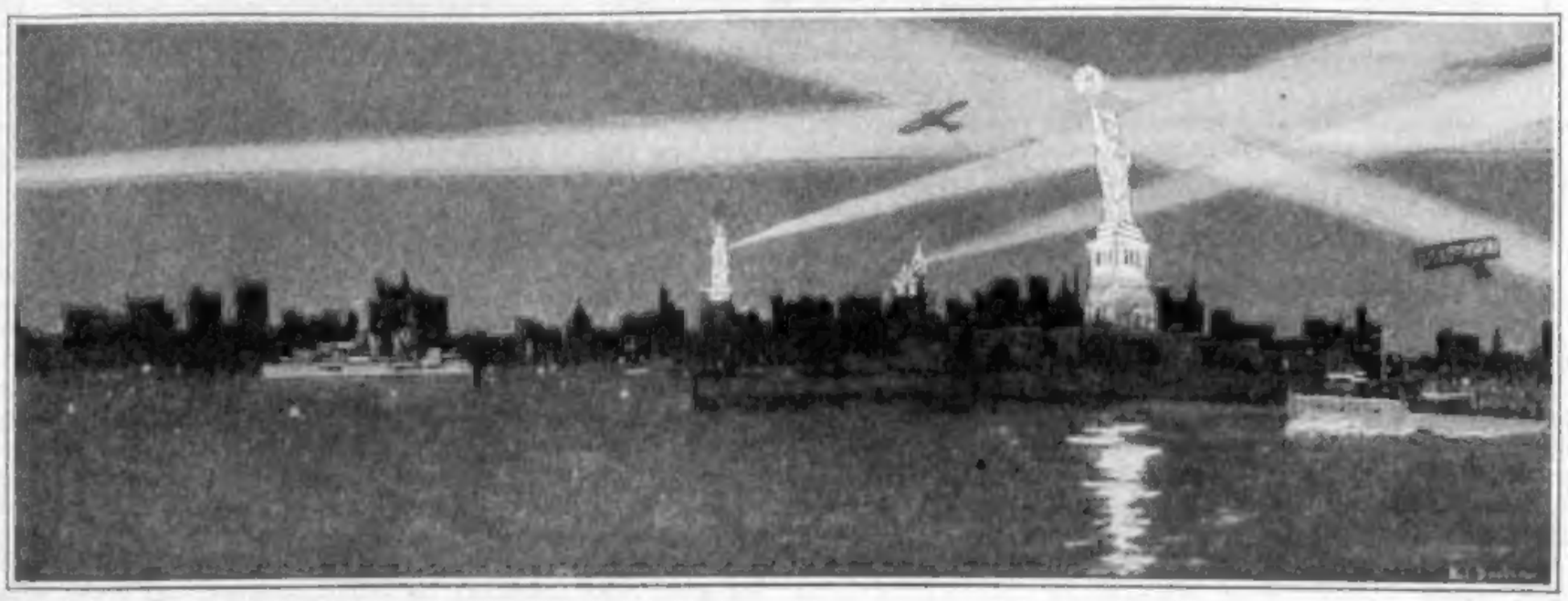
THE truth of it is they have neither honesty of conviction nor patriotism of motive. They are dilettantes playing with theories and finding in these demonstrations an outlet for their web spinnings of insidious non-Americanism. They are mostly internationalists of the intellectual type, which means they are intellectual snobs, for real internationalism isn't what they have in mind, but that internationalism that rests on the sort of education we give some of our young men at some of our seats of learning. I found plenty of them operating throughout the country, more in the East than in the West, but plenty in the West.

A great many of this type are pacifists also, which merely proves that theory obsesses in many ramifications; and the coalition between these and the pacifists who are pacifists because of a defect in their mental vision which precludes the looking of national facts in the face was instant. Oddly enough, the pacifists, though opposed to war in all its forms, are not infrequently found advocating opposition to war that is in its essence civil war itself.

Like every other prefervid unreasoner the true pacifist, to attain his end, wouldn't hesitate a minute to start an internal revolution. The end would justify the yellow means with him. So in their manifestations the pacifists have joined hands in many instances with the opposing intellectuals, and are making opposition to the Government a common cause.

This situation was made to order for the pro-Germans. Anything that would embarrass the nation's conduct of the war was fish to their disloyal net. They quickly saw that the intellectuals and the pacifists were good raw material for their machinations, and they have used them and are using them in all parts of the country. To be sure, pro-Germans who are engaged in this work are too crafty to try to inculcate out-and-out pro-Germanism in the doctrines of these men. Their practices are more insidious than that. What the pro-Germans have done is to encourage the half-baked theoretical criticism of the one and to exalt the pacifism of the other, knowing that their ends would be served in either instance. I mean of course the pro-Germans who have the equipment to work with such assistants. The other pro-Germans, who are pro-German because they were born in Germany or their fathers and mothers were born in Germany, are simply willing tools for any anti-American propaganda that may be proposed to them. Largely they are not and never have been Americans, and never will be, except

(Continued on Page 41)



Ma Pettengill and the Animal Kingdom

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

This Sunday Paper Goes Out to the Bunk House and the Boys Get Excited About It—Poor Credulous Dubs!

FROM the Arrowhead corrals I strolled up the poplar-bordered lane that leads past the bunk house to the castle of the ranch's chatelaine. It was a still Sunday afternoon—the placid interlude, on a day of rest, between the chores of the morning and those of evening. But the calm was for the ear alone. To the eye certain activities, silent but swift, were under way. On the shaded side piazza of the ranch house I could discern my hostess, Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill; she sat erect, even in a rocking-chair, and knitted. On the kitchen steps, full in the westering sun, sat the Chinese chef of the Arrowhead, and knitted—a yellow, smoothly running automaton. On a shaded bench by the spring house, a plaid golfing cap pushed back from one-half the amazing area of his bare pate, sat the aged chore-boy, Boogles, and knitted. The ranch was on a war basis.

And more: As I came abreast of the bunk house the Sabbath calm was punctured by the tart and careless speech of Sandy Sawtelle, a top rider of the Arrowhead, for he, too, was knitting, or had been. On a stool outside the doorway he held up an unfinished thing before his grieved eyes and devoutly wished it in the place of punishment of the wicked dead. The sincere passion of his tones not only arrested my steps but lured through the open doorway the languorous and yawning Buck Devine, who hung over the worker with disrespectful attention. I joined the pair. To Buck's query, voiced in a key of feigned mirth, Sandy said with simple dignity that it was going to be a darned good sweater for the boys in the trenches. Mr. Devine offered to bet his head that it wasn't going to be anything at all—at least nothing anyone would want round a trench. Mr. Sawtelle ignored the wager and asked me if I knew how to do this here, now, casting off. I did not.

"I better sneak round and ask the Chink," said Sandy. "He's the star knitter on the place."

We walked on together, seemingly deaf to certain labored pleasantries of Mr. Devine concerning a red-headed cowpuncher that had got rejected for fighting because his feet was flat and would now most likely get rejected for knitting because his head was flat. By way of covering the hearty laughter of Mr. Devine at his own wit I asked why Sandy should not consult his employer rather than her cook.

With his ball of brown wool, his needles and his work carried tenderly before him Sandy explained, with some embarrassment as it seemed, that the madam was a good knitter, all right, all right, but she was an awful bitter-spoken lady when any little thing about the place didn't go just right, making a mountain out of a mole hill, and crying over spilt milk, and always coming back to the same old subject, and so forth, till you'd think she couldn't talk about anything else, and had one foot in the poorhouse, and couldn't take a joke, and all like that. I could believe it or not, but that was the simple facts of the matter when all was said and done. And the Chink was only too glad to show off how smart he was with a pair of needles.

This not only explained nothing but suggested that there might indeed be something to explain. And it was Sandy's employer after all who resolved his woolen difficulty. She called to him as he would have left me for the path to the kitchen door:

"You bring that right here!"

It was the tone of one born to command, and once was enough. Sandy brought it right there, though going rather too much like a martyr to the stake, I thought; for surely it was not shameful that he should prove inept in the new craft.

Nor was there aught but genial kindness in the lady's reception of him. Ma Pettengill, arrayed in Sabbath bravery of apparel, as of a débutante at a summer hotel where the rates are exorbitant, instantly laid by her own knitting and questioned him soothingly. It seemed to be a simple difficulty. Sandy had reached the point where a sweater must have a neck, and had forgotten his instructions. Cordially the woman aided him to subtract fourteen from two hundred and sixty-two and then to ascertain that one hundred and twenty-four would be precisely half of the remainder. It was all being done, as I have remarked, with the gentlest considering kindness, with no hint of that bitterness which the neophyte had shown himself to be fearing in the lady. Was she not kindness itself? Was she not, in truth, just a shade too kind? Surely there was a purr to her voice, odd, unwonted; and surely her pupil already cringed under a lash that impended.

Yet this visible strain, it seemed, had not to do with knitted garments. Ma Pettengill praised the knitting of Sandy; praised it to me and praised it to him. Of course her remark that he seemed to be a born knitter and ought to devote his whole time to it might have seemed invidious to a sensitive cowman, yet it was uttered with flawless geniality. But when Sandy, being set right, would have taken his work and retired, as was plainly his eager wish, his mentor said she would knit two of the new short rows herself, just to make sure. And while she knitted these two rows she talked. She knitted them quickly, though the time must have seemed to Sandy much longer than it was.

"Here stands the greatest original humorist in Kulanche County," said the lady, with no longer a purring note in her voice. She boomed the announcement. Sandy, drooping above her, painfully wore the affectation of counting each stitch of the flashing needles. "And practical jokes—my sakes alive! He can think of the funniest jokes to put up on poor, unsuspecting people! Yes, sir; got a genius for it. And witty! Of course it ain't just what he says that's so funny—it's the noisy way he says it.

"And you wouldn't think it to look at him, but he's one of these here financial magnets too. Oh, yes, indeed! Send him out with a hatful of ten-dollar bills any day and he won't let one of 'em go for a cent under six dollars, not if buyers is plenty—he's just that keen and avaricious. That's his way. Never trained for it, either; just took it up natural."

With drawn and ashen face Mr. Sawtelle received back his knitting. His pose was to appear vastly preoccupied and deaf to insult. He was still counting stitches as he turned away and clattered down the steps.

"Say!" called his employer. Sandy turned.

"Yes, ma'am!"

"You seen the party that stopped here this morning in that big, pompous touring car?"

"No, ma'am!"

"They was after mules."

"Yes, ma'am!"

"They offered me five hundred dollars a span for mine."

"No, ma'am—I mean, yes, ma'am!"

"That's all. I thought you'd rejoice to know it." The lady turned to me as if Mr. Sawtelle had left us. "Yes, sir; he'd make you die laughing with some of his pranks, that madcap would. I tell you, when he begins cutting up ——"

But Mr. Sawtelle was leaving us rapidly. His figure seemed to be drawn in, as if he would appear smaller to us. Ma Pettengill seized her own knitting once more, stared grimly at it, then stared grimly down at the bunk house, within which her victim had vanished. A moment later she was pouring tobacco from a cloth sack into a brown cigarette paper. She drew the string of the sack—one end between her teeth—rolled the cigarette with one swift motion and, as she awaited the blaze of her match, remarked that they had found a substitute for everything but the mule. The cigarette lighted, she burned at least a third of its length in one vast inhalation, which presently caused twin jets of smoke to issue from the rather widely separated corners of a generous mouth. Upon which she remarked that old Safety First Timmins was a game winner, about the gamest winner she'd ever lost to.

Three other mighty inhalations and the cigarette was done. Again she took up the knitting, pausing for but one brief

The Chink Was Only Too Glad to Show Off How Smart He Was With a Pair of Needles

Her Remark That He Seemed to be a Born Knitter and Ought to Devote His Whole Time to it Might Have Seemed Insidious to a Sensitive Cowman

speech before the needles began their shrewd play. This concerned the whale. She said the whale was the noblest beast left to us in all the animal kingdom and would vanish like the buffalo if treated as food. She said it was shameful to reduce this majestic creature of the deep to the dimensions of a chafing dish and a three-cornered slice of toast. Then she knitted.

She had left numerous openings; some humorous emprise of Sandy Sawtelle, presumably distressing; the gameness of one Timmins as a winner; the whale as a food animal; the spectacular price of mules broken to harness. Rather than choose blindly among them I spoke of my day's fishing. Departing at sunrise I had come in with a bounteous burden of rainbow trout, which I now said would prove no mean substitute for meat at the evening meal.

Then, as she grimly knitted, Ma Pettengill discoursed of other boasted substitutes for meat, none of which pleased her. Hogs and sheep were other substitutes, there being but one genuine meat, to wit, Beef. Take hogs; mean, unsociable animals, each hog going off by himself, cursing and swearing every step of the way. Had I ever seen a hog that thought any other hog was good enough to associate with him? No, I hadn't; nor nobody else. A good thing hogs couldn't know their present price. Stuck up enough already! And sheep? Silly. No minds of their own. Let one die and all the rest think they got to die also. Do it too. No brain. Of course the price tempted a lot of moral defectives to raise 'em, but when you reflected that you had to go afoot, with a dog that was smarter than any man at it, and a flea-bitten burro for your mess wagon—not for her. Give her a business where you could set on a horse. Yes, sir; people would get back to Nature and raise beef after the world had been made safe once more for a healthy appetite. This here craze for substitutes would die out. You couldn't tell her there was any great future for the canned jack-rabbit business, for instance—just a fad; and whales the same. She knew and I knew that a whale was too big to eat. People couldn't get any real feeling for it, and not a chance on earth to breed 'em up and improve the flesh. Wasn't that the truth? And these here diet experts, with their everlasting talk about carbos and hydrates, were they doing a thing but simply taking all the romance out of food? No, they were not. Of course honest fish, like trout, were all right if a body was sick or not hungry or something.

Trout reminded her of something, and here again the baleful tooth of calumny fleshed itself in the fair repute of one Timmins. She described him as "a strange growth named Timmins, that has the Lazy 8 Ranch over on the next creek and wears kind of aimless whiskers all over his face till you'd think he had a gas mask on." She talked freely of him.

"You know what he does when he wants a mess of trout? Takes one of these old-fashioned beer bottles with patent stoppers, fills it up with unslaked lime, pours in a little water, stops it up, drops it in a likely looking trout pool, and in one minute it explodes as good as something made by a Russian patriot; all the trout in the pool are knocked out and float on the surface, where this old highbinder gathers 'em in. He's a regular efficiency expert in sport. Take fall and spring, when the wild geese come through, he'll soak grain in alcohol and put it out for 'em over on the big marsh. First thing you know he'll have a drunken old goose by the legs, all maudlin and helpless. Puts him in a coop till he sobers up, then butchers him.

"Such is Safety First; never been known to take a chance yet. Why, say, a year ago when he sold off his wool, there was a piece in the county paper about him getting eighteen thousand dollars for it; so naturally there was a man that said he was a well-known capitalist come up from San Francisco to sell him some stock in a rubber company. Safety admits he has the money and he goes down to the big city for a week at the capitalist's expense, seeing the town's night life and the blue-print maps and the engraved stock and samples of the rubber and the capitalist's picture under a magnificent rubber tree in South America, and he's lodged in a silk boudoir at the best hotel and wined and dined very deleteriously, and everything is agreed to. And the night before he's going to put his eighteen thousand into this lovely rubber stock that will net him two hundred per cent at the very lowest, on the capitalist's word of honor, what does he do but sneak out and take the train for home on his return ticket that he'd made the capitalist buy him.

"Ever talk to one of these rich capitalists that has rubber stock for sale in South America or a self-starting banana orchard? You know how good they are. You're certainly entitled to anything of your own that you've kept after they get through with you. And would you think that this poor, simple-minded old rancher would be any match for their wiles? But if you knew he had been a match and had nicked 'em for at least three hundred dollars, would you still think something malignant might be put over on him by a mere scrub buckeroo named Sandy Sawtelle, that never made a cent in his life except by the most degrading manual labor? No, you wouldn't. No fair-minded judge of criminals would.

"But I admit I had a weak moment. Yes, sir; for a brief spell I was all too human. Or I guess what it was, I was all blinded up with immoral designs, this here snake-blooded Timmins having put things over on me in stock deals from time to time till I'd got to lying awake nights thinking how I could make a believer of him. I wanted him to know there is a God, even if it hadn't ever seemed so to him.

"Of course I knew it would have to be some high-grade felony, he being proof against common depredations. Well, then, along come this Sunday paper, with two whole pages telling about how the meat of the common whale will win the war, with a picture of a whale having dotted lines showing how to butcher it, and recipes for whale patties, and so forth. And next comes the circus to Red Gap, with old Pete, the Indian, going down to it and getting crazy about elephants. And so that was how it happened."

The lady now knitted in silence, appearing to believe that all had been told.

I waited a decent interval, then said I was glad indeed to know how it had all happened; that it was a great help to know how it had happened, even if I must remain forever ignorant of what it was that had happened. Of course I couldn't expect to be told that.

It merely brought more about mules. Five hundred dollars a span for mules looked good until you remembered that you needed 'em worse than the other party did. She had to keep her twenty span of old reliables because, what with the sailors and section hands you got nowadays to do your haying, you had to have tame mules. Give 'em any other kind and they'd desert the ship the minute a team started to run. It cost too much for wagon repairs.

Silence again.

I now said I had, it was true, heard much low neighborhood scandal about the Timmins man, but that I had learned not to believe all I heard about people; there was too much prejudice in the world, and at least two sides to every question.

This merely evoked the item that Timmins had bought him a thrift stamp on the sole ground that it had such a pretty name; then came the wish that she might have seen him dining in public at that rich hotel where the capitalist paid the bills.

She thought people must have been startled by some of his actions.

"Yes, sir; that old outlaw will eat soup or any soft food with almost no strategy at all."

As we seemed to be getting nowhere I meanly rolled the lady a cigarette. She hates to stop knitting to roll one, but she will stop to light it.

She stopped now, and as I held the match for her I said quite frankly that it had become necessary for me to be told the whole thing from start to finish. She said she had told me everything—and believed it—but would go over it again if I didn't understand. Though not always starting at command, the lady has really a full habit of speech.

I told you about whales, didn't I? Whales started it—whales for table use. It come in the Sunday paper—with the picture of a handsome whale and the picture of a French cook kissing his fingers over the way he has cooked some of it; and the picture of a pleased young couple eating whale in a swell restaurant; and the picture of a fair young bride in her kitchenette cutting up three cents' worth of whale meat into a chafing dish and saying how glad she was to have something tasty and cheap for dearie's lunch; and the picture of a poor laboring man being told by someone down in Washington, D. C., that's making a dollar a year, that a nickel's worth of prime whale meat has more actual nouriahment than a dollar's worth of porterhouse steak; and so on, till you'd think the world's food troubles was going to be settled in jig time; all people had to do was to go out and get a good eating whale and salt down the side meat and smoke the shoulders and grind up some sausage and be fixed for the winter, with plenty to send a mess round to the neighbors now and then.

And knocking beef, you understand, till you'd think no one but criminals and idiots would ever touch a real steak again, on account of its being so poor in food values, like this Washington scientist says that gets a dollar a year salary and earns every cent of it. It made me mad, the slanderous things they said about beef; but I read the piece over pretty carefully and I really couldn't see where the whale was going to put me out of business, at least for a couple years yet. It looked like I'd have time, anyway, to make a clean-up before you'd be able to go into any butcher shop and get a rib roast of young whale for six cents, with a bushel or two of scraps thrown in for the dog.

Then this Sunday paper goes out to the bunk house and the boys find the whale piece and get excited about it. Looks like if it's true that most of 'em will be driving ice wagons or something for a living. They want me to send down for a mess of whale meat so they can see if it tastes like regular food. They don't hardly believe these pictures where people dressed up like they had money are going into spasms of delight about it. Still, they don't know—poor credulous dubs! They think things you see in a Sunday paper might be true now and then, even if it is most always a pack of lies thought up by dissipated newspaper men.

I tell 'em they can send for a whole whale if they want to pay for it, but none of my money goes that way so long as stall-fed beef retains its present flavor; and furthermore I expect to be doing business right here for years after the whale fad has died out—doing the best I can with about ten silly cowhands taking the rest cure at my expense the minute I step off the place. I said there was no doubt they should all be added to the ranks of the unemployed that very minute—but due to other well-known causes than the wiping out of the cattle industry by cold whale hash in jelly, which happened to be the dish this French chief was going crazy over.

They chewed over that pointed information for a while, then they got to making each other bets of a thousand dollars about what whale meat would taste like; whether whale liver and bacon could be told from natural liver and bacon, and whether whale steak would probably taste like catfish or mebbe more like mud turtle. Sandy Sawtelle, who always knows everything by divine right, like you

might say, he says in superior tones that it won't taste like either one but has a flavor all its own, which even he can't describe, though it will be something like the meat of the wild sea cow, which roams the ocean in vast herds off the coast of Florida.

Then they consider the question of a whale round-up in an expert manner. It don't look none too good, going out on rodeo in water about three miles too deep for wading, though the idea of lass'ing a whale calf and branding it does hold a certain fascination. Sandy says it would be the only livestock business on earth where you don't always have to be fearing a dry season; and Buck Devine says that's so, and likewise the range is practically unlimited, as anyone can see from a good map; and wouldn't it be fine riding herd in a steam yacht with a high-class bartender handy, instead of on a so-and-so cayuse that was liable any minute to trade ends and pour you out of the saddle onto your lame shoulder.

They'd got to kidding about it by this time, when who should ride up but old Safety First Timmins. They spring the food whale on Safety with much flourish. They show him the pictures and quote prices on the hoof—which are low, but look what even a runt of a yearling whale that was calved late in the fall would weigh on the scales!—and no worry about fences or free range or winter feeding or water holes; nothing to do but ride round on your private steamboat with a good orchestra, and a chance to be dissolute and count your money. And look what a snap the pioneers will have with all the mavericks; probably not a single whale in the ocean yet branded! And does Timmins want to throw in with us? If he does mebbe they can fix up a deal with me because I want a good business man at the head of the new outfit.

But Safety says right off quick that it's all a pack of nonsense. He says it's the mad dream of a visionary or feeble-minded person. He don't deny there would be money in whales if they could be handled, but you couldn't handle anything that had the whole ocean to swim in that covers three-quarters of the earth's surface, as he has often read. And how would you get a branding iron on a whale, and what good would it do you? He'd beat it out for Europe. He said they was foolish to think whales would stay in a herd, and he guessed I'd been talking just to hear myself talk, or more likely I'd been kidding 'em to get a good laugh.

Sandy says: "Well, I wasn't going to tell you at first, but I guess it'll be safe with you, you being a good friend of the Arrowhead, only don't let it go no farther; but the fact is the boss is negotiating for the whale privilege in Great Salt Lake. Yes, sir, she's bribing the Utah legislature this very minute to let the bill go through! And I guess that don't look much like kidding. As soon as the governor has signed the bill she'll put in a couple of good three-year-old bull whales and a nice little herd of heifers and have the world's meat supply at her finger ends in less than five years—just killing off the yearling steers."

Safety looks a bit startled at this, and Sandy goes on to say that though whale meat is now but a fad of the idle rich it's bound to be the meat of rich and poor alike in future. He'd bet a thousand dollars to a dime that by the time the next war come along the first thing they'd do would be to establish a whaleless day. He said whale meat was just that good.

Safety chewed his gum quite a time on this—he says if a man chews gum he won't ruin himself in pocket for tobacco—and he read the whale article over carefully and looked at the pictures again, but he still said it didn't sound to him like a legitimate business enterprise. He said for one thing there'd be trouble shipping the original herd up to Salt Lake. Sandy said it was true; there would be the initial expense of loading onto flat cars, and a couple of tunnels would have to be widened so the bulls wouldn't be rasped going through, but that I have already taken this up with the railroad company.

Safety says that may all be true, but, mark his words, the minute my herd gets into inland waters it will develop some kind of disease like anthrax or blackleg, and the whole bunch will die on me. Sandy says it will be a simple matter to vaccinate, because the animals will be as affectionate as kittens by that time through having been kindly handled, which is all a whale needs. He says they really got a very social nature and are loyal unto death. Once a whale is your friend, he says, it's for life, rain or shine, just so long as you treat him square. Even do a whale a favor just once and he'll remember your face, make no difference if it's fifty years; though being the same, it is true, in his hatreds, because a whale never forgives an injury. A sailor he happens to know once give a whale he had made friends with a chew of tobacco just for a joke and the animal got into an awful rage and tried to tear the ship down to get at him, and then he followed the ship all over the world waiting for this sailor to fall off or get wrecked or something, till finally the hunted man got so nervous he quit the sea and is now running a news stand in Seattle, if Safety don't believe it. It just goes to show that a whale as long as you're square with him is superior in mind and morals to a steer, which ain't got sense enough to know friend from foe.

Safety still shakes his head. He says "Safe and sane" has been his motto throughout a long and busy life and this here proposition don't sound like neither one to him. The boys tell him he's missing a good thing by not throwing in with us. They say I'm giving 'em each a big block of stock, paid up and nonassessable, and they don't want him to come round later when they're rolling in wealth and ask why they didn't give him a chance too.

"I can just hear you talk," says Sandy. "You'll be saying: 'I knew that whole fool bunch when not one ever had a dollar he could call his own the day after he was paid off, and now look at 'em—throwing their hundreds of thousands right and left; houses with pianos in every room; new boots every week; silver-mounted saddles at a thousand each; choice wines, liquors and cigars; private taxicabs; and Alexander J. Sawtelle, the wealthy banker, being elected to Congress by an overwhelming majority!' That's the way you'll be talking," says Sandy, "with regret eating into your vitals like some horrible acid that is fatal to man and beast."

Safety says he thinks they're all plumb crazy, and a fool and his money is soon parted—this being a saying he must have learned at the age of three and has never forgotten a word of—and he comes up to the house to see me. Mebbe he wanted to find out if I had really lost my mind, but he said nothing about whales. Just set round and talked the usual hard luck. Been in the stock business thirty years and never had a good year yet. Nothing left of his cattle but the running gear; and his land so poor you couldn't even raise a row on it unless you went there mad; and why he keeps on struggling in the bitter clutch of misfortune he don't know. But I always know why he keeps on struggling. Money! Nothing but money. So when he got through mourning over his ruined fortunes, and feebly said something about taking some mules off my hands at a fair price, I shut him off firmly. Whenever that old crook talks about taking anything off your hands he's plotting as near highway robbery as they'll let him stay out of jail for. He was sad when I refused two hundred and fifty dollars a span for my best mules.

He went off shaking his head like he hadn't expected such inhumanity from an old friend and neighbor to one who through hard luck was now down and out.

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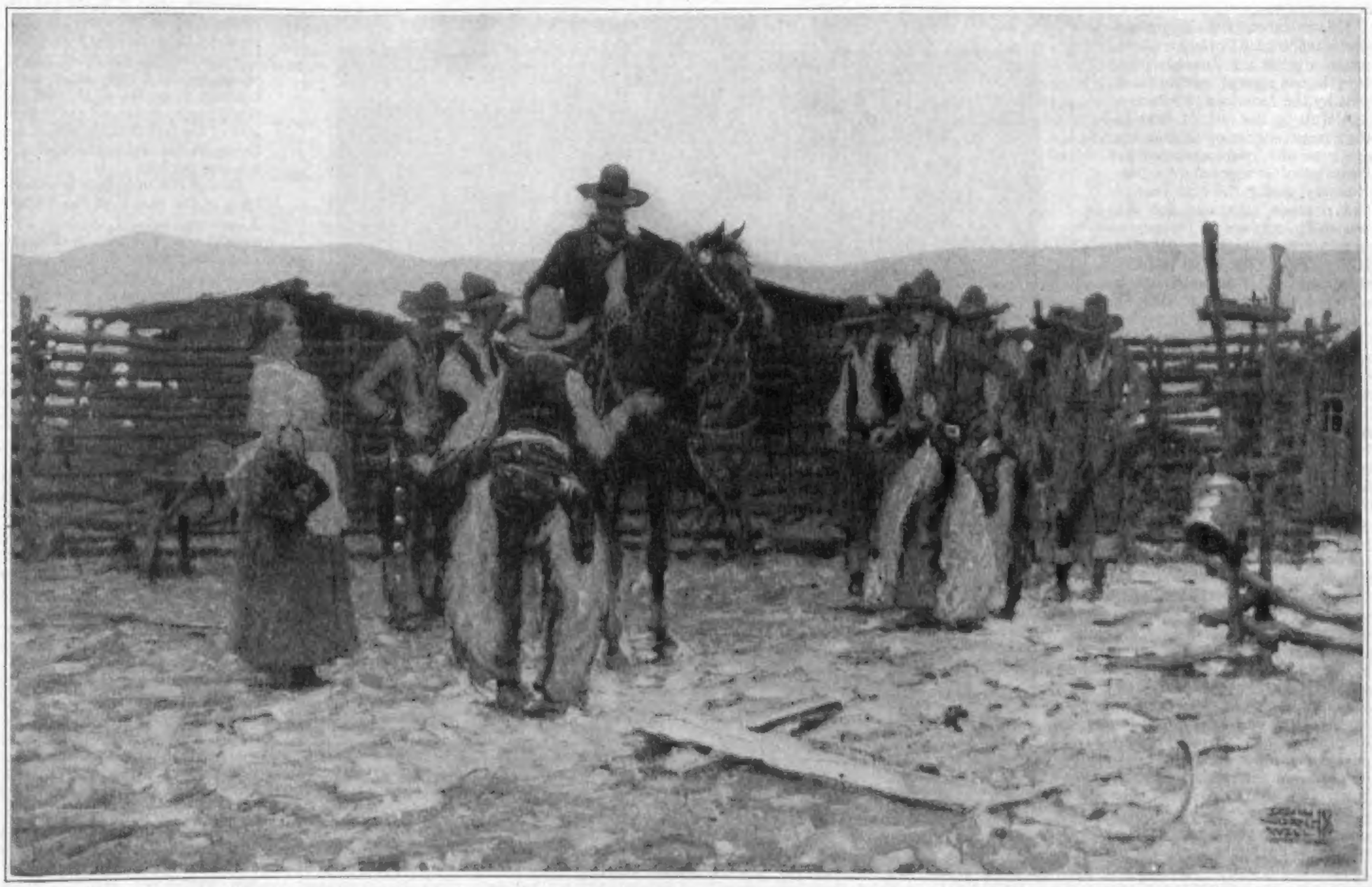


Two or Three Tried to Start the Big Laugh Again, But They Just Stood There Foolish. Even Sandy Sawtelle Couldn't Think of Anything Bright to Say

The Three Zones of Warfare

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

FIRST-HAND observation on the conduct of the nations at war, both Allied and enemy, enables us to differentiate three zones of participation in war from the standpoint of the civilian population. With the prospect of a long and difficult war before us it is necessary for Americans to visualize the relations of the civilian to the total processes of warfare. Though it is convenient to separate the three zones of warfare in discussion, they naturally overlap both in time and in relations.

The first zone is that of military participation. Men must be enlisted for the army and navy. The Government must secure the enrollment of men to carry on technical work, such as forestry, engineering, surveying, construction, transportation, intelligence, sanitation, signal service and many other refinements of modern warfare. Hand arms must be constructed, field guns of various sizes and aëroplanes of many types; large quantities of clothing and other personal equipment must be manufactured; motor trucks in large numbers must be collected to fill the needs of mobile transportation; the special food supplies of military forces must be secured to cover a program extending over months into the future; ships and more ships must be built. A system of pensions for the wounded and for the families of the killed, elaborate hospital equipment for the injured, plans for the reëducation of the permanently maimed—these and other humanitarian alleviants of war belong to the original program of organization.

Rules of Profit and Loss Suspended

ALL of these things the people understand. We had these in the Spanish War, to a certain extent at least; and our memory is faithful enough to permit of visualization by our people of this zone of military activity, all the more because our efforts were bungled in execution. Every patriotic man is willing to do his part—to volunteer or be drafted, to have his plant taken over for military purposes, to manufacture for the Government at reduced price, to buy Liberty Bonds, and in every way to provide means for the carrying on of the war from the financial and implemental point of view. Each woman is prepared to do relief work.

This is the one zone of warfare that was occupied by the American people during the Spanish War. It is the one zone of warfare occupied by the American people as a whole up to the present time in the present struggle. It was the one zone of warfare occupied by the people of Germany and Austria-Hungary during the first year of the present war, and by the Austro-Hungarians for two years. Germany found it necessary in the fall of 1915 to enter the two further zones. It was the one zone occupied by the people of the United Kingdom and Italy during the first year after their entrance into the war. France, however, entered all three zones of warfare the month after war was declared. The war was on her soil, she received the brunt of the initial attack; and when the invader though not expelled was held in check it became the imperative duty of the French people to conduct war in all three zones of warfare.

The second zone of warfare is the zone of individual reconstruction of daily life. I use the term individual reconstruction because in the final analysis, though this or that may be directed or enforced by governmental decree, to be effectively accomplished reconstruction must proceed with each individual from within. We mean by this that a new rule of life is acquired. Everything is analyzed and evaluated from the standpoint of its meaning in relation to the carrying on of the war. Every moment contains the consciousness of the struggle, the war becomes the dominating business of the individual, and every thought and act become military measures. *C'est la guerre!*

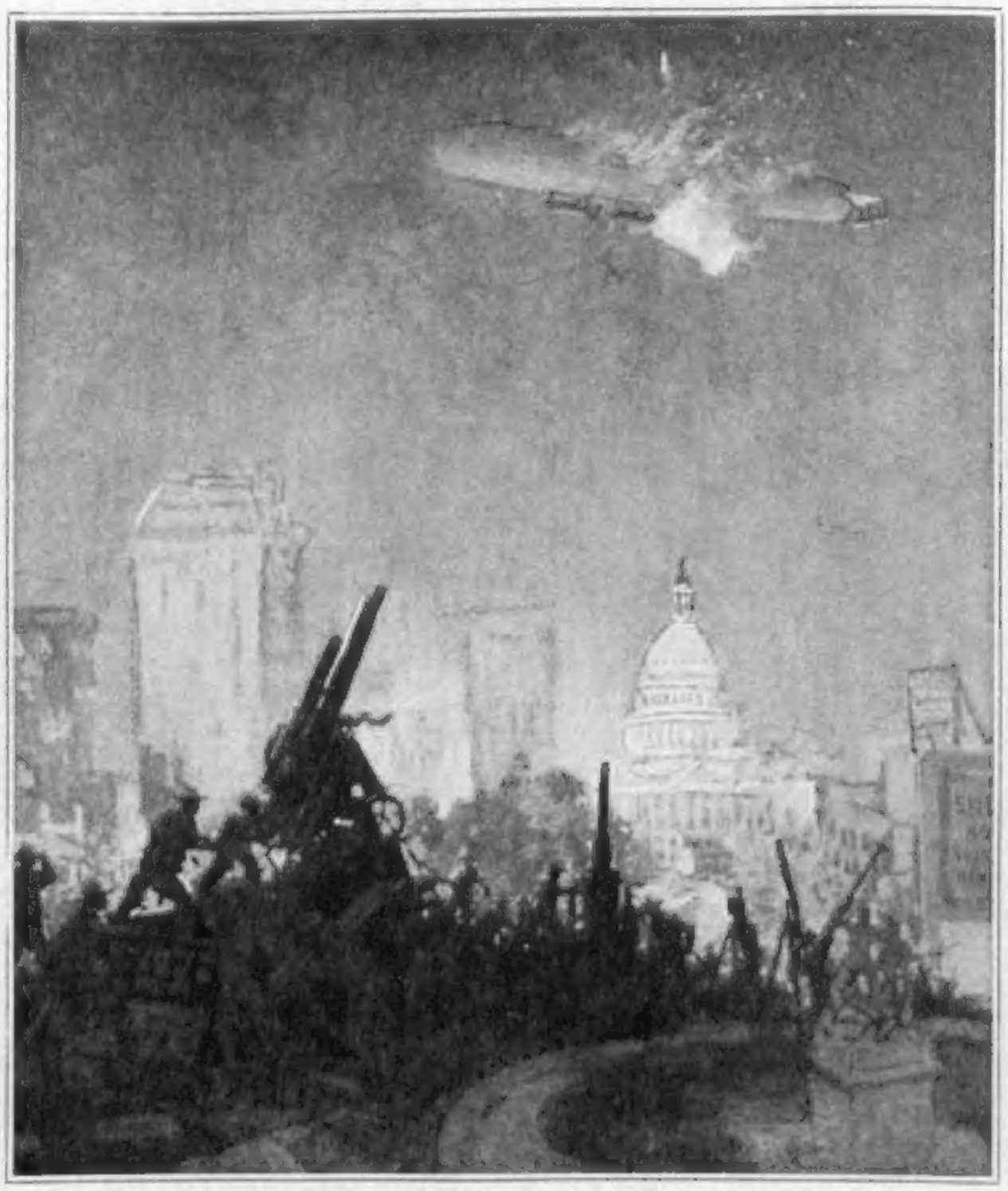
So long as a nation operates within the first zone the individual, outside of his participation in the military program of his country, judges his own plans for his business, family, expenditures, savings, allowances and everything else precisely as he would have done in peacetime. Within his thought are two domains: One his relation to enlistment, development of military equipment and buying of Liberty Bonds; the second his business and personal affairs just as they were in peacetime or modified to but slight extent.

Now it was entirely possible in the Spanish War to remain outside the zone of individual reconstruction of life. It is not possible in the present struggle. No war of intense spirit and large dimensions can be conducted except upon the basis of reconstruction of civilian life. Expanded from the individual to society this means the efficient organization and maximum utilization of our resources. It is this reconstruction of the life of the individual that has occurred to such a remarkable extent in England, and represents the highest degree of militarism that has been attained in any of the warring nations, when viewed from the standpoint of pre-war conditions.

The French are instinctively a nation of warriors. The men need to be taught the technic of warfare, but beyond this they realize instinctively the relations of Germany to France. England, however, was a nonmilitaristic nation, despite her naval prestige and superiority. The British have always assumed that their navy would protect them within the domain of a naval warfare or a land war undertaken in connection with a naval program, and that within these confines they could lead their ordinary lives of industry and trade with little alteration.

This has all changed. The Great Britain of to-day is a land in which each individual has redefined his concept of life and of the acts that appertain to him as workman and citizen. The Englishman is naturally very different from the Frenchman. He will never follow the same method of procedure. But to-day the inhabitants of England and France stand shoulder to shoulder in their complete consecration to the carrying on of the war, and they have enlisted all phases of civilian life to this end. The American people, though recognizing the qualities in the French that must be respected and admired to the highest degree, will necessarily follow the British in their mode of reconstruction of life, because our social organization is closer to the British than to the French.

To-day it may be stated with little exaggeration that in England and France no one of thinking age considers any point of what he shall eat, wear, buy, drink, sell; or makes decisions for the present or plans for the future without applying these questions: What effect will this have upon the war? Will it aid warfare or represent a subtraction of the service due from me to my country or weaken the war effort of my fellow man? The peacetime rules of profit, loss, desire, aversion, caution, expectation, whatever they may be, are laid aside.



Whole Nations Reconstructed

THE civilian stands just as fixed and consistent as does the man in the trench. The difference is merely in the units employed, in the military values of the units of civilian existence. The conduct of any particular occupation or business is viewed not from the standpoint of past magnitude or future expectation but solely in its relation to the war. If a business must be reduced to twenty per cent it goes to twenty per cent. If people must learn new occupations they learn them. The entire nation is reconstructed on this basis.

One could give long descriptions of the minute manner in which society has been reconstructed, in order to divert nonessentials to essentials. The point of view that must be visualized is that this becomes an expression of military concept, and its meaning to the individual is as crucial as firing a shot across No Man's Land.

Into this zone of warfare the American people have not entered. Of our 105,000,000 people there are unquestionably millions who do so visualize the war and attempt to govern their activities from this viewpoint. But it is not yet the national spirit to convert civilian energy into military energy. There is entirely too much talk of profit, price, hours, *status quo*, business as usual—all in itself entirely proper and merely an expression of the fact that the people are living in the atmosphere of the pre-war period.

It was the unfortunate experience of the people of the United Kingdom that the casualty lists taught the inhabitants of those isles the painful duty of reconstruction of their daily lives, in order to direct all energies to the carrying on of the war. This becomes not only an axiom of efficiency, not only the expression of the conscience of industry; it becomes a state of personal moral conviction. It has for us a positive and a negative side. The positive side lies in the diversion of energy from personal, commercial and civilian aims to military purposes that are altruistic to the state. The negative side lies in the repression of individualistic tendencies for the sake of securing greater freedom of action for the Allies.

There are duties that we ought to assume not merely because they are directly indicated but for the additional reason that it ought to be esteemed our privilege, by the assumption of more than our share, to lessen the burden of the Allies, whose portion has been so much larger than ours, whose period of warfare has been so much more intense and prolonged. This is the crux of the cereal situation. We have cereals enough of all sorts to go round; but it is our duty to send wheat to our Allies and keep less convenient and adaptable

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TREASURE HOUSES OF MERCY

The Red Cross as a Great Merchant Firm

By Elizabeth Frazer

Mr. Henry P. Davison, President of the Red Cross War Council, and Major James Perkins, Red Cross Commissioner for Europe, at Paris Headquarters. Above—Motor Trucks and Stevedores in Front of One of the Many Warehouses

SOMEWHERE in The Pilgrim's Progress it says that when Christian was toiling upward on his appointed way to glory, he came one day to a little rise in the road. And, pausing to look backward over the course, he was enabled to see the obstacles that had beset him. There were Sloughs of Despond and Hills of Difficulty and Giants of Despair and Doubting Castles, which had shrewdly tried his strength. But, because he was a simple, hardy, optimistic fellow, without much tradition, and, above all, absolutely determined to make his goal, he somehow or other managed to climb out or crawl out or back out or fight out of all the tight corners in which he found himself, and go forward, strengthened for the next encounter.

The American Red Cross in Europe at the end of eight months' service, has come, like Christian, to that slight rise in the road. And before it goes forward to the big struggle which, now that a tender spring warmth is in the air, lies grimly imminent, a vast black shadow athwart the world, it may be well to stop for a brief breathing space and glance backward over the path by which it has arrived.

The Pioneers in France

BEHIND the Red Cross, as behind the Army, lie eight hard months of preparation; just how hard only those on the inside will ever know. In front of them both lies the same struggle. In their hands, from now on, are the honor and the responsibility of a whole nation. Both organizations have been practically reborn out of a narrower past. Both arrived in Europe amateurs, with no clear realization of the practical difficulties in their way; but, like Christian again, simple, hopeful, sure only of one thing—that they knew exactly what their ultimate goal was and that somehow or other they would win through. Those were the days of preparation. Now, after an interval of eight months, America is in—in the trenches; in the mine galleries; in the listening posts; in the air.

Already we are holding the line on five sectors, and before this goes into print we may be holding five more. Honor lists have begun to appear. Some of our men are wounded in the hospitals; some are prisoners; a few are dead. They are giving a fine account of themselves in the current raids and counter raids preliminary to the grand attack. The report comes back to Paris that the American soldier fights like a sackful of wild cats. The French and the English veterans of four years smile—a little sadly perhaps—at our young enthusiasm. That was the way they felt at the Marne, at Mons and at Ypres.

An English Tommy or a French poilu still has a heart of invincible stoutness; but in his fighting he has become like the famous Baron Vere: "Had one seen him returning from a victory he would by his silence have suspected that he had lost the day; and had he beheld him in a retreat he would have deemed him a conqueror by the cheerfulness of his spirit." For them it is all in the day's work. Nevertheless, our confidence warms their hearts. Yes, undoubtedly we are in!

But before I sketch the present position of the Red Cross as an integral factor in this vast, dirty, monotonous, grubbing, humdrum business of war, let us glance backward over its beginnings.

Certainly never on earth was there exactly such another band of glowing enthusiasts as that first handful of Red Cross leaders who embarked from New York in June, 1917, and set sail for the coast of France. How eager they were to get into the game! To help! To set America's shoulder to the wheel! Think back to those first days of fine high emotion yourself, and you will remember how they felt. Some of that early group have since confessed that they were actually afraid lest the war should stop before they could get across the sea. What conferences they had, far into the night! Of course they did not know, in the very least, what they were up against—this group of live, earnest, thinking, enthusiastic American citizens. They couldn't. Nobody could. For they were going to live, breathe and operate in an entirely different medium, so to speak. It would be as different as playing football under the sea.

To show how unknown were the very first elements of the problem, most of them, their leader included, had equipped themselves with a complete camping outfit—sleeping bags, rubber boots, ponchos, alcohol lamps and biscuits, and neat first-aid outfits! They did not know what would befall them—whether France might not be parceled off into Red Cross districts and some of them be perched right up on the fighting line under the German guns; and so they prepared themselves against all vicissitudes. They did not know; and yet, being sensible men, they tried to visualize beforehand some of the difficulties. To begin with, they were going to be in a foreign country, with foreign laws and a foreign tongue. Necessarily they would be bumping into those laws at every turn—building laws, leasing laws, purchasing laws, labor laws, food-and-clothing laws. And, moreover, they would not even know of the existence of these laws until tripped up by them.

Things Simple and Big

AND then there would be the different medium of language. They would have, first of all, to provide a staff of expert stenographers who spoke both French and English. But how were they to know that the really trained bilingual French stenographer is about as frequent a phenomenon as the five-legged cow? Also, they realized that misunderstandings might arise from differences of temperament. The Anglo-Saxon—and America is at bottom Anglo-Saxon—is blunt, outspoken, often crude, speaking his mind and his objections in the same breath. The Latin, on the other hand, is sensitive, indirect, subtle, withholding his point of view. America is a youthful race; awkward, blundering, yet intensely earnest in this thing. France is an old race, proud, suave, deep, punctilious in form. How was it best to proceed to guard our mutual friendship intact?

It was also obvious that, aside from the vast army of workers and experts in special fields, which they must recruit from America without delay, they would need other experts—experts on top of the special experts to keep the latter in order and coördinated to the whole, so that each one would not be running off to hitch his wagon to some particular star. And thus, while still on board, this small group of Argonauts examined their enterprise on all sides; and the more they examined it the bigger it loomed, until it stretched away to vast illimitable distances. Where were they to make a start, anyhow?

"There's only one thing I'm sure of at this stage of the game," said their leader over and over again, "and that is that we've absolutely no conception how gigantic this whole proposition really is. We'll have to enlarge our imagination to take it in at all." And then he added: "We've got to keep things simple, and we've got to keep them big."

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ON THE ROAD TO 1920

By David Lawrence

POLITICS, says Emerson, has for ages implied cunning. And for ages more it will carry the same implication. Things political, moreover, suggest to the average man stratagems and noxious schemes that somehow call for the voluntary or involuntary expression of an ego. That is why men who seek office constitute a remarkably small percentage of our citizenry. Public service has been too much interwoven with the distasteful maneuvers of party politics; so much so that when we went to war we realized only of a sudden that efficient government, which should have been our constant ideal, was conspicuously absent and had to be created abruptly out of the intellectual resources of the whole nation—all parties. True enough, on the rivalry of political organizations our democracy had thrived, but to get efficiency the country said, with one voice: "Eliminate party politics!"

And what's more, the country meant it. Yet political ambition is only theoretically taboo in wartime. All energies are supposed to fuse in impersonal channels to the exclusion of the personal, but actually it is not so. The inspiration to human endeavor remains individual—because the good of the community is the sum total of the good achievements of individuals who serve it, and that is something for which they will not long go unrewarded.

Mr. McAdoo's Political Assets

SO IT is that playing politics may be a good thing as well as a bad thing. So it is that a man may be a candidate for the presidency of the United States and serve his country with a conscious zeal, keeping himself abreast of the wishes of the people and out of the ruts of complacency and indifference where repose the men in whose bosoms the throb of ambition is dead. So it is that a man aspiring to the presidency may, on the other hand, follow the fickle surfaces of an ephemeral opinion, unconsciously mistaking form for substance, foolishly misconstruing passion for conviction, mere clamor for the voice of sober thought.

Were this not so vitally related to the very conduct of the war itself, were it not observable in so many of the phases of national, state and municipal government, it would be both irrelevant and impertinent. But with potential candidates sitting in positions of responsibility, and with the line so finely drawn between the demands of patriotism and the temptations of politics, it is different. Indeed, wherever one goes nowadays—on the trains, at the clubs, at the corner stores, everywhere that folks gather—it is characteristic of our impatience of the future to find people wondering who will be the candidates in the next election. And when Mister So-and-So suddenly becomes itinerant and tours the country in behalf of the conservation of buncombe it is well-nigh impossible to suppress by censorship or otherwise the whispers that invariably set Mister So-and-So down as a candidate for the presidency.

For politics does not vanish in time of war any more than does social climbing or the impulse to commercial or industrial ascendancy. To prevent the "in's" from thinking thoughts of self-perpetuation or self-elevation as the case may be is no more possible in public office to-day than to forbid the "out's" from yearning to occupy temples of erstwhile possession. It was so as far back as the days of Athenian democracy. It was so in the Roman senate, the intolerance of which the immortal bard recorded in the naïve apology: "Because he was ambitious I slew him." It is so to-day. Human nature always will survive the physical convulsions of the world.

Thus candidates are as inevitable and as incessant as the gossip that ruminates on their relative merits. The people are sometimes far ahead of the newspapers in recognizing candidates, and not infrequently far ahead of the newspapers in discovering the unsuitability of the same.

Cabinet members are the most natural kind of candidates for the incumbent party, especially at a time when governors of states get so little opportunity to crowd the war and news of the Federal Government off the front pages in manner sufficient to attract nation-wide interest. Also, men so close to the throne as cabinet secretaries get in the habit of thinking of themselves as sitting on said throne. It is as true of Democratic as it was of Republican administrations. Besides, American history conveniently recalls many instances in which members of the cabinet have risen to the presidency. And the best thing that history does is to repeat itself; which, so far as American politics is concerned, is another way of saying that we do not alter our habits in a century or so.

Naturally, the availability of William Gibbs McAdoo projects itself forward at the outset. He is at the head of the nation's finances and its transportation systems. The newspapers openly discuss his fitness or unfitness for even greater tasks. He himself has discreetly said nothing that could be construed as political propaganda; he must know the dangers of a boom prematurely let loose. But it is quite plain, and has been for some time, that the lightning rod on the McAdoo castle of aspiration has been set up where Democracy's bolts could not fail to be attracted. Yet there is nothing reprehensible about a political ambition so long as a man seeks not to curry favor with the politicians but with the mass of the people, whose interests are, after all, the highest ideal of government. In the sense that Mr. McAdoo may be considered merely ambitious he need not be slain for the thought. In the sense that he must eschew any temptation to use the many powers at his disposal in the furtherance of his own political fortunes he is subjected to an even greater test of character than any other of the men now in the public eye.

Reckoned in purely political values the man who could handle without blunder America's pocketbook of billions would have an asset of real political worth. Mr. McAdoo is a business man—and business men are going to be needed to manage the Government, whether the European war is still with us in 1920 or whether America is in the throes of economic reconstruction. Certainly he who could manage such a tremendous war problem as transportation to the satisfaction of the country's needs and demands would have another political asset of indubitable consequence.

Irrespective of whether he proves himself equal to the large tasks given him to do, it has been apparent to everyone that so far as chance to serve the public is concerned no man, with the exception of President Wilson himself, has been blessed or cursed with more opportunities for political success or failure than William Gibbs McAdoo.

Third Term Possibilities

TO SAY that Mr. McAdoo is going to be the nominee of the Democratic Party in 1920 is, however, merely to assume foreknowledge of just when the present war will end. For obviously if the war is still on, or if the United States is in the midst of peace negotiations, a sentiment to be reckoned with—especially in the Middle West and West, if not indeed in the ultraconservative sections of the East—will be that which will bespeak the retention of Mr. Wilson in the presidency so that he may give the nation at so critical a period the benefit of his eight years of leadership, experience and discriminating judgment.

How much the factors of tradition and precedent against three terms for a single individual will weigh is also dependent upon the extent to which the international situation enters into our domestic life. Who would have believed fifty or a hundred years ago—or five years ago—that the United States, situated three thousand miles away from Europe, would have an army in France fighting beside the British or French, or that the voice of an American President would be the powerful exponent of international morality and justice, or that a unified nation of a hundred million people would be joined, if not allied, with the free nations of Europe in the battle to preserve the fundamentals of civilization itself? These things were then as unthinkable as the suggestion that any man might be elected to serve three successive terms in the presidency.

(Continued on Page 46)

CLENCHING IT!

THE TROOP TRAIN

"And, No Matter What Happens, Remember, No Harm Can Come to You—Not in This Country; Not in This State; Not in All the Wide World"

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK PAY

FOR some eighteen months before his dismissal upon charges Curly Casterline had been a sparrow cop, detailed to guard the affairs and destinies of one of the big country parks situate in the heart of far-famed River City, a noted metropolis of the Eastern States. He was called Curly, first, because of the natural tendency of his thick raven locks, and second, because his given name was Karl.

At ten minutes before four o'clock on an April afternoon in the year 1917, Curly Casterline, engaged in patrolling his gravel beat along the shores of a meandering waterway, espied a group of Italian school children, kneeling in the middle of the secluded pathway known as Suicide Walk, busily engaged in an intensive game of craps. Curly Casterline, in exact accordance with his duty, charged upon this gang and dispersed it. So precipitately did the gang evaporate at the sudden and unexpected approach of the law that it left its tools of trade lying abandoned on the ground.

Curly Casterline gathered the dice together and confiscated them. He was surprised to find the set not only quite complete, but also very new and very clean. Shaking the cubes idly—and reminiscently—in one hand, he proceeded on his way. At the end of Suicide Walk he met another uniformed officer—whose identity has never been discovered—and exhibited the dice.

"How much money have you got?" queried Curly Casterline, with eyes flashing reminiscently.

"Nine cents," promptly responded the other sparrow cop.

"I've got seventeen," said Curly.

He looked about him carefully and grinned.

"I'll throw you one game for your nine-cent wad," he said.

The other man wasted no words. He also glanced carefully about him, grinned in response—and the game was on.

Neither of these reckless gamesters knew that behind a clump of foliage, some fifteen yards away, seeing but unseen, there perched upon a park bench one of the regulators of the universe in the person of a public-minded citizen. This individual, with bated breath, holding his gum shoes well in leash, waited until the game was at its height—then crept upon the officers with noiseless footsteps. He didn't get far before they heard him—it was part of their job to hear noiseless noises in that park. The unnamed officer—he of the nine cents—immediately dropped the dice, dropped his money, plunged unceremoniously through a thick cluster of shrubbery, and wholly disappeared.

Curly Casterline stood his ground. He picked up the dice and the money and faced his man.

"What have you been doing?" demanded the irate citizen.

He didn't know that this man before him was the officer who had saved his daughter's dearest chum from drowning in the near-by lake less than eight months before. Nor would he have cared. The universe can't be run on sentiment. Curly looked him in the eye.

"I've been playing craps with these dice," he answered.

"For money?"

"For the whole of twenty-six cents," said Curly; he grinned a piker's grin.

The citizen drew out a small pencil, and a small pad to match it. With these he kept the solar system in its orbit.

"I've got your number," he said icily; "I want your name. Don't lie!"

"Name—Karl Casterline," said Curly.

"And the other officer?" went on the regulator of the universe.

Curly shook his head.

"Not so you can notice it," he responded; "it don't matter who he is. The dice are mine. It's up to me."

The other man glared at him.

"I am a taxpayer and a citizen," he thundered. "Officer, you decline to answer a simple question. Who is this other man—I am entitled to an answer. Do I get it?"

"Not!" smiled Curly sweetly.

The citizen, flaming of countenance, nodded his ultimatum, thrust his pad and pencil into his pocket, and strode off in the general direction of the Park Commission offices downtown. Curly followed him—called to him.

"Say, look here," cried Curly contritely. "You're not going to—to report me, are you?"

The other man stopped short, swung about and glared. He was silent.

"Let me tell you something," went on Curly, pleading with him: "I would have been off duty in a couple of minutes. I was just passing the time away with this officer until my relief came along. I didn't mean any harm. It was just a bit of fooling; twenty-six cents—you can't go wrong on that. Surely you won't report a man like me just for a little thing like that!"

The citizen and taxpayer shoveled fifty per cent more intensity into his indignant glare, garnished his silence with liberal trimmings of unspoken eloquence, and proceeded on his way. The next day Curly Casterline was suspended from duty, brought before the commissioners on charges, and a day was set for trial. Curly Casterline, shocked, surprised and hurt, immediately humped himself. He went to his district leader—a lawyer by the name of McIlvaine—and placed the matter in his hands. The district leader looked him over—it was his custom never to back the wrong man.

Curly Casterline laid upon McIlvaine's desk his record as a sparrow cop. He held three swimming prizes. He had two gold medals for saving the lives of drowning people. He had a medal made of platinum—it had been conferred upon him by a prominent politician who, under stress of a campaign, had suddenly gone stark, staring mad, and tried to kill himself in Suicide Walk. The politician was a husky gentleman, and Curly's encounter with him had laid Curly up for six painful weeks.

Curly had a medal for dispersing, single-handed, an angry mob of strikers, unlawfully assembled in the park, and making three arrests. He held four medals for pistol target practice. His record was clean. He was an upstanding, good-looking young fellow of twenty-four years. He was as straight as an arrow and slender as a young girl. He had a flashing black eye and a head of raven curly hair.

"You see, counselor," he pleaded, "this is my job. I'm sort of made for it—this job. It's a job I like."

McIlvaine nodded—he was more than satisfied.

"Don't you worry," he said; "we'll go before 'em on your record. They won't dismiss a man like you."

He thought they wouldn't; but fortunately, or unfortunately, they did. Discipline must be maintained. In the light of a recent special order to break up crap games in the park the offense of Curly Casterline had been unusually

heinous. As an ordinary citizen alone, he had laid himself open to fine and possible imprisonment. Viewing him in the light of an officer, the offense was astounding. It had all the aspects of the case of a policeman who, wresting a murderous gun from a murderer, uses the same gun to do a little private killing of his own. Aside from that view of the matter, the park commissioners were not amenable to influence, as McIlvaine, the district leader, speedily found out. There were three of them. They were millionaires—one of them a patrician ex-Senator of the United States. They listened coldly; and when Curly Casterline had finished his story and his counsel had finished his plea they directed their collective attention upon the culprit.

"We want this other officer's name," they insisted.

"You'd better tell 'em," whispered the lawyer to his client.

But Casterline only shook his head. He wouldn't tell. Thereupon they dismissed him from the force—dismissed him cold. Curly shook his head with bitter disappointment—this thing had hit him where he lived. Being a policeman was his job, as he had said. He tried to join the ranks of the city force; he couldn't. This new record was against him. Dismissal on charges meant no thoroughfare; he would have been rejected by any police chief in the world.

He got a job or two as special watchman round munition factories; but those jobs didn't suit him. He spent a month or two hanging round garages and cafés; he soon got sick of that. He could have enlisted in the National Army; but he didn't. The thing hadn't gotten under his skin. He had registered under the draft law; if they wanted to send him, all right. He was willing; he'd take potluck with the rest of the bunch. He hung round until the twentieth day of July. He hoped, in a half-hearted way, that he'd be among the first batch called. His number was way down at the end of the list. He didn't know what to do; he wanted to get away from the chaff of his former fellow officers; he wanted to get away from the garages and the cafés.

He read in the local papers that hundreds of young huskies were needed in different parts of the country to help get in the crops. He packed up his revolver—it belonged to him; he packed up the few clothes he had. He applied for farm work at a local intelligence office. He was immediately referred to some headquarters in New York where they were rounding up the hands; inside of a week he was on his way. He didn't know where he was going, it is true; but they landed him there just the same. He took a job in one place and didn't like the grub. He stuck it out for two days and moved on. He took another job in another place; he didn't like his immediate superior. This job lasted three days; then he quit.

By the tenth of August he was settled with a farmer by the name of Bauerle. Bauerle had a grain farm lying five miles south of the village of Breslau in a certain state that must remain unnamed. Bauerle told Curly he had five hundred acres of wheat under cultivation; he was afraid, however, that the blight had struck his wheat. He asked Curly many questions. He seemed relieved to find that Curly knew nothing about farming; his eye brightened in its dull way when he learned that Curly's first name was Karl. He drove Curly to his farmhouse in a ramshackle motor car of the vintage of 1912.

The plantation had the air of having gone to seed. Save for a few cows and chickens, and a hog or two, the place seemed deserted—dead. As they turned in at the little lane leading to the house, Curly heard the long-drawn-out whistle of a locomotive. He glanced across the fields—a freight train was wending its deliberate way down through the valley. Curly asked a question. Bauerle scowled and nodded.

"Them railroad sharks," he cried, "they cut my fine farm here; they cut it right in two. Some day the time comes when they can't do a thing like that no more; some day we have a Government that won't allow them railroad sharks to live. I guess yes—not?"

They drove round to the back of the place. The more Curly saw of it, the less he liked it. He assured himself that he would duck out of this next day. He didn't. There was a reason why he didn't. He discovered in short order that this farm was to be run in the future by three people—only three. One was Adolf Bauerle—one was himself.

The third person was Adolf Bauerle's nineteen-year-old ward, Mina. The instant Curly Casterline laid his eyes on Mina he felt, somehow, that this surely was the place for him.

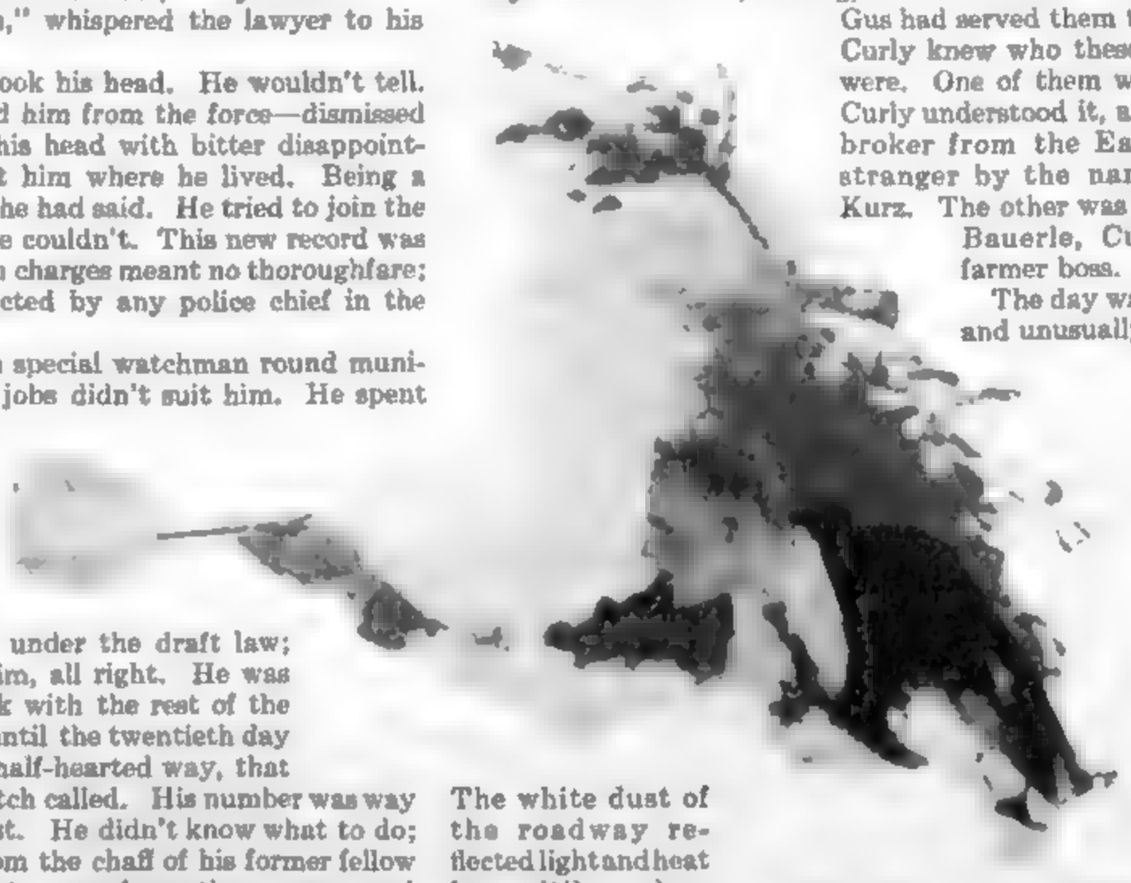
Before long Mina felt the same way about it too.

On the fifth day of September, 1917, Curly Casterline was lounging in the roomy comfortable bar of the Hofbrauhaus—German, so thought Curly, for Halfway House—in Breslau, U. S. A. He was chaffing the bartender, whose name was Gus.

Curly was seated at a table placed by an open window that looked out upon a very dusty road. Apparently, save for the presence of the fat-faced Gus, he was alone. An indistinct murmur of voices indicated, nevertheless, that there were others present. The bar was roomy and low-ceilinged. In its far corners were tucked away little hidden recesses where a farmer might take lager with his wife or with his girl. Boxes For Ladies was their chosen name. They were respectable; everything in the village was respectable—but secluded, private.

Curly knew that the unintelligible murmur of voices that assailed his ears arose from the low-voiced converse of two men, who sat in conference in one of these recesses. They had been there, talking, for at least half an hour. Gus had served them thrice. Curly knew who these men were. One of them was, as Curly understood it, a grain broker from the East—a stranger by the name of Kurz. The other was Adolf Bauerle, Curly's farmer boss.

The day was dry and unusually hot.



There Was a Spurt of Flame From the Eastern Bank—Curly Casterline's Gun Had Spoken

The white dust of the roadway reflected light and heat in a pitiless glare and shimmer against the front of the hotel. Curly Casterline had been drinking a glass of cool beer. It was very excellent beer—dark, with a heavy body to it; something different from that to which he'd been accustomed. As fast as he drank, however, the fine dust from the road, stirred up by passing automobiles, swept in and choked his breathing passages.

"I'll take another, Gus," he said, "and that'll be about all. Can't stand much of this kind—it's too good to be true. If you don't mind, I think I'll shut this window—I prefer mine without too much dirt."

"Go ass far ass you like," said Gus.

A thin narrow piece of board held the window open. Curly removed it and let the sash down. Then he stared hard at the board.

"Mayhap that brew gets to my head," he exclaimed.

"Vas iss masser?" queried Gus.

"Look what's printed on this board!" cried Curly.

He held it up. The board was dingy white; across its face, in letters of heavy black, appeared these words:

ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE

"Yeh," returned Gus nonchalantly; "that iss a sign. It used to hang outside, by hooks."

"Yes," assented Curly, examining it; "but what for?"

Gus spread his hands in explanation.

"Peoples comes through here sometimes that can't talk German. Don't you see?" he said.

Curly Casterline gulped hard.

"I get you, Gus," he nodded finally. "And who speaks English here?"

"I do—the best," returned Gus simply.

He set the filled glass down upon the table. Curly drank it off while it was cool. Then he once more slumped into his seat and tilted his chair back against the wall. As he did so he uttered an exclamation of surprise. He turned and looked at the wall behind him. Then he stared queerly at the bartender. The bartender stared back.

"Vas iss masser mit you—eh?" he queried.

Curly shook his head and smiled drowsily.

"I'm asleep at the switch, Gus," he said, leaning back once more and closing his eyes; "that heavy stuff gets to me. I'd better take a snooze. I've got to drive that car back to the farm with Bauerle, remember. You wake me up."

"You take cat nap," nodded Gus; "I wake you up, all right."

His young customer apparently fell into a comfortable sleep—apparently, for he was not asleep. He was not even drowsy. He had been drowsy, it is true; but something had happened, was happening, that brought into play all the instincts of a park policeman trained to hear noises that were noiseless.

With closed eyes, Curly listened—listened hard. He was in the presence of a strange phenomenon. He had closed the window. With it open, he had heard merely the indistinct murmur of low-voiced conversation. With it closed, he heard those voices plainly and distinctly. He had, somehow, completed some acoustic circuit. Words hurled themselves against the window panes and caromed back into his ears. They were good Anglo-Saxon words, at that. The two men who were talking had cautiously selected the language less liable to be understood in that village. The voices were still low, but tense and clear. One voice was the voice of Adolf Bauerle; the other was the voice of Kurz, the stranger. The latter spoke.

"Not all dried up, is it?" he queried.

"Not all," returned the farmer's voice. "It iss a small thin creek; it iss half dry—so dry a boat cannot be rowed in her. About a foot or so deep she runs, and maybe only about six feet across."

"The dry banks," went on the other—"caked mud, or sand?"

"Sand; all sandy," returned Bauerle.

"Couldn't be better!" exclaimed Kurz, with a touch of enthusiasm in his tone. "We can run the wires under water. Any scrub trees or brush round the creek, where a man can hide?"

"Blendty," Bauerle assured him. Then Bauerle took the initiative. "You haf said nothing about money," he began in an apologetic way; "the money—it is most important."

"A good German ——" interposed the other.

"A good German must live," said Bauerle. "Haf I not my orders followed to the letter—ass to crops—ass to everything? Following such orders, it makes a German poor, not rich. The pay—it has not been enough."

There was a guttural response. Then silence. Curly guessed that the other man was counting out bank notes. Money did the talking for a while.

"How's that?" asked Kurz at length.

"Five huntert more," said Bauerle.

The other man's tone was harsh.

"I can get a hundred men ——" he began.

"Not one like me," returned Bauerle. "Unt not one where the railroad track meets the creek just like it does on my farm. I know why you come to me."

Kurz grunted again.

"You talk not like a good German," he responded.

"There iss no better in five huntert miles," said Bauerle firmly. "If I was robbing my country I would not take the money; but you haf it to spend. I know."

"There," said the other testily; "put it away—get it out of sight."

"And the same amount," went on the even tones of Bauerle, "when the job iss done."

Another long silence; another grunt of defiance.

"All right," said the other man finally; "but you've got to help."

There was a flare-up in the farmer's voice.

"Who has helped more as me?" he demanded. "Not so much—not for five hundret miles round. You know."

He lowered his voice. It took Curly's closest attention to get a line on the remainder of the conversation.

"When does she come through?" asked Bauerle.

"Monday—the tenth. Next Monday," said the stranger.

"Night time?" queried the farmer.

"She's due at Carlstadt," answered Kurz, "at something after two in the afternoon. She'll be here by three."

Another silence.

"We shall be seen?" queried Bauerle at length.

"Not you," said Kurz; "no, never. That I shall arrange. As for myself," he added, "they have never caught me yet."

Three minutes later Curly felt a long pull and a strong pull on his curly head of hair. His nose was tweaked painfully as well as playfully.

"You Karl!" roared Adolf Bauerle. "You drunk so early—no?"

On Sunday morning Mina approached Curly. She was a very pretty little German girl, and she was very coy and shy with him; notwithstanding which, she had a trusting little way of looking him in the face that got to him every time. She crept up to him while he was oiling the machine.

"Uncle wants," she said, "that I should go to the Schroeders' garden party this afternoon. And I got nobody to drive me over—nobody at all."

"Nobody!" echoed Curly in high disdain. "Nobody! That's a nice name to call me by. What do you mean by such a thing? Nobody Casterline! My great!"

"Karl!" she faltered, very rosy, her eyes bright.

He shook his head.

"You try it again," he demanded.

"Curly, then," she said.

"Ah," exclaimed Curly; "now we can talk business! Schroeders', eh? What do you think I'm shining up this old tin Lizzie for? For you. I got my orders late last night from the boss. Now how about a dance or two with you at this garden party—eh?"

"Just one," conceded Mina.

"Just all of 'em, you mean," said Curly; "just you and me—and nobody else. All of 'em. What say?"

"All of them!" she flouted. "You are greedy."

"Wow!" cried Curly. "Now just for that—watch out!"

Without ado, he caught her in his arms and held her tight, and kissed her on her full red lips. She struggled valiantly; but she didn't scream. She struggled quite in vain. She didn't know she was in the grasp of a sparrow cop who held athletic records.

Finally she stopped struggling. Her flaxen head lay nestling against his shoulder; he felt her heaving breast against him. Her hand stole up across his neck and gently clutched his thick curly hair. Curly trembled; it was his first real love affair and he didn't quite know how to take it. It was Mina's first affair, too; but she did. She sprang suddenly and lightly from him, slapped his face with her small warm hand, and ran, giggling hysterically, toward the house.

At the Schroeder garden party Curly followed the crowd and drank that heady heavy dark beer—the kind that Gus had fed him at the Hofbrauhaus. He had told Gus it made him sleepy. Here it seemed to make him ill. In the middle of a dance with one of the big Schroeder girls he clutched suddenly at his anatomy, hastily excused himself—and beat it, as they say in the books. As he went he made it clear that he was suffering excruciating pain. He declined all homemade remedies and insisted there was only one thing that would help him—he'd get it made up at the drug store in the village.

While he made these things clear he was already entering the Bauerle car and fumbling with the levers. In another instant he was off. He steered the little car for the village drug store, reached it, got what he wanted, and was off. He entered the drug store sick—visibly so; he left it well.

"On with the dance?" smiled the druggist as he left.

"You bet!" said Curly.

For one mile he went back the way he'd come. Then he slowed down. With the eyes of a man accustomed to seeing things that can't be seen, he searched the road, ahead, behind. There was nothing in sight. The roads lay two inches deep in dust; his car had made no track. He rode on for an eighth of a mile; then, swerving sharply to the left, he plunged into a wooded lane. He hid the machine in a dense grove a mile and a half from the main road. Then, with the craft of a park policeman, who can execute absolutely noiseless movements, he crept stealthily through the underbrush. The foliage thickened as he went on, indicating the presence of some waterway. At last he sighed with satisfaction and dropped prone upon the ground. With a turn of his wrist he drew aside a few leaves that obscured his vision. And then he saw.

He was lying near the bank of a small creek. Two men were at work on its sandy bank. Three hundred yards from where they worked there was a little concrete bridge. Across it ran the two rails of a single-track railroad. Dusty foliage grew about the base of this small bridge. With his keen eyes, Curly took swift note of the fact that this foliage had not been disturbed. Not a branch was broken, not a leaf torn off. The waters of the sluggish stream were slightly muddied. That was all. There was nothing for the track-walker to see or to suspect.

At a point nearly opposite to the position occupied by Curly, the two men were engaged in burying a peculiar-looking box in the sandy bank. One of the men proceeded with the air of an expert. Both worked silently, swiftly. Curly took swift note of the location—photographed the scene indelibly upon his mind; then left. He wriggled back to his machine as cautiously as he had come, carefully beat the dust out of his trousers and off his shirt, donned his coat, and took the road full speed to Schroeder's. He had seen what he expected to see—found out what he wanted to find. When he reached Schroeder's, Mina was waiting for him.

"Oh, you do look so sick!" she cried.

He didn't doubt it. He was sick now—sick, thinking of her and of what he had to do. For it had all come to him in a flash. It was up to him—up to him alone. It was his secret. He couldn't confide it to any other soul in this whole countryside. He couldn't send a message without fear of blundering. It was his work, cut out for him alone.

Early in the afternoon of the next day—Monday—a small crowd of villagers lounged about the little railroad station. To all intents and purposes they seemed merely idlers—men who had strolled down from the tavern to stretch their legs and pass the time of day with the ticket agent. Actually they were alive with some electric spark of expectation. Now and then they drew out silver watches and compared their time. The little depot was closed; but the station master was there. Once somebody started down the single track toward the Bauerle Farm. The station master called him back.

"There might be freights or specials," warned the station master; "nobody knows. You might get run over—suddenlike."

The venturesome villager heeded the warning; he came back sheepishly.

At half past two o'clock Gus, the bartender of the Hofbrauhaus, came running up with news.

"Got it over our phone," he said, panting with haste; "she just now left Carlstadt—three minutes ago. Watch out!"

The station master fidgeted. For a while he paced, alone, up and down the little platform. He was a villager himself; he was one of the crowd that hovered about the little depot. He belonged. But nobody talked to him. He kept very much to himself. He lit a cigar and smoked it nervously. He kept eying the crowd apprehensively out of the corner of his eye. There were things he didn't know—and didn't want to know.

Watching the crowd, he came to the conclusion that these men were on hand to see, but not to act. That much was clear. None wore coats. Most of them were collarless. None carried weapons or any other unduly bulging articles, save Baudenistel, the village constable. The handle of his gun peeped from the opening in his hip pocket. He, too, was nervous—more so, perhaps, than the station agent. It may have been that he was studying a part.

While they waited, someone espied a blur of soft-coal smoke that arose just above the western horizon line.

"There she iss!" exclaimed someone, *sotto voce*.

The station agent shifted his glances from the men about him to the distant cloud of smoke. Then, with almost frenzied haste, he moved among them, hither and thither, talking in low, guttural German, advising them to fall back. He explained to them what they already knew—that no one was supposed to know this train was coming through. Officially he didn't know it himself. He had received his tip from Gus, of the Hofbrauhaus. But it was going to look queer, this crowd hanging about the station. He might lose his job. *Gott im Himmel!* Would they fall back? As a personal favor—as a favor to themselves would they fall back? There were the Hofbrauhaus and the crossroads; they could see from there.

With this crowd there, round the station like, the train might stop; officers might be getting off and asking questions. *Himmel!* anything might happen. And it would look as though he, the station agent, had given the village a tip about this train. It was better so—they should all get back; they should do it right away. Who knows what telescopes and glasses the officers carried? Maybe they were looking at them now!

The crowd fell back. The station agent's arguments were reasonable and convincing. So they lounged back up the road again, toward the four corners; spread themselves—but watched. The smoke increased in volume. Finally the train came into view.

In the thickest of the thick copses that clustered about the banks of Bauerle's meandering little creek Curly Casterline watched and waited, patiently, silently. Acting under Bauerle's orders, he had driven Mina to a village ten miles farther east to see a friend—to spend the day. He had orders to see a wagon maker in that village; to get him to do a hurry-up job on the old machine. He had orders to hang round there until Mina was ready to come home. She would not be ready until late in the afternoon. Curly had obeyed his orders partially. He had driven Mina over to her friend's house. Then swiftly, but by a devious route, he had returned

(Continued on Page 79)

"I Shall Tell Those Secret-Service Men About You. They Will Watch. Only—It Is That You Must Live—for Me"

SHOOTING STARS

By William A. Bishop
V.C., D.S.O., M.C.

ON THE twenty-fifth of March came my first real fight in the air, and, as luck would have it, my first victory. The German retreat was continuing. Four of us were detailed to invade the enemy country, to fly low over the trenches, and in general to see what the boche troops were doing and where they were located.

Those were very queer days. For a time it seemed that both armies—British and German alike—had simply dissolved. Skirmishes were the order of the day on the ground and in the air. The grim fixed lines of battle had vanished for the time being and the Germans were falling back to their famous Hindenburg positions.

The clouds had been hanging low as usual, but after we had gotten well in advance of our old lines and into what had so recently been Hunland, the weather suddenly cleared. So we began to climb to more comfortable altitudes and finally reached about nine thousand feet. We flew about for a long while without seeing anything, and then from the corner of my eye I spied what I believed to be three enemy machines. They were some distance east of us and evidently were on patrol duty to prevent any of our pilots or observers from getting too near the rapidly changing German positions.

The three strange machines approached us, but our leader continued to fly straight ahead without altering his course in the slightest degree. Soon there was no longer any doubt as to the identity of the three air-craft—they were Huns, with the big distinguishing black iron crosses on their planes. They evidently were trying to surprise us, and we allowed them to approach, trying all the time to appear as if we had not seen them.

As Far as Weather Is Concerned the Airman of To-Day Can Laugh at a Gale and Fairly Take a Nap Sitting on a Forty-Mile Wind

Like nearly all other pilots who come face to face with a Hun in the air for the first time I could hardly realize that these were real, live, hostile machines. I was fascinated by them and wanted to circle about and have a good look at them. The German Albatross machines are perfect beauties to look upon. Their swept-back planes give them more of a birdlike appearance than any other machines flying on the Western Front. Their splendid graceful lines lend to them an effect of power and flying ability far beyond what they really possess. After your first few experiences with enemy machines at fairly close quarters you have very little trouble distinguishing them in the future. You learn to sense their presence and to know their nationality long before you can make out the crosses on the planes.

The Duel in the Air

FINALLY the three enemy machines got behind us, and we slowed down so they would overtake us all the sooner. When they had approached to about four hundred yards we opened out our engines and turned. One of the other pilots, as well as myself, had never been in a fight before, and we were naturally slower to act than the other two. My first real impression of the engagement was that one of the enemy machines dived down, then suddenly came up again and began to shoot at one of our people from the rear.

I had a quick impulse and followed it. I flew straight at the attacking machine from a position where he could not see me, and opened fire. My "tracer" bullets—bullets that show a spark and a thin little trail of smoke as they speed through the air—began at once to hit the enemy machine.

A moment later the Hun turned over on his back and seemed to fall out of control. This was just at the time that the Germans were doing some of their famous falling stunts. Their machines seemed to be built to stand extraordinary strains in that respect. They would go spinning down from great heights, and just when you thought they were sure to crash they would suddenly come under control, flatten out into correct flying position, and streak for the rear of their lines with every ounce of horse power imprisoned in their engines.

When my man fell from his upside-down position into a spinning nose dive I dived after him. Down he went for a full thousand feet and then regained control. I had forgotten caution and everything else in my wild and overwhelming desire to destroy this thing that for the time being represented all of Germany to me. I could not have been more than forty yards behind the Hun when he flattened out, and again I opened fire. It made my heart leap to see my smoking bullets hitting the machine just where the closely hooded pilot was sitting. Again the Hun went into a dive and shot away from me vertically toward the earth.

Suspecting another ruse and still unmindful of what might be happening to my companions in their set-to with the other Huns I went into a wild dive after my particular opponent with my engine full on. With a machine capable of doing one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty miles an hour on the level I must have attained one hundred and eighty to two hundred miles in that wrathful plunge. Meteorlike as was my descent, however, the Hun seemed to be falling faster still and got farther and farther away from me. When I was still about fifteen hundred feet up he crashed into the ground below me. For a long time I had heard pilots speaking of "crashing" enemy machines, but I never fully appreciated the full significance of "crashed" until now. There is no other word for it.

I have not to this day fully analyzed my feelings in those moments of my first victory. I don't think I fully realized what it all meant. When I pulled my machine out of its own somewhat dangerous dive I suddenly became conscious of the fact that I had not the slightest idea in the world where I was. I had lost all sense of direction and distance; nothing had mattered to me except the shooting down of that enemy scout with the big black crosses that I shall never forget.

Now I began to fear that I was well within the enemy country and that it was up to me to find some way of getting home. Then to my dismay I discovered that during our long dive my engine had filled up with lubricating oil and had stopped dead still. I tried every little trick I knew to coax a fresh start, but it was no use. I had no choice. I must land in the country directly beneath me, be it hostile or friendly. I turned in what seemed to me by instinct to be the way toward our own lines and glided as far as I could without any help from the engine.

Behind Hostile Lines

I SAW beneath me a destroyed village and my heart sank. I must be behind the German lines. Was my real flying career, just begun, to be ended so soon? Was I to suffer the fate the flying man most abhors—the helpless descent in Hunland and the meek submission to being taken prisoner? A hundred thoughts were racing through my head, but in a moment they were dispersed. It was that always ghastly rattle of a machine gun, firing at me from the ground. This left no doubt but that I was over enemy territory.

I continued to glide listlessly toward the ground, not caring much now what the machine gun might do. My plight couldn't be much worse. I was convinced in fact that it couldn't possibly be worse. Mechanically, little realizing just what I was doing but all the time following that first great instinct of self-preservation, I remember carefully picking out a clear path in the rough terrain beneath me, and making a last turn I glided into it and landed.

Some hostile spirit within me made me seize the rocket pistol we used to fire signals with in the air—Very lights, they are called. What I expected to do with such an impotent weapon of offense or defense I don't know, but it gave me a sort of armed feeling as I jumped out of the machine. I ran to a near-by ditch, following the irresistible battlefield impulse to take cover. I lay for some time in the ditch waiting—waiting for my fate, whatever it was to be.

Then I saw some people crawling toward me. They were anxious moments, and I had to rub my eyes two or three times before finally convincing myself that the oncoming uniforms were of muddy brown, and homely, if you will; but to me that day khaki was the most wonderful, the most inspiring, the most soul-satisfying color scheme ever beheld by the eyes of man. In an instant my whole life outlook changed; literally it seemed to me that by some miracle I had come back from the land of the missing.

The British Tommies had seen me land and had bravely crawled out to help me. They told me I had just barely crossed over into our own country; the last one hundred and fifty yards of my glide had landed me clear of the Germans. The soldiers also said we had better try to move the machine, as the Germans could see it from the hill opposite and would be sure to shell it.

With the help of several other men from a field artillery battery we hauled the machine into a little valley just before the German shells began to arrive. One dropped with a noisy bang some two hundred yards away from us, and I fell flat on my stomach. I hadn't seen much land fighting up to this time, but I had been told that that was the proper thing to do. The Tommies, however, looked at me with amazement. The idea of anybody's dropping from a shell two hundred yards away! They told me there was nothing to worry about for the moment, and added cheerfully that in a few minutes the Huns would be doing a little better shooting.

But I had my own back with the Tommies sooner than I could ever have hoped for. This time a shell landed about

twenty yards from us, and down went everybody but me. I stood up—out of sheer ignorance! I didn't know by the sound of the shell how close it was going to land, but the others did, and acted accordingly. The joke of the whole thing was that the shell was a dud. It didn't explode, and I had the laugh on the wise artillerymen.

Eventually we got the machine behind a clump of trees where the Germans couldn't see it, and they decided to waste no more ammunition hunting us out. Though it was already six o'clock in the evening I started to work on the engine, but after an hour and a half had not succeeded in getting a single cough out of any one of the many cylinders. So I decided to let matters rest and accept a very cordial invitation to spend the night with a battery near by.

It would have been a very interesting night indeed if I could have had some real place to sleep, or if I had not been wearing loose, heavy flying clothes, with fleece-lined boots up to my hips, or if it had not commenced to rain about nine o'clock, or if in the middle of the night a heavy artillery battle had not started. But in spite of the discomfort and the drizzle it was all very interesting and exciting and seemed to me a sort of fitting sequel to my wonderful first day of combat in the air.

The next day it continued to rain, and as I received no word from my squadron in answer to several telegrams I borrowed some tools from the gunners and again got to work on my choked-up engine. Within a few hours she was running beautifully. Now the problem was to find a place from which to fly off. The ground was rough and very muddy, but I decided to try to taxi over it. We had not bumped very far along, however, the machine and I, when a big piece of mud flew up and split the propeller.

The First Flight as Patrol Leader

THAT ended it. There was nothing to do but wait for help to come from the squadron. It came the next afternoon, after I had spent a terrible night trying to get to the squadron, and rescue parties from the squadron had spent an equally terrible night trying to get to me. I had landed at a point which had been well behind the German lines a few days ago, where the roads had been mined and blocked in all manner of ways, and where the German spirit of wanton destruction had held high carnival. I had even tried to get through by automobile, but it was no use.

It was about three o'clock the second afternoon after I landed that one of the rescue parties arrived. They had traveled about ninety miles to get to me, though the aërodrome was only fifteen miles away. By the third afternoon we had succeeded in taking my machine to pieces, and, having safely loaded it into a motor lorry, began our return journey about seven o'clock in the evening.

We arrived at the aërodrome at half past six the next morning. I slept part of the way, but never was so worn out and tired in all my life, for many times during the night it was necessary to get out and help our car out of the mud. Finally, when about six miles from the aërodrome, we went into a mud hole and stuck. It was absolutely impossible to move in any direction, so with one of the men I set out afoot to an aërodrome about three miles away. There I pulled some sleepy mechanics out of bed and got them to drive me to my own aërodrome a little farther along.

Now for the first time I learned exactly what had happened in the fight on the twenty-fifth. The patrol leader had also destroyed one of the enemy machines, while the third Hun had escaped. All of us were perfectly safe and none of our machines damaged except my own, which showed a few tears from shell fragments.

It seemed to me it had been ages since the fight. But at last I was back among my companions—and I had the large total of one machine to my credit. There were fellows in the squadron who did not have any, however, and I was very proud; so proud and excited over the whole episode that, despite my intense weariness, I couldn't go to sleep until late in the afternoon.

The fates had been so kind to me in my first fight in the air that the next time I crossed the lines my squadron commander had designated me as patrol leader. I knew this was a difficult job, but it was not until after we started out that I knew how difficult. First of all I seemed to be leading too fast; then the pace would become too slow. Some of the machines seemed too close to me, and some too far away. I wondered why it was that everyone should be flying so badly to-day except myself. As a matter of fact if I had been leading properly the other machines would have found it quite easy to keep in their assigned places.

However, one learns by experience; so at the end of two hours I was leading much better and had progressed another step in the school of war flying. The clouds were very thick this day and rolled under us at times in great cumulus masses. We caught only occasional glimpses of the ground, through rifts in the clouds a mile or more apart. It was necessary to watch very closely through these holes and to recognize familiar places on the ground; otherwise we were likely to get lost and never see home again. When our two hours' tour of duty aloft was ended though, we landed safely at the aërodrome without having seen any enemy machines.

A Royal Flying Corps Plane on Observation Duty

Two days later my patrol engaged in one of the bitterest fights I have ever known. I knew that night the full meaning of that last line so often seen in the British official communiqué: "One of our machines did not return." A second machine barely reached our lines, with the pilot so badly wounded he lived but a little while.

The patrol consisted of a flight of six machines. I led my companions up to twelve thousand feet before heading across the trenches just south of Arras. Once over the lines we turned to the north, not penetrating very far into Hunland because of the strong wind that was blowing about fifty miles an hour from the west. These westerly gales were one of the worst things we had to contend with at the Front. They made it very easy for us to dash into enemy territory, but it was a very different story when we started for home and had to combat the tempest. If an airman ever wishes for a favoring wind it is when he is streaking for home.

Seeing the modern war aëroplanes riding through howling storms reminds one that it was not so long ago that a ten-mile breeze would upset all flying plans for a day at any aërodrome or exhibition field. Now nothing short of a hurricane can keep the machines on the ground. As far as the ability to make good weather of it is concerned the airman of to-day can laugh at a gale and fairly take a nap sitting on a forty-mile wind.

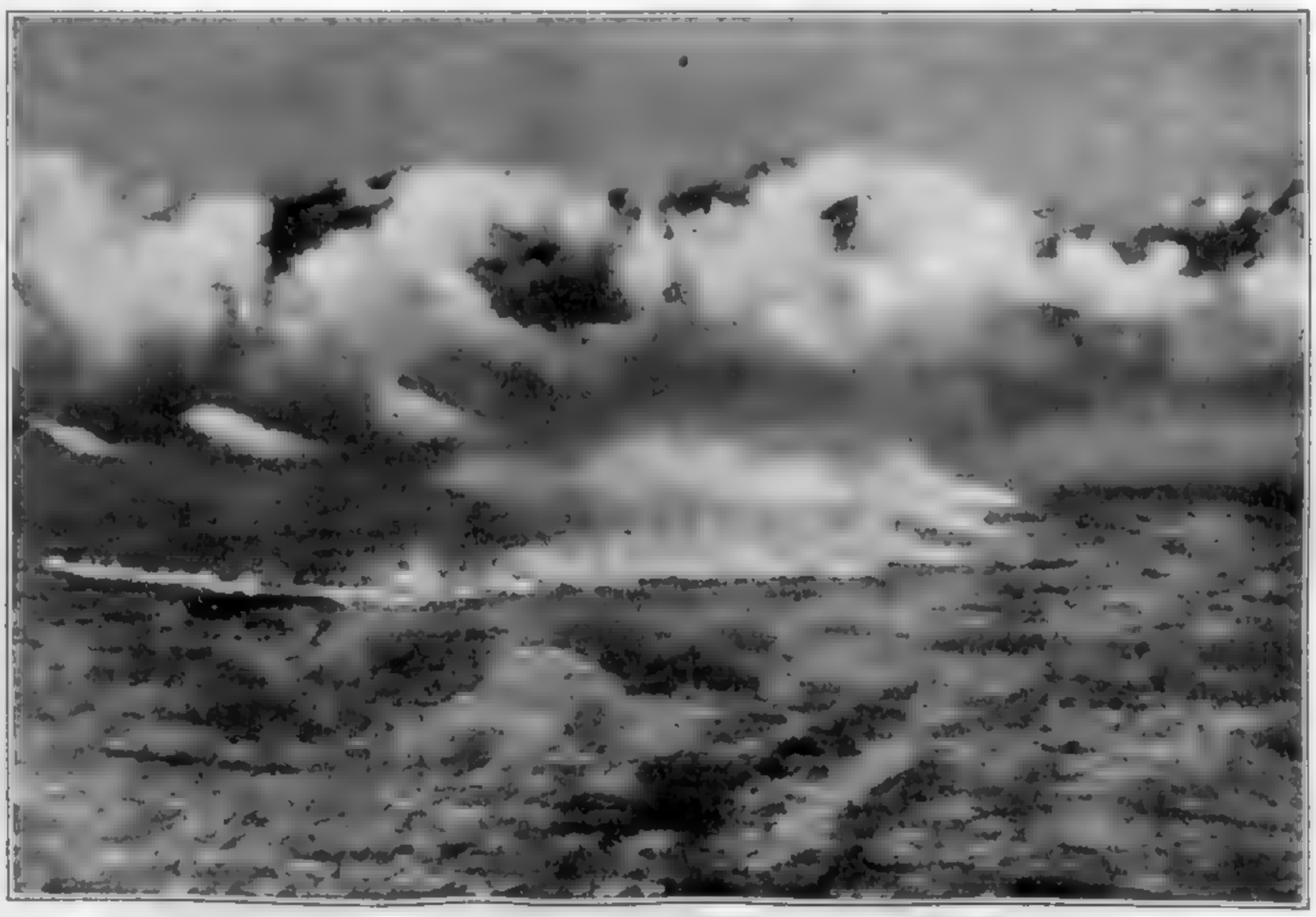
The Ambush in the Clouds

WE HAD been over the lines twenty minutes and were tossing about a bit in the storm when I sighted an enemy machine flying about half a mile below me. He was scudding gracefully along just over the top of a layer of filmy white clouds. I signaled to the remainder of my patrol that I had sighted an enemy, and in another instant I was diving after him. As I sped downward I could see the remainder of the patrol coming after me. I must have been plunging fully one hundred and fifty miles an hour at the German, with the black crosses on his wings, when suddenly out of the clouds and seemingly right under my nose a second enemy machine appeared. I realized now that we were in for serious fighting, that we had run into an ambuscade, for it was a great trick of the Germans at this time to lurk behind patches of clouds to obtain the advantage of a surprise attack. We soon taught them, however, that this was a game at which two could play.

When the second machine loomed so suddenly from his hiding place I naturally transferred my attention to him. I closed to within one hundred and fifty yards and then opened fire from directly behind. Nothing happened, however, for all my bullets seemed to be going far wide of their mark. I was surprised at this and wondered what had happened to the marksmanship which had stood me in such good stead before.

As a result of these thoughts I neglected to look behind me to see if the other machines of the patrol were following, and my first intimation that anything was wrong was the sound of machine guns firing from somewhere in the rear. I was about to turn my head to see if it was one of the patrol firing when some flaming German bullets shot past between my left-hand planes. Then I realized that a third enemy machine had gotten on my tail and had a dead shot at me. There was but one way to get out of this and I tried it. I pulled my machine right up into the air and turned over backward in a partial loop. As I did so the enemy machine flashed by underneath.

(Continued on Page 85)



A German Gas Attack in France Photographed From the Air. The Gas Can be Seen Under the Bank of Clouds, Drifting Across the Country.

DOING IT BY DEPUTY

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY THELMA CUDLIPP

The Girl at the Next Desk Grinned. Miss Wiman Returned the Grin and Winked One of Her Blue Eyes

MOST of the shopping crowd on State Street had fled homeward before the flood of workers dammed up in store and office was released to overwhelm the lingering remnant. Feldmayer's wide portals, west and south, were emitting their tributary streams of hurrying, chattering salespersons, and on the curb before the southern entrance stood the tightwad—as an Indian might stand on the bank of a river waiting his chance to harpoon a slippery fish. Out came Eddie Gillespie, of the men's clothing—slim, trim and swagger as an advertisement of the line that Feldmayer's made its specialty. The tightwad knew his fish and, darting forward, speared him.

The tightwad was sore and quite unresponsive to Eddie's bright and cordial greeting.

When Eddie told him that he had intended to look him up that very evening the small fraction made an unseemly noise expressive of disbelief and contempt and ejaculated a sarcastic "Sure you was!" that got Eddie's not too securely tethered goat.

"Sure I was," young Mr. Gillespie repeated, still smiling, but not so pleasantly. "I'm perfectly crazy about you; didn't you know it? Now I'll make one guess at what you're going to talk about: That li'l old sawbuck that I tore from you dripping with your heart's blood."

"Wrong!" snarled the tightwad. "I ain't going to talk. You come across with that ten or I'll make trouble for you. I'm through talking. Get me?"

Nevertheless he talked a little more, and Eddie certainly kept up his end of the conversation, whereby one friendship of a sort died a quite natural death. Eddie was not cast down by that particular circumstance. He had as many friends as the next fellow, and could make more; the only difficulty was to think of a friend who had idle capital and would be willing to part with it—temporarily. Eddie had not come across. He was—temporarily—broke, and the tightwad was going to be ugly; and if he made a roar to Feldmayer, as he had threatened, it might mean the loss of a good job. How to repay the half portion of poor cheese his measly ten dollars! Hm-m!

Just then Eddie thought of Joseph Moxey.

"I Wish I Knew More About Girls!" Said Joseph With a Profound Sigh. "You Might Give Me Some Pointers, I Should Think—if You Would"

An hour and a half later he replied to Joseph Moxey's amiable inquiry as to the general trend of things with the most engaging frankness.

"Rotten! I'm up against it so hard I've mashed all the buttons on my vest.

"You haven't got a reliable automatic, have you? I need one to go out and stick somebody up for a ten spot."

Strange as it may seem, Joseph Moxey felt an absolute thrill of pleasure. "I don't own a gun, but you're welcome to the ten spot," he said. Just like that! Just as ee-easy!

And in that way a new friendship was formed. You may have noticed how invariably one thing leads to another. Now, friendship is usually based on similarity of tastes, antipathies and habits of thought; and, to a great extent, on common environments and associations. A true friend is a sort of mirrored reflection of oneself—dim enough to hide little defects, clear enough to show strikingly admirable features. In communing with him one finds oneself confirmed and indorsed in a highly satisfactory manner—provided that one has a positive character. On the other hand there are strong and sometimes enduring friendships founded upon opposites, in which each party finds in the other qualities that he consciously lacks but, nevertheless, admires. A variation of this is the natural attraction of the consciously lacking and the cocksure superior. There is no doubt that Eddie had always felt himself superior to Joseph, and Joseph had conceived a great admiration for Eddie from the moment that the two young men had first exchanged nods across the table of their boarding house.

Moxey was serious-minded, slow-witted, sparing of speech, of a retiring disposition, and regular in his habits. He had finished one course in electrical engineering some three years before and was taking another in the drafting department of a contract-and-supply house, where there was plenty of room for him to rise, and where he earned more money than he actually needed. By special arrangement he had a little shop in the boarding-house basement, where he tinkered in off hours with armatures, magnet coils, Leyden jars and things. His bedroom was lined with shelves of technical books and journals, and until lately he had never knowingly known a dull moment. A plodder. A lank-haired, stockily built, ill-dressed plodder devoid of social graces, with ineradicable marks of shopwork on his big hands, and not an idea in his head that couldn't be developed by mechanical and chemical process or find its final expression in terms of volts and amperes. That was his own opinion of himself, lately formed. Until lately he had not been in the least addicted to self-analysis.

And here was Eddie—Eddie who looked like a million bucks, with his form-fitting garments pressed to perfection, his immaculate linen, his consummate cravat, his roached brown hair, his little C. C. mustache, his meticulously manicured fingers, his quick, responsive smile and swift comeback to any conversational crack. It was a pleasure to listen to him at the table, and especially to see how the women were fluttered by his mere presence, and flattered by any little kindly notice that he took of them. A mixer—a wise lad—class all over! Just to watch him pausing for a moment on the top doorstep as he set out for his evening round of pleasure, his stick hooked over his left arm while he daintily tapped a cigarette end on his up-to-date silverene case!

Joseph had regarded him most wistfully. He had wished ardently to make advances to this bright being, but didn't exactly know how to go about it. Another thing, the boarding house was no home for Eddie, but a place to sleep, eat, get away from in a hurry and return to when there was nowhere else to go. No temptation to dally in that dump—not a one. Sallow skins, corded necks, straight lines where curves should have been; chickens, but the cold-storage kind, tagged years back and no tender pullets then—most of 'em. Not a looker in the bunch. So, though Eddie had been friendly enough in his manner toward Joseph, the intercourse between the two had been limited. "How are they breaking for you?" "How's every li'l old thing?" "Swell weather!"

And now, in a moment, here they were on terms of intimacy. Eddie had accepted the offered loan gratefully. He was looking on Joseph with new vision, and Joseph felt it.

"Thanks, old top," said Eddie. "You're a regular guy, and I'm going to see that you get the Carnegie medal for life-saving. Know what I'm going to do with this?"

Joseph didn't know.

"I'm going to slip it to an unworthy object, one of the lowest forms of animal life—a tightwad. Say! A ten-dollar bill looks as big as a double blanket to this bird. I'm going to take it over to him now, just to relieve my own mind; but it's too bad I have to relieve his! If he had a heart he might have heart failure; but not a chance! And they say joy never kills, anyway; worse luck! Well, you get this back at the end of the week, old top; and if you want me to cut off my right hand for you, or any little thing like that, just mention it."

Eddie was grateful; there wasn't any doubt about that. As for Joseph, there was a warm glow in his bosom as he watched his beneficiary depart on his glad errand. He felt

One of the First Things He Did Was Snap On the Light Over His Mirror and Survey Himself Smilingly

that at last he had a really worth-while friend, and he needed a friend, God knew.

The Midwestern Electrical Contract and Supply Company occupied the entire top floor of one of the smaller office buildings on South Dearborn. The drafting department was at one end, in the northern corner, and opened on the corridor, with the directors' and officials' rooms separating it from the main business office. Joseph consequently had no acquaintance with the office force, which was largely female. Ascending and descending in the elevator he knew that the force was largely female, and for that reason, being that kind of young man, he refrained from looking at it; feeling, in fact, distinctly relieved when the elevator gates opened and let him out of the surcharged feminine atmosphere—until after the morning that Morgan, the construction chief, called him in to dictate to Miss Millicent Wiman.

There were some highly technical explanations of a set of drawings to be translated into the vulgar tongue for the benefit of the mayor and council of a Western town. Joseph had brought the drawings in to Morgan, who was about to attend to the rest of it himself, when an important caller was announced. Thereupon Morgan rolled the stuff and thrust it into Joseph's hand. "Here, you can do this just as well as I," said he. "Give it to Miss Wiman. Miss Wiman, take Mr. Moxey's dictation, please—at your desk. Make it so a kindergarten class can understand it, Moxey; just the description. I'll write the letter later."

Joseph stood, staring stupidly, as a very blue-eyed young woman rose from her seat at the other side of Morgan's desk and smiled at him politely. "Go with her," Morgan directed, and as Joseph still hesitated Miss Wiman said, "This way, please," and seemed about to take his hand and lead him. Her manner was like that. However, Joseph followed her into the main office and took the chair that she indicated by the side of her own.

Miss Wiman opened her notebook and took a long, sharp pencil from her more than reddish hair. At the same time her lower jaw began to move rhythmically and Joseph

detected a faint odor of wintergreen. She looked at him expectantly. Her eyes were very blue indeed; blue as periwinkle, blue as cornflowers, blue as the blue on a piece of old Worcester.

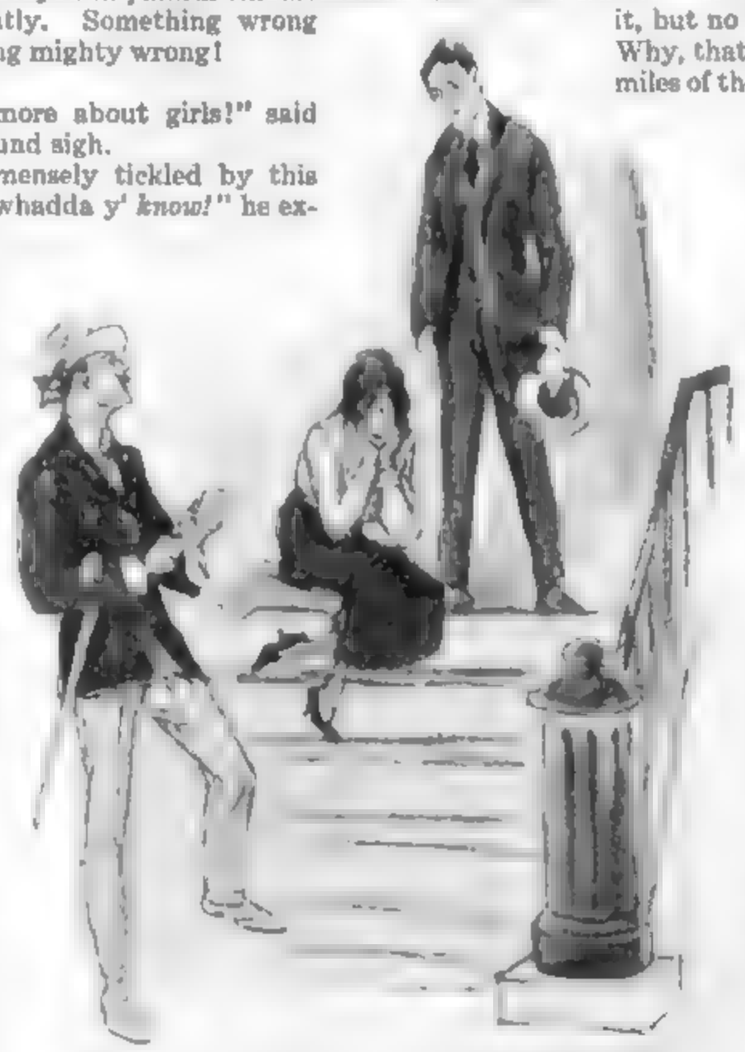
"I—I beg your pardon," said Joseph, a fine blush extending to the tips of his ears. He unrolled his drawings in great confusion, dropped one of them, stooped to pick it up and dropped two more, one of which went under the desk. As he stooped to recover it the girl at the next desk turned and grinned at Miss Wiman. Miss Wiman returned the grin and winked one of her blue eyes, but when Joseph reappeared she was wearing the same calm, innocent, expectant look.

Joseph stared with knitted brows at his drawings, while his mind struggled with elusive diameters, elevations, watts, kilowatts, potentials, revolutions and percentages of energy that persistently entangled themselves with such extraneous matters as hair, complexion, form and feature. He cleared his throat once or twice and even began a sentence: "The candlepowers, estimated on a basis ——" No good!

The consciousness of his own stubby, toil-marred fingers and their contrast with Miss Wiman's facile digits and mirror-polished nails obtruded.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not used to—er—to this. I—I guess I'll write it out and get you to copy it for me."

He was blundering off the way that he had come when Miss Wiman kindly called his attention to the door opening on the corridor. As he reached it he heard a melodious giggle mingled with a titter that was quite unmusical. Nevertheless, as there was a dogged quality in his character, he wrote out his estimates and proposition and brought them back; and after that he took particular notice who was in the elevator. So a little acquaintance sprang up and grew to such an extent that in six months he became a regular if not an entertaining caller on Miss Wiman—once a week at least, but on these occasions he arrived in a state of trepidation, stayed in painful embarrassment and departed despondently. Something wrong about him; something mighty wrong!



"Say, Joey, You Seem to Have Figured Out Quite a Little Line of Dope of Your Own"

"I wish I knew more about girls!" said Joseph with a profound sigh.

Eddie seemed immensely tickled by this confession. "Well, whadda y' *know!*" he exclaimed; and when he had finished his laugh he said it again with a shift of emphasis, "Well, *whadda* y' know!"

Joseph continued to look at him unsmilingly. "I don't know anything, I guess," he replied at last. "You might give me some pointers, I should think—if you would."

They were in Joseph's room. Eddie had punctually repaid the ten dollars that Joseph had lent him, but, oddly enough, still felt a sort of obligation to brighten life a little for the poor old stiff. The two were of the same age, but Eddie always thought of Joseph as old and mossy—the next thing to a dead one, and yet a sport at heart or he would never have come across in the sporting way he had. And there was something about old Joey that a fellow couldn't help liking. So he had invited old Joey out with him one evening—a lively show and the eats at Heidler's. Dutch treat though. When old Joey found that he wasn't going to be let to pay for everything he lay back on his tail on the other proposition; so they made it fifty-fifty and let it go at that. Eddie had an idea that he would get his protégé all lit up to see how he would act; but nix! Soft drinks only for Mr. Moxey.

"Curfew shall not ring to-night," Eddie exuberantly announced at the beginning of the feast.

But nix on that too. Mr. Moxey was looking nervously at his old silver turnip before Emil got the crumbs brushed; and nothing would do him but beating it back to the dump just as the evening was beginning.

"Glory! It's half-past eleven o'clock!" says old Joey. Say, do you get that? "Half-past eleven o'clock!" he says. "Glory!"

Well, there was no use spending good money to get results like that, so from that time Eddie cultivated the acquaintance in Joseph's room when there was nothing stirring. It was a change. This evening he had come in and, after removing his coat and draping it neatly over the back of the spare chair, stretched himself on Joseph's bed with Joseph's pillow comfortably bunched under his head. Joseph, who occupied the armchair, blurted out the desire of his heart, as aforesaid: "You might give me some pointers, I should think—if you would."

He was so serious that Eddie restrained his mirth.

"All right, old top!" said Eddie. "If there's anything I can't tell you we'll write a little note to Belinda Beebox in the Joinal, and ask her. Get if off your chest."

"Suppose you kind of—admired a young lady, and wanted her to—to like you—and if you were a sort of a stick-in-the-mud like me, how would you go about it?"

Eddie blew a thin stream of cigarette smoke very slowly, to give himself time to reflect.

"If you want me to tell you—and won't get sore ——"

"Sore nothing! I'll be more obliged than I can tell you. I ain't sensitive! You can't hurt my feelings."

"Well, if you don't mind, I'd say you needed some real clothes to start off with. I know you think you've got 'em, but somebody imposed on you when they told you that they were clothes. You might call 'em coat and vest and pants, because they've got sleeves and pockets and legs and buttons and things, just like there is in the real article—but, mamma!"

"I paid thirty-five dollars for that best suit of mine," said Joseph. "It's tailor-made."

"That's where they heartlessly deceived you again," said Eddie. "A tinsmith with weak eyes might have cut it, but no tailor. They switched signs on you, pal. Why, that suit is a scream. Any girl within fifty miles of the city limits would give it the merry mug; not to speak of the sky piece, or to more than allude to what you've got on your feet."

"She does laugh a good deal," Joseph murmured half-aloud.

"Sure she does!" said Eddie, whose ears were keen. "Listen, boy! If you wanna make a hit with little Myrtle——"

"That isn't her name," Joseph interrupted, and then had to wait until Eddie got over his choking spell and wiped his eyes.

"Listen," said Eddie at last. "This ain't because I wanna make a sale, but if you've got as much as eighteen and a half in pickle—make it twenty-five for the outfit—I can doll you up so you'll have to carry a club to beat 'em off. You come round to the store and then leave it to me. I've got the peachiest extra size, green mixture pinchback—— Oh, boy! And you get it at cost. Extra size; but you leave it to Eddie. I've got a stand-in with our tailor; and he's some tailor, believe me! If I tell him you're a friend of mine he'll throw himself on the alterations. That's all you need. You're all right, but you want to look all right. Like to do it?"

"If it wouldn't be troubling you too much," said Joseph.

It was no trouble to Eddie; it was a pleasure. Honestly it was, for on that particular extra size at the price he made it there was nothing in it but pleasure, and it was no idle boast Eddie had made about his influence with the tailor. That was a tailor, too, and a very exquisite and modish one. He made a great impression on Joseph—and so many chalk marks that it was evident the green mixture would be practically remade.

Joseph's arrival on the evening after the new clothes came home was announced to Miss Wiman by Miss Pospeshell, her roommate and office mate at the Midwestern. She said: "Gee, Milly! Get a move on and hurry down if you want a big laugh. Moxey's down in the parlor in disguise."

Millicent tucked the loose end of her red hair into its coil and secured it with a hairpin. "Whadda y' mean, disguise?" she asked languidly.

"Fancy dress. He's going as The Candy Kid. Honest to goodness, I wouldn't have known him if he hadn't 'a' spoke. I says to 'im, 'Your voice sounds familiar. Ain't this Mr. Moxey?' and you ought to have seen him blush. I guess you have, though. Hurry!"

"Say, if you'd talk so a person could make you, you'd be real instructive," said Miss Wiman. "You go down and tell him I'm indisposed. I tried to get Olga to, but she wouldn't stop to listen."

"Bunk!" said Miss Pospeshell. "If you ain't going to see him, what are you wearing that waist for—and the lavallear?"

"Whadda y' mean, disguised?" Millicent repeated, ignoring the question.

"You'll see," her friend replied; and sure enough Millicent saw. She betrayed no surprise at Joseph's altered appearance, however, and for the next half or three-quarters of an hour talked to him in a brightly indifferent manner and let him go, with no sign of regret, at the end of his time. There was one thing to be said for Joseph—he made his calls short unless he was particularly urged to prolong them.

"You don't need to tell me," said Miss Pospeshell when Millicent reappeared. "I saw the poor, broken-hearted feller making his getaway. It must be something fierce to have to blight a man's life by telling him there's nothing doing, after he's put it up to you!"

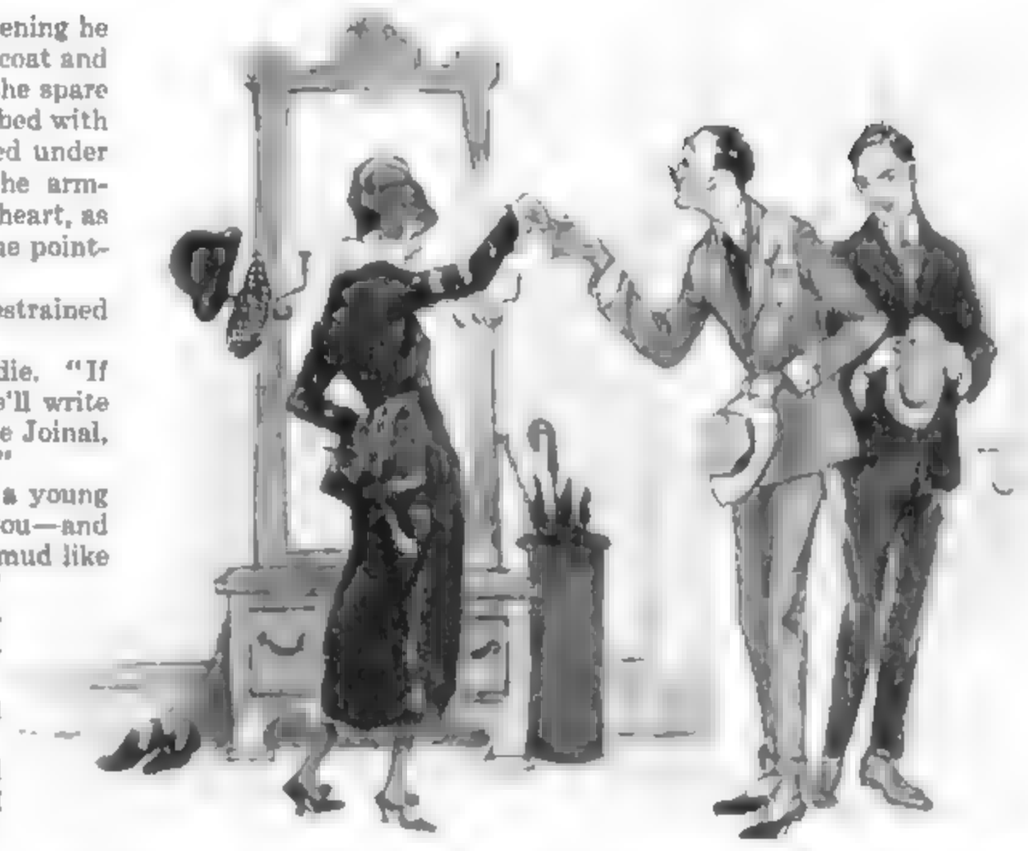
"He didn't put it up to me," said Millicent. "Otherwise you're an elegant little guesser, dearie."

"Then why the giddy costume?" demanded Miss Pospeshell.

"Search me," said Millicent. "Why is Moxey, if you come to that?"

Joseph reported to Eddie, who was genuinely disappointed. "I don't believe it's the clothes so much," Joseph told him. "It's me. I don't seem to get her interested somehow. Of course I haven't said anything particular to give her the idea that—that I was interested in her. I suppose I ought to."

(Continued on Page 90)



"Come Again, Mr. Gillespie," Said Millicent, Giving Him the High Hand at Parting

Millicent's Friend Simpered Effectively. "He's a Great Kidder, Ain't He, Milly?"

TOWARD MORNING

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

III

"HE IS so young," said Frau Felde. She sat very stiff and upright in her chair, her plump figure tight-cased in the cheap coat, her gloved hands clasped over her bag. "He is so young," she said. There was no expression on her face. It remained stolid and almost hard. Yet they turned on her as though her voice irritated them. Only the *Herr Amtschreiber* did not look at her, but sat staring between his knees at the carpet.

The *Frau Geheimrätin* laughed.

"How sentimental you are, Clara. Kurt has been at school for a whole year; he is already in the *Quinta*. The sooner a boy goes into harness the better."

"We can't have a fool in the family," the *Geheimrat* added. He stood very big and black against the window, seeming to blot out the light. His tone said "Another fool"; and the *Herr Amtschreiber* wilted and shrank deeper into his ill-fitting overcoat. "As I have told you, I am willing to do all I can for Helmut. I will give him a start in life in any reasonable profession. But there must be some order and discipline in his education. If I am to have anything to do with him it must be on my terms. He is already inclined to a foolish dreaminess and softness. We don't want to encourage the type. We've had enough of it in the past. We want men with iron brains and iron fists. Helmut may have brains, I don't know. He seems to me rather slow. The more reason why he should begin his proper school career at once. In any other case I should feel obliged to refuse any responsibility."

Schultz Pointed Down Into the Twisting, Wreathing Clouds of Smoke and His Hand Trembled

Frau Felde did not answer. A flush had risen to her cheeks. The *Herr Amtschreiber* peered over his spectacles.

"You are quite right—quite right, of course. Helmut must go to the *Gymnasium* at once." He cleared his throat humbly. "Absolutely right," he mumbled.

The *Geheimrat* smiled and stroked his sweeping black mustache.

"I think I am—I really think I am."

"Of course you are!" his wife ejaculated almost angrily.

"He is so young," Frau Felde repeated. But it was in a whisper. It seemed to come against her will, and her lips closed themselves into a tight line, so that they should not disobey again.

The *Geheimrätin* yawned openly.

"And now for heaven's sake, let us talk of something else!" she said.

"Good morning, boys!"

"Good morning, *Herr Oberlehrer!*"

There was a sound like the sudden rising of a wind.

Through the open window Helmut could see the high stone wall and the green tops of the trees. One tree grew quite near to the wall. Its branches, delicately clad with soft half-open buds, hung right over into the courtyard. They had a shy yet mocking air of deliberate intrusion. It was as though they said: "What a dull place! Let us see what we can do for it."

Suddenly something brown and flashing appeared among them. It flashed and then sat still—so still that it seemed that it must have been there always—its fuzzy tail curled up in a mark of interrogation, its bright eye alert for the answer. A light breeze ruffled its furry coat and set the shadow of the branches dancing over the wall.

Helmut held his breath. He was afraid to move. He had never seen one so close—so still.

"You there! What's your name?"

A voice fell like a dull thud somewhere in the distance. The squirrel blinked, flashed again and was gone. Evidently it did not like the voice—and no wonder. But perhaps if one was very still it would come again.

"Are you deaf, my young gentleman, or is it the custom in your part of the world not to answer when you are spoken to?"

Helmut turned slowly. Staring so fixedly into the bright morning light had dazed him. But he knew something had changed. There was a man seated at the high desk against the wall. All the boys were on their feet. He could not see properly yet, their faces were blank.

"Take your time, my friend. I am entirely at your disposal. Pray do not disturb yourself in any way."

The voice rasped. Someone tittered and there was a little sputter of laughter all over the room—like the crackling of a damp squib. The man at the desk leaned forward, his chin resting on one hand. Helmut could see him clearly now. He was narrow-faced and wore a fair mustache, which showed his straight tight mouth. His eyes were deep-set and brown and lusterless. They had the glazed look of an angry animal.

"When you feel disposed will you be so gracious as to stand up, my unknown young friend?" he asked.

Helmut stood up at last—but painfully, as though his limbs had turned to lead. They were all looking at him, their round faces full of suppressed, malicious merriment. A minute before he had just been one of them, and now he was alone—in the midst of a world of eyes.

"What is your name?"

"Helmut."

His own voice sounded strange and unfamiliar.

"I see; you are the only Helmut in the world. You do not need to distinguish yourself, like other mortals. Come, your other name, sir!"

"Helmut—Felde!"

"Good. Our acquaintanceship progresses." The lean black body inclined itself satirically. "Names do not seem to come easily to you, however. Do you happen to know where you are living?"

The numbness seemed to be creeping up into his brain.

"Louisenstrasse, fifty-one, on the fourth floor."

The laughter burbled afresh. The blood mounted to the boy's fair hair. His eyes fixed themselves on the man's mouth—twisted into a bitter smile.

"That is most interesting. You have here, boys, a case of the lesser being more than the greater. Karlstadt is evidently not so important as the Louisenstrasse—let alone the fourth story at Number Fifty-one. But perhaps you know the name of your country."

"Baden," came the low, stifled answer.

"Aha! Germany doesn't count. And who governs you, pray?"

"The Grand Du—the Emperor."

"Emperor who?"

There was a silence. His lips moved. A mist swam before him. For a moment everything was blotted out by a mad terror. If his limbs had not been so heavy he would have sprung out of the window—run home—anywhere from that rising gale of laughter—from those dead eyes—from that cruel mouth.

"Emperor who?"

He was lost. It had always been just "the Emperor."

"I don't know."

Suddenly it was quiet. Nobody laughed any more. They were watching the man seated at the desk. There was a look of horror—smug, childishly feigned—on the round faces. They waited as for something at once terrible and delicious.

"It gives me pleasure, Herr Helmut Felde, to find that there is something left for me to teach you." The voice unsheathed itself: "You are a fool—a half-wit. I do not tolerate half-wits in my class. Understand that! If the dear God shapes them without brains I reshape them. I shall reshape you—at any cost. Now sit down! I am going to begin!"

Helmut slipped back into his seat. His desk towered over him, but it was not big enough to hide him. There was nothing in the world big enough to hide him. And yet he was so small, so lost.

"Von Prütwitz, begin Line Forty-two—to Line Sixty-two," the voice commanded dispassionately.

The bell clanged. They began to troop out of the classroom, two by two, in order and without noise. Helmut came last of all. He was giddy and breathless, as though he had been beaten physically, and as he passed under the dull all-seeing eyes he stumbled. The eyes made note of the stumble. They wrote it down where it would not be forgotten.

"Frightened? Good! We will frighten the fright out of you."

The playground was stone-paved and gray. Except for the one inquisitive tree and the forest green that shone distantly through the bars of the iron gates there was no touch of color. Even the sunlight had the wan pallor of captivity.

A man stood in the middle of the square and swung a hand bell. He did it negligently—rather contemptuously. Nobody seemed to notice him. He was huge and broad-shouldered—unlike any of the other masters. For one thing, he was not dressed like them. A velvet jacket and a flowing tie took the place of the rigid tightly buttoned frock coat, and his brown beard and leonine head of hair added to his strangeness. All together, there was something laughable and yet free about him—like a scarecrow fluttering its independence among a flock of orderly young sheep.

Helmut kept close to the schoolhouse wall. He dared not look at anyone. He was still trying to hide, but out

here it was more than ever impossible. His classmates eddied about him. They peered into his face, at first inquisitively and then, as they felt his shrinking terror, with a waking, surging love of torment. But as yet it was inarticulate. Kurt Köhler, standing square and dominating inside the circle, gave them their lead.

"You did make a fool of yourself, I must say. A pretty thing for me to have—a half-wit—for a cousin."

"A half-wit! A half-wit!"

They pounced on the cry like a pack of hounds.

"Who's the German Emperor?"

"He doesn't know!"

"What's Germany?"

"He doesn't know!"

"A half-wit!"

They made a circle round him. Sharpening their first fingers at him with their ancient gesture of mockery they began to dance

"Atch! Atch! Atch! He doesn't know! He doesn't know!"

The monotonous inflection of their shrill young voices fell like a lash, striking again and again on the same raw, aching wound. But he held out. Somewhere in the depths of him he found a patience that could endure pain. It was Kurt who hurt too much. Kurt did not dance with the rest. He stood and stared down at Helmut, his arms folded, his pale, heavy-lidded eyes full of gratified malice. He had looked like that when Heini had been thrown into the fire. He looked like the *Geheimrat*.

Helmut's scattered senses focused on him. They sprang to recollection, and the old unforgotten wrong leaped up from its hiding place. He began to tremble. And his own trembling terrified him. It was the first whisper of a storm that he could not stand against. For even then he knew dimly of something that slumbered under his timidity and patience—something incalculable and uncalculating - a masterless frenzy.

"Please—please, Kurt, don't tease me," he pleaded.

"Atch! Atch! Atch! He doesn't know!"

"You leave me alone, Kurt!"

"I'm not speaking to you. I'm not looking at you, am I? I wouldn't touch you—beastly little half-wit!"

The storm had him between its teeth and shook him off his feet. Like a young bull, head down, he charged into the jeering figure, which went over before him with the sudden completeness of a ninepin. The triumph was short-lived. The pack hurled itself upon the conqueror. Blows and kicks rained upon him. He felt none of them. He went berserk, tearing, screaming, struggling, until suddenly the whirlwind dropped him and he stood alone, panting and wild-eyed, in the midst of a sullen silence.

"You young demons! Have you no sense of decency? One against twenty! Pfui! Clear off—the lot of you—to your business!"

They slunk away like puppies whipped off an illegitimate bone, and the big man and the little boy remained alone, looking at one another. Helmut's rage had left him. He still trembled, but now it was with cold and shame and wretchedness.

"What is your name, *Kleiner?*"

"Helmut—Helmut Felde, *Herr Lehrer.*"

"Bless you—I'm not a *Herr Lehrer*, God be praised! I'm Herr Heilig. I'm usher and ring the bell and see that you don't behave too much like little boys. Why did you fly at young Köhler like that?"

"He—he made fun of me."

"Well—you are rather a comical little object. But what was the real cause?"

"I said—I told the *Herr Lehrer*—I didn't know the Emperor's name."

A muffled roar came from behind the tawny beard The giant shook with laughter.

"And they found that funny? No, my son, I don't believe it. They weren't amused. They writhed. It was hysterics following on a severe nervous shock. Helmut Felde, you're not going to add to all your other sins by crying, are you?"

The child looked up into the twinkling hazel eyes and choked back a sob.

"No—I'm not."

"Fine! I was afraid you might—and that would have been an anticlimax. A young devil like you ought to go to the gallows smiling. There—I won't tease you. I ought to make you drill or do something else you don't want to, but I'll let you off this time. Got a handkerchief?"

Helmut searched wildly round the belt of his overall, where that symbol of civilization was supposed to hang.

"It's gone, Herr Heilig."

"Well—there's mine. Wipe your face with it. Don't you let things get a hold of you, my son. Fight 'em off! If they get too much for you you come along to me. I like you. A fellow of your age who doesn't know the Emperor's name must be something out of the ordinary. Must have a touch of genius."

"Yes, Herr Heilig."

"But don't you get puffed up about it. And for heaven's sake, don't boast about it. There's nothing they'll like less in this establishment. If you've got any more things you don't know of that nature you keep them for me."

"Yes, Herr Heilig."

"Then run along!"

Helmut did not run. He went slowly, not knowing quite where to go. His late assailants had fallen into groups and were playing in a bored desultory fashion, but at least they took no further notice of him. Kurt had vanished altogether. Helmut thought of the squirrel and the shining tree.

Its shadow was already occupied, but now his fear of isolation smothered his fear of mockery. Besides, these two boys had taken no part in the attack. The one sat tailor fashion, his head in his hands, a book between his knees, while his companion stood by his side and munched a *Butterbrötchen*, eying Helmut dispassionately but not unkindly. "Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Are you the chap that knocked Kohler over?"

"Yes, I—I suppose so."

"You ought to know. What's your name?"

"Felde Helmut."

"Mine's Von Prütwitz. New, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Beastly place. You'll hate it."

Helmut drew nearer, like a timid young animal. A faint after-gust of the storm sent the blood to the roots of his fair hair.

"I hate it now," he said slowly. "I hate everyone here. They're cruel—all of them. They laughed; it was unkind. I wouldn't have laughed."

"I expect they only did it to please old Sheepshanks. It puts him in a good temper and takes up time." Von Prütwitz brushed the crumbs off his overall with a hand that was like a girl's in its shapely whiteness. "I hate it, too, of course. We all do. But it's got to be gone through. They make us learn and we've got to learn."

"I don't want to learn," Helmut muttered fiercely. "I want to do as I like."

The boy considered him thoughtfully.

"You can't do that," he said. "Nobody can. And of course you've got to learn. If you don't you won't get through your *einjährigen* exam, and then where will you be? Besides, you won't get on—you won't be of any use. You'll be a failure."

Helmut did not answer. A dull tired feeling came over him. It was as though he had been struggling for a long time with someone who held him tight and repeated the same thing to him over and over again. And now he couldn't struggle any more. He looked wonderingly at the boy standing opposite him. He was not like any of the boys he had played and worked with in the kindergarten. He was so much older. He talked like a man who knew, who had thought and come to a decision. Even in his bearing there was something composed, settled. And he was good to look at too—with his small aquiline features and transparent skin and steel-blue eyes that returned Helmut's gaze so calmly

"What's your father?"

"An official—in the *Stadtamt.*"

"Mine was an officer. A captain in the *Kolonie Truppen.* He was *Kürassier* first of all, but he changed over. He wanted to fight. And he was killed out in West Africa chasing Hereros. He would have been a general in time. All of us have been generals."

"Oh!" said Helmut.

He felt that to be an *Amtschreiber* was to be as gray and dull as the courtyard. He almost wished his father had been killed.

"I s'pose you'll be a soldier too?" he asked timidly.

"Of course! I was to have gone into a cadet school, but I wasn't strong enough They grill you there, I can tell you. But I'm getting on now. In another ten years I shall be an ensign—in a line regiment. We're beastly poor, you know. But it doesn't matter. There'll be a war perhaps and I'll do something big—like my grandfather. He was at Gravelotte and led the charge. I am to have his sword." A sudden flush rose up under his fair skin. "If only war doesn't come too soon—before I'm grown up. It's that I'm so afraid of."

There was a real emotion in his voice—a real fear. Helmut thought suddenly - he did not know why—of the *Geheimrat* and of Heini slipping into the flames.

"I'd hate to kill people," he stammered.

"Or be killed." Von Prütwitz laughed. "One doesn't think of

(Continued on Page 98)

"And Shall I Never Play Again, Mother?" There Was a Quavering Note of Hysteria in His Boy's Voice

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Bolshevik Betrayal

OVERTHROW of the Czardom was a great gain for humanity—all the more grateful because it is the one white light in the darkness that has reigned since August, 1914. For that revolution only a peculiarly obdurate Bourbon soul can lack sympathy and admiration.

But overthrow of the Czardom was not the work of the Bolsheviki. They could no more have accomplished it than Paris sans-culottes could have overthrown the old régime in France. Unless much abler, weightier, steadier men had engineered the first revolution, all these leaders of the Bolsheviki would still be under Romanoff rule or in exile. They seized possession after more capable hands had breached the wall and taken the citadel.

Perhaps they were inevitable. The tough old shell of Czardom having once been shattered, perhaps nothing could have prevented the liberated, unorganized forces from running wild. But we get restive under the implication that failure to admire the Bolsheviki is the same thing as wishing Russia back under the Czar. They did not liberate Russia. Their leadership has already put fifty million Russians under the hand of Prussia. It has imperiled the revolution and may yet produce a reaction that will sweep far back toward the bureaucracy.

Perhaps they meant well. So did the man who set his barn afire to drive out the rats.

Take Off the Handcuffs

THE Overman Bill contemplates an executive reorganization that falls considerably short of what we think essential. But it looks altogether in the right direction. It would empower the President to mobilize more effectively the executive power that belongs to him under the Constitution. It would loosen some of the cramping manacles that Congress is always riveting on the executive branch of the Government. Under it the President would be able to transfer a clerk from one executive bureau to another without an act of Congress.

For weeks on end Congress debated this innocent and businesslike measure with a wealth of poppycock such as even the Congressional Record has rarely matched. It maundered interminably about dictatorships and usurpations, though the bill proposes nothing except in some measure to free the executive from trammels that amount to an invasion of the President's constitutional powers.

This debate was nine-tenths just politics of the cheapest sort—a play for prestige and patronage in the political game. There is no help to winning the war in that—nothing but hindrance. Congress must get on a war basis.

Ways and Means

IT IS already evident that the revenue law enacted last October will yield considerably more than its framers calculated upon. Guesses at the excess run as high as a billion dollars. But if the highest guess is verified it will not prove that the measure is a good tax law. It would still be a bad tax law if it yielded double what the committees calculated. There was never any question of the ability of the United States to pay all and more than all the taxes the committees asked for. There was no valid criticism of the amount of war taxes imposed. The valid criticism was that in one of the most important particulars the tax was imposed by an unsound and unjust plan.

The United States is the only belligerent nation, we believe, that does not tax war profits. Some countries have imposed a tax as high as ninety per cent on war profits. Great Britain has imposed a tax of eighty per cent. Not only belligerent nations but a number of neutrals have met the unusual expenses which world war imposes by the very obvious expedient of taxing profits that rise from war conditions. That expedient is so obvious that stiff war-profits taxes are now the general rule.

To which rule the United States is an exception. Instead of imposing a heavy tax on war profits our law taxes all profits, utterly irrespective of whether they are due to war conditions or not. The fact that our tax produces a great deal of revenue does not touch the valid objection to the principle on which it is levied. In spite of the revenue it produces it is a bad law; in fact, from the point of view of an equitable distribution of tax burdens the more money a bad law produces the worse it is.

Our Fifty-Fifty War Bill

LAST winter Congress footed up more than twenty billion dollars of appropriations, all theoretically available in the current fiscal year. For some time it has been evident that we shall disburse much less than that sum this year—largely because a great deal of the war work which those appropriations contemplated will not be accomplished within the year. It now looks as though disbursements for the year will not much exceed twelve billions.

That is not a gain, but a loss, for it means, roughly, that war work is that much behind; and we should be better off if we had spent more money and got more results.

Of this twelve billions or so, more than four billions represents loans to the Allies, leaving, say, eight billions under the head of actual expense. The Treasury estimated government revenue for the year round three and a half billions; but it seems quite certain the war taxes will yield more than was calculated, so that government revenue will run to four billions at least.

We may reasonably expect therefore that in this first full fiscal year of war something like half the total cost—including the ordinary expenses of government—will have been paid by taxes. Some calculations have put the ratio of taxes to total cost considerably higher. But a ratio of fifty per cent would be far and away beyond what any other belligerent has achieved.

True, expenditures in the last two months of the year may run much higher than in preceding months, and no estimate now can be anything other than a more or less shrewd guess. But there is no doubt that we shall have paid a decidedly higher proportion of the war bill by taxation than any other belligerent has.

The Thing to Bank On

EVERY intelligent hope of early peace has been predicated upon a German revolt against the military caste. At least since the Russian performance no one has supposed the military chiefs would stop fighting until opinion at home compelled them to or until they were decisively defeated in the field—or won their stake of decisively defeated in the field—or won their stake of European domination. For a year there has been no ground to expect decisive defeat in the field until the United States can put two million or more thoroughly equipped men in France.

The extent and effectiveness of liberal opinion in Germany were misjudged. However war-weary the people may be, they seem firmly wedded to their idols. A promise of conquest still hypnotizes them.

No one not intentionally blind can any longer entertain a doubt about the character of the war. Russia laid down her arms, removing the pretended menace to German security. The German Government signed an armistice which stipulated that no troops should be moved from the Eastern to the Western Front. Before the ink was dry, and with scarcely a pretense of concealment, it began moving troops wholesale from east to west. It agreed to the principle of no annexation and no indemnities—and immediately took all the Russian territory it could use. After the formal treaty of peace was signed it continued military aggression. Only a lunatic or a man hopelessly prejudiced can misread that.

The rulers of Germany are bent on conquest. They understand nothing and respect nothing except force. Their word is not worth the paper it is written on.

We may hope the German people will sicken of throwing divisions against the Allied line for the ultimate purpose of cementing their own subjection to the *Junkertum*. But we cannot count on it. They seem still wedded to their idols. There is only one thing in the world for Americans to bank on: two million men—or more—in France.

Up to You

FINALLY, Washington can no more win the war than Posy Corners can. In a free country any government can do little more than make gestures unless tens of millions of people—you and your neighbors—are really exerting themselves to win.

The war cannot be won without ships. If they fail everything fails. The chairman of the War Shipping Committee recently told a national convention of business men that they had got to help or ship construction would lag, no matter what the government did. Whole communities have got to help.

In every community where shipbuilding is carried on an army of workmen has been dumped. There are exigent problems of housing, transportation, recreation, and so on—all vitally important to shipbuilding. If gangs of tired men wait half an hour in the rain for dilapidated trolley cars, into which they are packed like sardines to be hauled for another half hour to squalid overcrowded sleeping quarters, with scant opportunity for rational amusement, ship construction is going to lag no matter how vigorously anybody waves the flag.

The chairman asked such communities: Will your business men get together and study earnestly how they can help ship construction? Will you make a sacrifice of street-car service on some other lines if necessary to give ship workers transportation? Will you lend your automobiles if transportation still fails? Will you even take ship workers into your houses until quarters can be provided?

Figuratively there is a shipyard in every town and on every quarter section. Everybody everywhere faces this question: What will you personally do—what sacrifice will you make, what effort will you put forth—to further the war work? Everybody everywhere constantly has a choice between his selfish interest and the national interest. It comes up at every meal, in saving for war stamps and bonds, in what he produces and what he consumes. Washington can only begin to do it.

The Day of Reckoning

WE ONCE read the confession of a bank president who was on his way to the penitentiary after having attempted to corner the Chicago wheat market. He set out, he said, merely to buy a big line of May wheat, expecting to sell it in sixty days or so at a handsome profit. But there was more May wheat for sale than he had calculated upon; having once got in he had to keep buying in order to hold up the price, until finally he got in so far there was no way out except to go on and corner the market.

We have forgotten just how many millions he stole from the bank, but it was all the bank had in stealable shape. Day after day he sent money—stolen money—to his brokers to buy wheat with, and covered up the transactions by putting dummy notes in the bank's portfolio.

One of the inquisitors asked him: "But did you not see that you were wrecking the bank? You must have known it could not stand that terrific strain. You must have seen you were going to smash."

"No," he replied; "I did not know. After a certain time I never knew how much I had taken. I never figured it up. I knew if I sat down and figured it up it would paralyze me. I thought every hour the market would turn in my favor. I had to just shut my eyes and go ahead."

Why this sea of blood in France? Overthrow of the Czardom removed the only real menace to Germany. Germany could have had a secure peace any time the last year. But the military caste did not dare sit down and figure it up—or let the German people figure it up. Nobody in Germany could make peace. The German people could not, for they lacked the power. Hindenburg and Ludendorff could not, for peace would show up the frightful extent to which they had looted the bank. Their strategy consisted in shutting their eyes and plunging on, in hope of something so dazzling that the awful wreckage would be overlooked. There is no way of dealing with them except as the bank president was dealt with—in handcuffs.

HOME RULE IN INDIA

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IN INDIA to-day there are just two great interests, and—most unhappily and disastrously!—they clash. One is the war. In the minds of all conservative men, both Indian and English, the war should be the only interest until it is won, and by them it is being prosecuted with all of India's strength and resources. But—and what a catastrophe of modification that word implies!—there is a political situation, a situation that for complication and discordant elements surpasses anything of its kind in the world; in fact there is no similar situation anywhere, and none ever existed.

It is a result partly of the natural growth of a national consciousness in India, partly of well-organized and honorably legitimate political agitation, partly of individual disaffection communicated to the people through various kinds of mischievous propaganda, partly of long-established and unscrupulous enemy intrigue, and largely of the power and ambition of one strange and extraordinary old woman.

And this situation is not England's alone to contemplate with grave apprehension. Though it directly affects the British Empire only, its international importance from economic, political and even sentimental viewpoints is sufficient to engage the profoundly interested attention of the Allied world that is fighting for peace and the establishment of content among the peoples of the world. India, the colossally complex, wants home rule. And in some form, some degree, India will get it, the form and degree depending upon a fortunately possible balancing of judgment between those who demand and those who are in a position to grant.

The extraordinary old woman round whom the situation seems to revolve, at least for the time being, and who holds millions of India's millions in such hypnotic thrall that they involuntarily echo her thoughts as she utters them, is Mrs. Annie Besant, the theosophist and religionist. For the past year Mrs. Besant has been the main fact in India's existence. The principal news of the day in the press of India has not been coming from the war zones or from the capitals of a warring and suffering world, but from Mrs. Besant's headquarters, wherever she has happened to be.

Mrs. Annie Besant, High Priestess of Theosophy and Politician Extraordinary

Promises Made and Broken

IF IT were any country but England—and King George is her sovereign—at the beginning of the war she would have been smothered in official solicitude for her physical well-being, and her headquarters would have been carefully selected for her. But England is incapable of ruthless solicitude. Mrs. Besant is very old—seventy, they say—and she has won the right to peaceful retirement. From some luxurious and carefully guarded cozy corner of innocuous desuetude far away from India she might have been induced to send forth to her millions of blind, unreasoning followers messages of such concentrated devotion to the only cause worth thinking about these days as would have kept them in the straight and narrow path of a single purpose—to win the war! I should have been willing to write such messages myself, being careful to imitate her not at all too complicated or classic style. Prussian methods, yes; but the Prussians could sit at the feet of Mrs. Besant and learn things about strategy that would make them feel very humble.

But England is mortally afraid of doing something that might by chance be regarded as unjust—at least as regards India.

If Mrs. Besant could have been induced to leave India voluntarily at the beginning of the war—and there are various legitimate forms of inducement in wartimes—much trouble in India that is wholly unrelated to immediate necessities might have been indefinitely postponed. But the government of India was willing to take her word for it that she would be good, together with the word of leading Indian politicians that they would suspend all political agitation until the end of the war. This engagement was entered into in good faith by a majority of the politicians, and many of them deplore the fact to-day that it was not kept. But it having been broken by the few, many had to fall in line. Hence the situation.

Just how Mrs. Besant managed to get such a hold upon the people of India would be difficult to explain. I do not pretend to understand it. Neither does anybody with whom I have talked during these exciting days. She is president of the Theosophical Society, and in this office has been for years the object of something closely akin to worship; the recipient of the slavish devotion of thousands of otherwise normal people who are said to have surrendered into her hands all their powers of volition, and who believe her to be "the sole mouthpiece of the great 'Masters of Wisdom'" and "the future ruler of gods and men."

And the curious thing is that, while she has a host of followers among the unthinking and untutored masses, she dominates the minds of some of India's richest, most intelligent and best-educated men. It is through these that she has been able to turn the Theosophical Society into a political machine with power to grind up every vestige of opposition to itself. One hears of "the great whispering gallery of theosophic circles" and gets the impression that by means of this whispering gallery the will of the mahatmas—or the higher ones—is conveyed through Mrs. Besant, who is their only representative on earth, to all parts of India. Her followers become fanatic to a degree that is unknown to other sects, and one of them recently wrote in a British-Indian newspaper:

> Let the authorities know what great personages stand behind Mrs. Besant to protect her and her adherents and to guide India! . . . These agents of God have given ample opportunities to our rulers, and they shall yet give more. . . . But let it not be too late. If the British cannot make themselves worthy instruments to make India free, God's agents must and shall do so!

What is a sane community to do with politics like that? Yet that is the kind of politics now influencing the Indian situation; and when Mrs. Besant was recently elected president of the National Congress—a supposedly sober and substantial political organization which was originated by Englishmen for the purpose of giving Indians a medium of self-expression—it was openly proposed that she be deified or recognized as an immortal; and "idolatrous practices for the acceptance of the congress" were seriously suggested.

Up to about four years ago Mrs. Besant took no interest in Indian political aspiration. She was a religionist pure and simple and admonished her followers to let politics alone and to uphold the benevolent and otherwise worthy British Government. Then she got into some difficulties—which need not be detailed in this article—had some unpleasant encounters with the courts and made herself a host of enemies. Some of these, strangely enough, were important political leaders who, having been unmercifully lashed by her in pamphlets, newspaper articles and public speeches, are now bound with thongs of abject devotion to her political chariot wheels. She was losing her grip on the imaginations of the people and these men were contributing largely to the influences that were working against her, so she calmly and with consummate cleverness maneuvered her forces into a gradual change of tactics and began to woo them. And she won them.

What She Tells Her Followers

LITTLE as I wish to contribute to the already too high-pitched paean of praise with which the welkin of India is ringing, it has to be admitted that she is one wonderful old lady.

But how much better off India would now be if she had philosophically accepted her threescore years and ten as sufficient and had gone when they were finished to join her mahatmas and things in a better world than this! She tells the Indians that her soul is Indian and that she is on earth now in the guise of a white woman as a punishment for some terrible sin she committed in a former existence. Yes, she does, really! And they believe her. Then she tells them that she thinks she is working it out all right, however, and that the next time she visits the earth she will come in her rightful guise.

And that of course would be the time for her to undertake the job of leading India out of bondage. They might be ready for it by then, and Indian women might by that time be allowed to know something, to do something, and to speak without waiting to be spoken to. In her present guise she is likely enough to do more harm than good. The fact that no adequate Indian leader can be found and that the great Nationalist Party has had to accept an Englishwoman—or an Irishwoman, I believe she is—to head its forces have

The Library and Clock Tower of Bombay University

brought upon the nationalist movement the ridicule not only of the whole foreign community but of thousands of Indians as well, who have managed to retain some glimmerings of a sense of the fitness of things.

But when it comes to a question of leading, Mrs. Besant does not wait to be asked. She just sets her mystic steam roller in motion and the way is made smooth for her. Moreover, she never has colleagues.

As someone has recently said: "Where Mrs. Besant is concerned there can be only one place on a lofty pedestal in any movement, and she must lead the movement or wreck it."

"Social uplift" and political advancement have been for several years the chief interests of a majority of educated Indians, and Mrs. Besant, recognizing these as the only interests she could employ for the maintenance of her supremacy, began, I am told, by having circulated through mysterious theosophist channels the announcement that she had taken up the political movement at the express and direct command of the mahatmas. That was sufficient for the time being.

Then she went in for the organization of a society called the Home Rule League, which was designed to drown the thunder of the National Congress by thundering a little louder on the same key. But she had no wish, really, to injure the National Congress.

What she wanted was to strengthen it through amalgamation with her own forces when her own forces had grown strong enough to dominate it. Then came the war. Up to the end of 1914 the Indians on the whole had not surrendered their belief in the superiority of the white races and were willing to go on conservatively enough in their efforts to fit themselves for the fuller self-dependence that the British had long been urging upon them—I should like to italicize that! But with the war came tremendous revelations. Also German intrigue and subtle propaganda did a small but important amount of deadly execution; and safe, conservative, admittedly rightful Indian aspiration suddenly expanded and crystallized into a multiplicity of impossible demands.

Out Again

THE leaders, however, recognized that the first necessity was to defeat the common enemy—and I should like to say that the Indians have on the whole acted magnificently as regards actual participation in the war—and the truce for the duration of the war was agreed upon. But, as I have intimated, this truce has been broken and exciting events have followed. The British Government in India is accused of wholesale internments, but nobody is likely to believe that Englishmen would round up enemies within in so thorough a manner. They interned a good many, no doubt about that; but when it comes to that kind of thing the average Englishman believes in making a few examples and trusting to luck. This time, however, they evidently made examples of the right men. There had been any number of murders, bombing parties, dacoities and other crimes, but after the round-up these things suddenly ceased and criminal percentages dropped to normal.

Mrs. Besant, after she had adopted and tried to apply to India a home-rule propaganda, was arrested by the Madras Government and put under what was supposed to be permanent restraint. And in durance vile or villainous, as you like—I intend now to leave her in order to glance at the situation from a somewhat broader viewpoint. She is out again of course.

I have been writing away as though India were a small ordinary land wherein things can happen in a small ordinary way. And India is not. Though I did begin—did I not?—by speaking of complications and discordant elements. These make the whole story a bewilderment, and I wonder at my own self-confidence in attempting to present even a sketchy outline of it.

In a book recently handed to the American public a certain Indian political writer who makes the United States the storm center of his activities complains about "the lack of true knowledge of the affairs of India among the 'civilized' nations of the globe." Just why he should have thrown the word civilized upon the page in quotation marks would be difficult to determine. It is a sneer and he is appealing for the sympathy of the sneered at. But that is unimportant.

Working on the Terrace of Queen Mary's Technical School

Convalescent Soldiers From the Mesopotamia Front—in Hospital Garb—on an Afternoon's Outing With Nurses and "Hostesses" to Elephanta Island

The Unknown East

HE GOES on to say that even the best educated among us know very little about India, and that the little we do know is not always right; that our sources of information—"missionaries who have been to India, English writers of the class of Rudyard Kipling and Sir Valentine Chirol, British officials," and so on—are tainted with the poison of bias and partiality; and that practically everyone who has addressed the world on the subject of India has had "an ax to grind."

"Their reading of Indian history," he says, "is often perverted, and their observations of Indian life partial and distorted. They go to India with definite aims, look at persons and things from their own particular angle, and pose as authorities on matters far beyond the scope of their observations and studies. With rare exceptions most of the Westerners who go to India go with the presumption that the people of India belong to an inferior level of society; that they are heathens, worshipers of stocks and stones; that they are hopelessly divided into castes and classes; that these castes and classes are always at each other's throats; that they have never had a settled or civilized form of government; that the British have for the first time in their history given them a settled government; and that India would go to pieces if British government were to withdraw."

Just so. Without even "rare exceptions" Westerners do go to India with exactly such ideas and impressions upon which to base their observations and studies, but the difficulty is that a visit to India serves only to deepen and consolidate these ideas and impressions and not to modify them in any degree. And it is hardly reasonable to believe that everybody who visits India is prejudiced, or that everybody's mental vision is distorted and unreliable.

It might be well to say that, with the exception of a few spectacular firebrands whose connections and associations will not in most instances bear the probe of secret-service inquiry, who are not connected with the recognized nationalist movement and who in many cases are revealed as German agents, there is nobody in India, not excepting Mrs. Besant, who expresses a desire for separation from the crown of Great Britain. Considering the size of the population there are not many persons in India who are capable of thinking, but those who are know that "India

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Afternoon Recreation at Queen Mary's Technical School for Indian Soldiers

"My message—I'm anxious to speed it.
I know the whole nation should read it.
I'm giving it wings, for I'm sure that it brings
Good cheer to all people that heed it."

A message of economy

A message of helpfulness to you

Americans, today, are learning new lessons in the economy of food. They are learning that health-value and energy-value are the only real food-values. The American housewife, particularly, is learning—better than she ever knew it before—that fuel, freight, labor, waste and loss all cost money; and that the actual value and economy of any food is its value and economy as *delivered on her table.*

When you stop to realize all this, you appreciate more than ever the true value and economy of

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is rich in important food elements which are vital to health and good condition. And it is all pure food-value delivered on your table.

We make the invigorating stock from the meat and bone-marrow of selected beef. With this stock we blend choice potatoes, tender carrots, sweet yellow rutabagas, Dutch cabbage, baby lima beans, small peas and Country Gentleman corn.

We include fine tomatoes, okra, celery, parsley and a slight addition of leek, onion and sweet red peppers besides macaroni alphabets with plenty of rice and barley.

We gather these materials in fresh and perfect condition. There is no spoilage nor waste for you to pay for.

By condensing the soup we save on freight, on delivery costs, on packages and the labor of packing. You do not pay for water nor the cost of carrying it. You have no cost for added materials. No cooking-cost.

Each can gives you double its volume of rich nourishing soup completely cooked and ready to serve in three minutes.

No home kitchen can produce its equal at the price. Order it from your grocer by the dozen or more and get the full advantage of this real economy.

21 kinds 12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE BARGAIN TRUE

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

DALE ALDIS had returned. So Glenny, ogress caretaker of World's End, unwillingly admitted to an occasional tradesman who found his way through the tall gate. Amherst regarded World's End as its most shameful attraction. Visitors were taken up the hill to look upon a many-windowed villa of faded green, with drawn shades. The padlocked gate possessed a bell, like an old-world convent, which must be rung before entrance was accomplished. As the last tinkle-tinkle died away Glenny would appear in her gray uniform of a past generation, her thin white hair strained into a fantastic little button, and steel-framed glasses shielding flashing eyes. Glenny inspired awe. She possessed the characteristic snobbishness of a servant to the upper classes. Amherst possessed no upper classes. It was a well-intentioned, monotonous town with a thousand mill hands, a thousand retired farmers, a justice, a doctor, a music teacher, a soda fountain, and endless stray dogs.

For more than twenty years Glenny had stood between intruding Amherst and mysterious World's End, in which time no gossiping villager had won her heart.

There was always a number of applicants for garden work at World's End. But Glenny stood guard during the snipping of hedges, paying the curious native from a beaded red-duck purse which she wore under her apron, and escorting him formally to the gate.

When being shown this most shameful attraction the visitors were told in a mearing whisper that World's End was like a palace inside. Once a well-meaning new divine called to ask if the gardens did not appeal to Glenny as a charming setting for the annual missionary outing. The divine never reported in detail his experience. He merely said Miss Glenny was a woman of strong convictions.

"Don't You Think That a Person Only Really Loves Once?" She Continued

Occasionally if the visitors had children their hostess would brave ringing the bell to ask meekly of Miss Glenny if the little ones could see the cemetery!

Glenny had been known to say no and flounce away, or to say yes curtly and take them on an all-too-brief tour of inspection. If they were admitted, upon entering the green gate they came into a garden of charming but rambling propensities. Stiff bayberry hedge surrounded it—with a sundial and a gaze globe for them to comment on, nudging each other as they passed. There were beds of old-fashioned pinks, cornflowers, yellow flags, Madonna lilies, Canterbury bells and a double row of foxglove, with a trumpet vine and a catalpa tree calling attention to the carved bird houses.

A creek flowed through the grounds, in the center of which was a tiny island accessible by a delightful Japanese bridge. Glenny would tiptoe over this, admonishing her guests to do the same.

A green Buddha peered out to shock the orthodox, and water lilies drifted lazily where they willed. Sometimes joss would be burning, whereat the villagers would be sniffingly curious; and there was a sunken basin in which graceful goldfish swam.

The cemetery consisted of nine small stones with the carved and contrasting names of Laurel of Lightheart, Daisy J., Julius Cæsar, Dusty Traveler, Rags, Rowena and Rebecca, Hip Flitters, Helen of Troy, and Spartacus! Posy-covered mounds lay before these stones, and the wondering guests would be told that Laurel of Lightheart had been Miss Boechat's terrier; Daisy J., her spaniel; Julius Cæsar, a parrot of intelligence worthy of a human form; Dusty Traveler, a mongrel pup of undying loyalty; Rags, a rope poodle of whom little Dale was fond; Rowena and Rebecca, haughty mocking birds; Hip Flitters, a monkey from Calcutta who met an untimely end by gormandizing on cream puffs; Helen of Troy, a greyhound; and Spartacus, a grizzled mastiff!

Then the assemblage would find themselves tiptoeing over the bridge and outside the gate, Glenny locking it with a heavy hand. Annoyed at not having penetrated the isolated verandas, the hostess and guests would sit under the trees to discuss the situation, without gratitude for their personally conducted tour.

"World's End," the hostess would begin with that delighted-shocked expression, "was built for—her ——"

"Her?" the guests would ask, while the children, little mediums of entrance, stood peering into chinks of the green fence.

"Mirza Boechat, a French dancer, very beautiful and very wicked. Dear, yes—have you never heard?" Here the hostess' voice would properly lower. "She fell in love with Lord Aldis; he was twenty-five years older than she. He saw her dance in Paris and became infatuated. She was just eighteen. Of course he was a married man—so they went off to Florence to live. They say his wife's hair turned white that first year. He spent thousands on the girl, I guess—and this Glenny was her maid. He didn't tire of her, because there wasn't time—he died very suddenly and she ——"

Here an unintelligible whisper. The guests would give vent to shocked syllables.

"She came to America. I guess she couldn't stay in England; his family wouldn't hear of it," the hostess would continue in flat, rasping style. "I guess he must have left her a lot of money; I don't know how much, but you can judge for yourself after seeing this place. She had this house copied after the one they lived in, and all her furniture came from Italy too. And then —— Yes, it was a little girl, but she named her Dale Aldis, after the father. Bold, wasn't it? If it had been a boy you wouldn't think so much of it—but a girl! Well, she's dead, poor thing ——"

"The girl?" the guests would ask impatiently.

"She's never lived here. Her mother named this World's End and shut herself up like a prisoner. My mother remembers her walking in the garden—she always dressed in silk with shining beads round her neck. Oh, she was pretty enough, tall and dark, with big black satiny eyes, but as useless as a fifth wheel. I guess she was good and sorry for the way she had acted. As soon as little Dale was old enough nuns took her away. Twice a year she came home to see her mother. My land, she's been coming home for years! The nuns always hire Dan Stewart's fly at the station, and she sits between them as prim as a princess. They say she's never worn anything but handmade clothes and her hair is always in a tangle down her back. She walks between the nuns and looks neither to the right nor left—cruel, I call it. When she was away one winter—oh, this was some time ago—her mother died. They didn't send for Dale, but this Glenny took the body away. They say she went clear to Italy—maybe that was what she wanted.

"Do you think this made any difference about Dale? No—home she came to see Glenny twice a year, with the two nuns with her; always in ruffled lace dresses and her brown hair hanging in a tangle of curls. Then she grew up all at once and one nun came home with her, and I suppose sometime she'll be coming home to stay. Maybe then she'll get acquainted and let folks make of her—though her mother never did; or maybe she'll sell World's End and go away."

"Who'd buy it?" the guests would ask scornfully.

"Nobody but a fool," the hostess would chuckle. "They say it's furnished elegant—piano, oil paintings and gold-trimmed dishes—the things he bought her."

The party would drift down the hill to the more commonplace atmosphere of rag rugs and tea and sauce to console them for their climb. But when the guests returned home and were recounting their adventures, World's End stood out like a star among stars—something about the faded villa with its deserted garden and animal cemetery was so pregnant with the tragic romance of a past generation that the guests, try as they would, could not speak harshly of its dead owner or the present one, but in a mysterious voice as if they did not quite understand.

The guests could no longer wonder as to Dale Aldis—for report had it that one nun had brought her home to stay and many trunks with the initials D. A. were being carted up the hill, while Glenny ordered lavishly from the tradesmen. The next morning a passer-by said that some one was playing an opera score at World's End and a merry laugh floated across the garden.

So the World's End girl came home to live. Amherst—judicial, gossiping, not unkind—waited to know what she would do with her life, since her parents with selfish abandon had started it on an extraordinary pathway. With the candor of a dowager Dale knew every detail of her mother's life, and Glenny had told her every detail of her lonely death.

"Glenny," Dale began the morning she was unpacking, "you old joker, do you realize that we are to housekeep? We must have a long talk and understand each other. I'm a sociable sort of creature, Glenny. I believe I'll give a party!"

She was sitting on the floor of her dressing room, which had been her mother's. It had ivory net curtains, Eighteenth-Century mirrors, old prints and dainty porcelain figurines, with the bed and chairs of Empire pattern and drapes of azure and gold. The blue tapestries which

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A Multitude Loyal to Republics

As nearly as we can figure it, by reports from Republic dealers, more than 100,000 individual motor car owners are now regularly using Republic Tires.

By this we mean buying them steadily, one set after another.

The trade is not of a shifting, changing character.

It represents a solid, steady, loyal clientele.

The increase of steady buyers during the past year has been very large.

This is undoubtedly due to the rapidly spreading realization that Republic Tires *do* last longer.

And the fact that they do last longer is due to the secret Prōdium Process of compounding Republic rubber.

The Prōdium Process tremendously increases the strength of rubber.

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 24)

hung on the wall and likewise the canopy of gold lace had been the work of Breton women. There was a bedspread of sheerest muslin embroidered in detail, and over the foot of the low carved bed hung a blanket of Russian ermine. The village had heard rumors of such, but doubted its actual existence. Mirza had coaxed Dale's father to buy it in St. Petersburg one mad winter's day.

"Miss Dale"—Glenny's eyes flashed behind the heavy glasses—"I 'ope you'll not forget yourself."

Dale held up a box of trinkets to be put away.

"Skittles, Glenny—I'll frost the cakes, and dust!" She crossed her legs, boy fashion. Her morning frock was a glistening thing of steel tissue shining through cloudy blue draperies—the nuns had dressed their beloved child for the world with rare taste. It deepened the gray of her eyes, with their thick, curly lashes; and the mass of brown hair, which she wore in the highest possible coiffure to emphasize the fact of being "all grown up," intensified the naturally ivory-tinted complexion.

"You can't know villagers," Glenny said, returning from the dressing table.

"Why? Won't they know me?"

Glenny sat down in a chair with an abrupt gesture of disapproval.

"Miss Dale, for more than twenty years 'ave I stayed at the end of the world to do my bounden duty. I brought your lovely mother 'ere; I took you to the nuns. I took your lovely dead mother to Italy, where she could rest. I came back to watch over World's End and over you. I'll go on watching until I die—but I shan't open the gates to Yankee swanks."

"Glenny dear, we must know someone." Dale looked about in bewilderment. "I'm only twenty-one, Glenny—mother would want me to know someone."

The gray eyes narrowed. "Ah, shall I write Lady Aldis?" she asked. "Don't shiver, Glenny; you know no good lady's maid is ever shocked. Just because father and mother were unsuitably matched according to the world, and because they adored each other and defied the world—and died—died like we all must die, Glenny—you and I and Lady Aldis—must I, after years in a convent, be shut up for life at World's End?" Her slim hands crushed a ribbon belt as she spoke.

"My lamb, wait until Mr. Leswing comes—meet the gentry first."

"But I'm not the gentry," Dale said steadily; "I'm a—a bolter." There was a quiver in the usually steady voice. "I think for myself. I've been thinking for myself for years. We both adored Mirza." Dale had never called her anything else—"she was everything lovely. I never knew Lord Aldis, but you said he was splendid in his own way."

"A king!" ejaculated Glenny, whose own romance had been lived in that of her mistress.

"That may be true. But has it never occurred to you that it was a mite selfish for Mirza to run off from the world, to build a spooky villa without a hint of a nursery, to send me off to the nuns and to only let me see her twice a year for two days at a time?"

"She 'ad a broken 'eart," Glenny defended. Finding fault with Mirza was nothing short of finding fault with the Creator.

"And she let mine go hungry." Then dimples crept into the firm pink mouth. "I'm not the past generation, Glenny; I'm the present and I'll have to live as such. I'm tired of living in the past. Even the nuns had been coached what to say and what not to. I was to be treated with respect, but always kept away from the others. The others had fathers and mothers coming to see them; they went home summers. I was left there. When Sister Bonadventure and Sister Coletta did bring me home they told me, 'Don't make your mother nervous!' I almost dreaded the coming, and yet one gets infinitely weary of a dormitory-and-rice-pudding existence. When I saw Mirza she was always petting her dog or parrot, or the mocking birds were perched on her shoulders and she would say, 'Don't be naughty, Dale! Dear me, how tall you are, growing like a weed. Hand me my shawl!' That was all." Dale let the ivory brush drop unheeded to the floor.

"My lamb, she was grieving for 'im," Glenny insisted.

"Well, why didn't she let me grieve with her? You were a nice sort, Glenny. You made me cinnamon buns and jolly things to eat. But it was Mirza you adored—I was just a necessary evil!"

"My lambkin!" Glenny was startled out of her twenty-odd years' pleasant martyrdom.

"Oh, yes I was! Mirza was grieving herself to death purposely. She made morbidity the cornerstone of World's End, and her friends were ghosts. Reality annoyed her; you can't say I'm wrong, Glenny, can you?"

Dale's face startled the old servant; it had the ardent determination of Lord Aldis—that first time he had come to see Mirza in Paris, and Glenny, nothing of white hair and spectacles about her, had served them cordials. She felt suddenly tender.

"Per'aps you're right, my lamb—but I wouldn't dwell on it."

"She kept reading yellowed letters over and over and crying, didn't she? She cried in the night and moaned in her sleep. Did she do that when I wasn't here?"

"Yes, my lamb. She used to say: 'Glenny, you'll not leave me, will you?' And I'd say: 'Not unless you send me off, and then I'm liable to be like the bad ha'pence—always turning up when you least expect!' She kept living over the days with 'im." Glenny's spectacles were misty. "Oh, they was the lovers! 'E adored 'er and she worshiped 'im! It was 'appiness just to see them together. They forgot everything else in the world—milord was blind to 'is duty or 'onor. 'E wanted 'er to 'ave everything she 'ad ever dreamed of 'aving—and she 'ad it for an all-too-short time." Glenny gave way to a strangled sniff. "'E used to say to me when 'e was leaving for London just to make a faint showing among 'is own set, 'e'd say, 'Glenny, if she 'as a bad 'eadache or a nervous spell, send for me. If the cabinet is in session I can shut it up like a hopree 'at!' And 'e did—many's the time. The letters 'e wrote is all in that chest—why, my lamb would 'ave died if she 'adn't 'ad them to keep 'er company. She'd read one a day—and dream about it—and when she'd come to the last 'e wrote 'er, the very day 'e was taken, it would seem as if she was going to slip off like a ghost. 'Glenny,' she'd say, 'I can't bear it—why did 'e 'ave to die?'"

"Did his wife ever row?" asked Dale.

"No, she was a stiffish sort—she never bothered. It 'ad never been any use when she 'ad before. She was 'is own age—and a trifle bow-legged."

"Mirza was eighteen—father was forty-three." Dale unpacked more trinkets. "Well, it is not fair that I should be sentenced to World's End. I'm very young, Glenny, and tired of dreaming. So we'll have the party and I'll frost the cakes."

"You can't ask village girls—they go along the streets with ice-cream cones. There's no gentry 'ere ——"

"Who else is there to ask?"

"Wait until Mr. Leswing comes. 'E'll talk to you; 'e's your own sort."

Dale glanced at her mother's writing desk, a dainty inlaid affair with a huge blue quill pen calling attention to its purpose. An unusually large envelope with a foreign stamp was addressed to her.

"I suppose Philip Leswing will send me back to the nuns," she sighed. "Does he have all our money to handle, Glenny?"

(Continued on Page 28)

"It is June," She Said Steadily, "and I am Twenty-One. I am Quite Sure I Love You"

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Continued from Page 26

"Every sixpence—and a gentleman 'e is—knows two kings and 'as more money than either—a favorite at the court. 'E was a stripling when your father was alive; 'e used to copy 'is clothes—particularly 'is cravats—and come to talk to your mother afternoons. I've often served 'im 'is brandy. When Lord Aldis died 'e was the one that 'elped your mother come away; she would 'ave been quite mad if 'e 'adn't. Milord provided that 'e care for 'er money. And 'e's done it like a prince. Came from Africa to meet your mother's dead self in Florence and bury 'er where the sunset was the loveliest. Milord and she used to point it out to each other."

"I suppose I must rejoice that he is coming from Africa again." Dale walked to the window. "But I shan't consent to any cloister. I believe I'm the only real thing here except Trig." She bent to pat a grizzled terrier. "Glenny, weren't you ever extremely young and filled with bubbling happiness as a music box is with tunes? Did you never dream lovely dreams for years until you fairly ached to make them come true? I'm hungry for people, real people—I'd elope with the iceman if he wasn't already bespoken!"

"My lamb, remember—remember——"

"I'm not Lord Aldis' daughter—that sounds like a penny dreadful—I'm Dale, the World's End girl. For Mirza came to the end of her world when her lover died, and left me. Here I am. But I'm going to find my way back to life; and pink-toed babies; and young men who are nice to walk out with; and girls who will tell me how to knit old-rose sweaters; and comfortable, middle-aged women with best rooms and recipes for jams; and men who fought in the war that I can pet while I listen to their stories—so we'll have the party."

"'Ow many?" snapped Glenny. She realized in the brief interview that Dale had the determination of the dead Milord as well as his duplicated chin.

"All the young people between sixteen and twenty-four. Then I'll have an at home for the married women, and a play morning for the children, and a beefsteak dinner for the men and women. I'm going to church and sing in the choir and ask the minister to tea—and if Amherst won't play with me because I'm the World's End girl we'll lock it up, Glenny, and take Trig and go traveling, traveling, traveling—until we come to the beginning of the world. Oh, I'm glad I'm home—I'm glad!" She pushed the French curtained windows to let the sun stream in and light unexpected bronze curls in the dark head.

Glenny stood aside.

"All the money I can spend—and I'm not bow-legged! I'm twenty-one and I love everyone. See those roses and forget-me-nots—but I want the bleeding heart torn out to-day; we'll plant baby's breath and cosmos instead; and we'll take the padlock off the gate and leave it open—— Why, there's that same boy—only he's a man! Isn't he splendid, Glenny—a giant—isn't he handsome! Don't you remember him? I do. He sent me a valentine—the only valentine I ever had—and signed it 'J. Coventry.' That was years ago. Then I waved at him one time when I was at the station. Sister Bonadventure was busy counting change. Why—he's coming in, Glenny—I'll go open the gate——"

"'E's the truck farmer!" gasped Glenny.

"He's the handsomest thing I've ever seen," she sang as she danced down the stairs.

Glenny made a last appeal. "Are you daft, Miss Dale?" she called, hoarse with indignation. After more than twenty years of preserving an atmosphere of mysterious awe, was it to be shot asunder one June morning by a truck farmer?

"I'm young," came floating back to her unwilling ears. The tinkle-tinkle of the rusty bell died away. Resigned to the worst, Glenny bent to pick up the frocks. Fifteen years with the nuns had not instilled in Dale the sense of order which they had striven to teach her.

"How many young ladies are there who have a button or a hook and eye off their garments?" the head sister would ask each morning after chapel.

Dale and perhaps two others would rise to face the scorn of the buttoned and hooked community.

"How many ladies who have two missing hooks and eyes or buttons?" the calm voice would proceed.

The two others would sink into their chairs, thankful to escape. Dale's tall self would remain standing.

"Is it possible there are any young ladies who do not know how many missing hooks and eyes or buttons?" would come buzzing round Dale's dizzy head.

Truthful but untidy Dale would remain standing.

"You may be seated, Dale Aldis," the command would finally be heard.

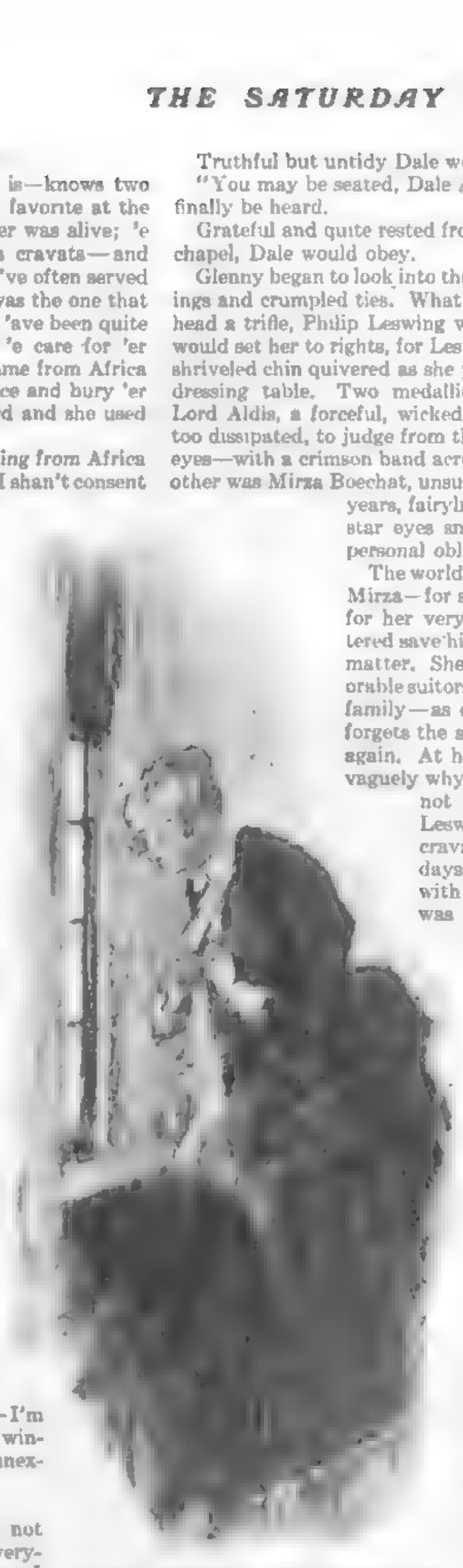
Grateful and quite rested from the cramp of kneeling in chapel, Dale would obey.

Glenny began to look into the matter of mismated stockings and crumpled ties. What matter if Dale did lose her head a trifle, Philip Leswing would soon be coming. He would set her to rights, for Leswing was gentry. Glenny's shriveled chin quivered as she placed some brushes on the dressing table. Two medallion portraits rested there: Lord Aldis, a forceful, wickedly handsome man—a trifle too dissipated, to judge from the lines under the magnetic eyes—with a crimson band across his satin waistcoat; the other was Mirza Boechat, unsuitable companion of his last years, fairylike in her gauze frock, the star eyes smiling on the world in impersonal oblivion.

The world said Lord Aldis hypnotized Mirza—for she came to depend on him for her very existence. Nothing mattered save his word. Nothing else could matter. She forgot her career, her honorable suitors, her simple but respectable family—as easily as the brown earth forgets the snow when rose time comes again. At his death she had wondered vaguely why she lived and why she had not the courage to die. Philip Leswing, quite given to violet cravats and Tennyson in those days, had been duly impressed with his part in the affair—it was something of a Bohemian honor to be intrusted with the mistress of a dead nobleman! He had quite risen to the part with amusing solicitude to help her away from everything that would prove unpleasant. It was drolly pathetic to him as he recalled it later.

At the moment it was something which the young bounders of his set regarded as a distinction. Society petted him, débutantes became infatuated, dowagers asked him endless questions, and the club men stated between drawls that he was "comin' on."

With the experience of his forty-five fast and furiously lived years as well as with the power of his diamond mines, Glenny had no fears but that he would be able to set Dale in the pathway she should go in.



"'E's a Man Grown," said Glenny, "and 'e's Suffered 'is Bit—God Bless 'im!"

She moved the pictures a trifle forward. Dale's words kept repeating themselves, that it was not fair to have taken her to the end of the world; not caring how or when she found her way to the beginning. Glenny had long ago forgotten her own personal existence, she had yielded it to Mirza when she first dressed her for her *première* at the Opéra Comique—at seventeen, the youngest solo dancer to have received an ovation from royalty.

Dale had been merely an unwelcome consequence of the tragedy, someone to care for and have far enough off not to prove annoying. Had she been a boy things might have resulted differently. Leaning on her son's arm, an echo of the dead man she had worshiped, Mirza might have found her way back to the beginning of the world—but the girl child was a hopeless and uninteresting problem. She sent her away, since she fortunately did not have to think of money, knowing she was being properly cared for and secretly hoping she might embrace the faith and become one of the nuns.

Mirza's life had been lived within that cabinet of fading letters and the pictures of the man who had made her a pitiful child dying of selfish grief. Here began and ended all of her life and all of her love—with Dale, nothing but honest gray eyes and long legs, appearing at unwelcome intervals to demand cinnamon buns.

Glenny peered out the window. There was no sign of either Dale or John. She concluded that, blood telling, Dale had taken the vegetables and sent him off. She fell to dusting the dressing case with elaborate detail.

Meantime Dale had romped to open the gate. "Howdy do!" she said brightly; "isn't it a lovely morning?" Then she laughed nervously. It was the first time she had ever been left to a tête-à-tête on masculine lines.

John Coventry set down his basket of vegetables. "I'm awfully glad to know you." He took off his straw hat and held out a huge tanned hand.

Dale's slim fingers pressed it gently. "Please come in and sit down," she urged, "unless you're busy."

"Oh, no, not at all!" he fibbed chivalrously. "Say, Miss Aldis, you don't know how long I've really known you—do you?"

She looked up at him as she led the way to the side veranda. "How long?" she asked, knowing she was blushing.

John was taller than Dale and tanned with the out-of-doors. He had a square, lantern-jawed face, with eyes like the deep sea and a black shaggy mop of hair which emphasized the deep-sea coloring. His arms were taut with muscle; it was impossible for him to move without pushing something out of place. When he smiled he displayed a chin dimple, that he loathed, and strong white teeth as even as Dale's. He wore corduroy trousers and a blue flannel shirt open at the throat.

"You sent me a valentine once," she could not refrain from adding.

"You never answered. I thought you were provoked." They were as direct as children, hampered by no conventional preliminaries.

"I couldn't. The nuns read our letters. I've been at the convent for fifteen years."

"But every time you came home I saw you. There's a chink on the left side of the fence where I used to spy. Once I watched you go over on the island and kneel down beside the animal cemetery and cry. I was going to shin the fence to find out what was wrong, but I was afraid of Glenny."

"I wish you had. I cried a great many times, but I don't remember that particular one."

"You were lonesome, weren't you?"

Dale nodded.

"You must have been. Perhaps I ought not to talk to you like this. Glenny wanted these carrots and ——"

"Oh, Glenny isn't in a hurry. Do you raise all these things?"

"Yes; you should see my place. I've ten acres and a real log cabin."

"I adore log cabins," Dale murmured. "I don't like World's End."

"It is gloomy," John admitted; "but of course it is splendid. It was copied after a place abroad, wasn't it?"

Dale nodded. "In Florence."

An awkward pause followed.

"Here's where I must go," John began.

Dale put her hand on the flannel shirt sleeve. "I want to ask you something. Could you wait another moment?"

"An hour," he said to her surprise.

"I want to give a party—yes, really I do. I don't know anyone and I don't know how to know anyone unless I do give a party. I thought it would be nice to have a garden fête with lanterns strung round—don't you?"

"Yes; only whom would you ask?"

"The young people. I want you to give me the list of names. You know everyone in Amherst, don't you?"

John laughed.

"I do. Only you see, Miss Aldis, you are different from them and they might not understand ——"

"That's what Glenny said. Poor Glenny, she does miss the leisure class! But if I'm an American and going to live here I must know my neighbors. Sister Bonadventure used to say: 'Young ladies, when you go to housekeeping remember that you may dispense with friends, but you cannot exist without neighbors!' So please give me the names and I'll send out cards. I've decided on a week from to-day. Will you come?"

"If you wish."

"Oh, I do." Dale was desperately serious. "I shouldn't ask if I didn't."

"Then I'll come."

"Have you anyone in particular you'd like asked?" She was a trifle unwilling to admit that he had.

"You mean a girl? No—no one." His big brown hands clasped over his knee and he leaned back awkwardly in the wicker chair.

"Because if you had—why, of course I'd want to ask her," she finished with the finesse of a world coquette.

"That's mighty nice of you—but I intend to be a bachelor."

"I know I shall never marry," Dale admitted.

Both young persons instantly looked at each other with radiant smiles. It was all as fragrant as the June roses and quite as amusing as the plans of baby robins regarding their advent into a worm-eating world.

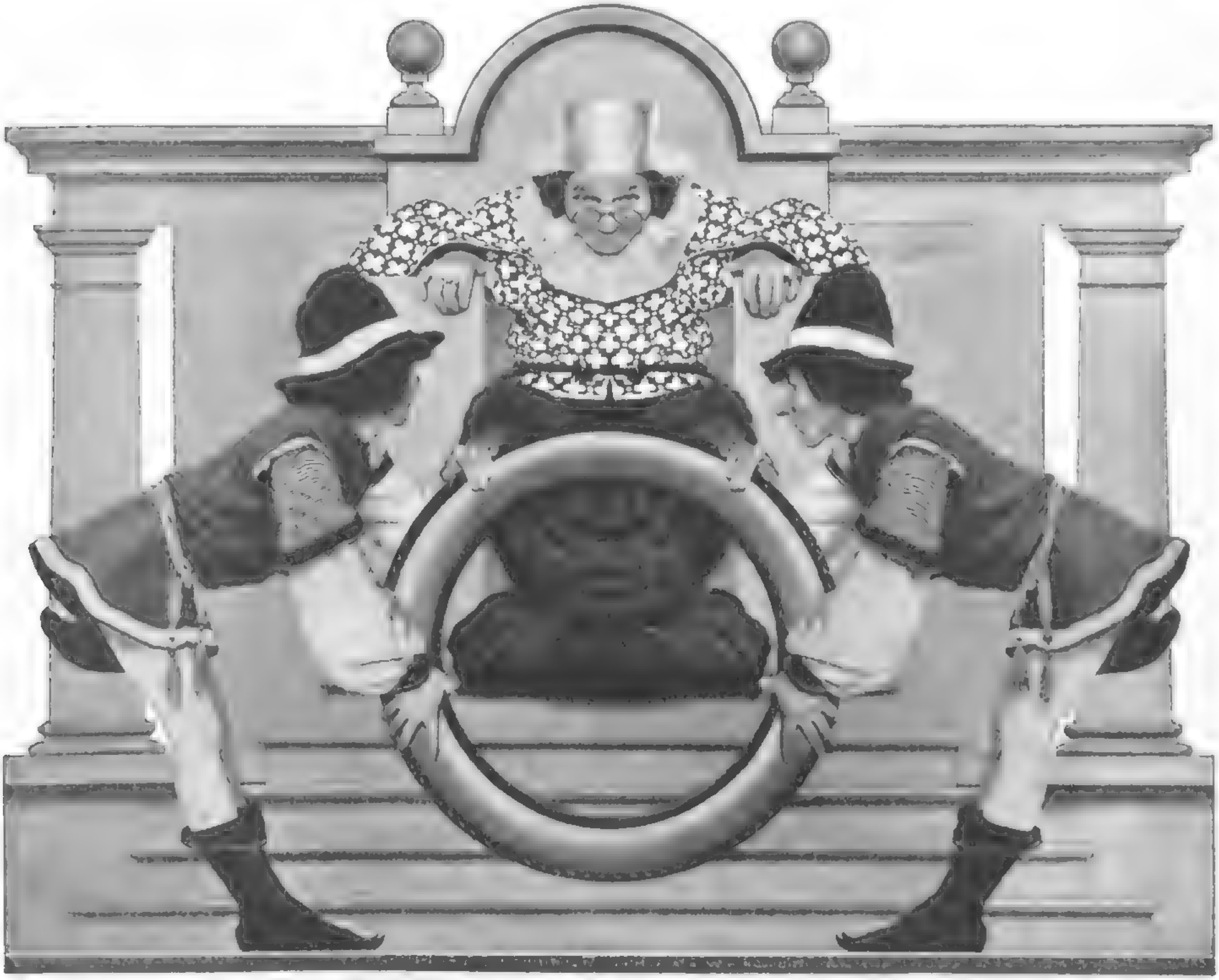
"Do you live alone?" Dale asked later. The fact of future isolation made him quite *simpático!*

The shaggy black head nodded. "Granny died last winter."

"Who cooks for you?"

"I do. I make flapjacks and do up green-currant preserve and put down sausage for the winter—you ought to see the way I run my larder."

(Continued on Page 30)



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(Continued from Page 28)

"Isn't that beautiful? I wish I could. I can't do anything but play a little and read French and that sort of thing. I think I'll learn how to cook."

John laughed. "You couldn't—it would make your head ache."

Dale bristled. "I'm not an utter doll, please!"

"Pardon—maybe I'm wrong. Only you don't know what it is like. Sometime when you're out walking come up to Orchard Lodge—that is the cabin's name—and I'd be happy to show you round."

"I'll come soon for the list of names."

"All right—only if I were you I wouldn't bother with having a party."

"Is there any reason I shouldn't? Wouldn't you come?"

"You know I would."

They immediately lost track of the party.

"What made you look at me when I was a little girl?"

"You were the nearest thing to an angel I could imagine," John told her soberly. "I wasn't outwardly a visionary youngster. I kept the dreams well hidden. You see, my father fiddled for dances—and drank the rest of the time. My mother was one of the Cape Cod Peaseleys; she ran away from school to marry him and they never forgave her. She died when I was born, and granny, father's mother, managed somehow to bring me up. I hated the fiddling. I made up my mind when I was eight that I'd do something real in the world—something worth while. When I was twelve my father bought an old fiddle and taught me two chords in E flat. I wore his coat, to make me seem older, and we played for a dance. I got a dollar for the night—that is, he got it." A grim look replaced the smile. "I played those two chords until he died—country people don't bother about harmony. I hate a second violin now—that see-saw, see-saw; I keep seeing myself standing on a platform dressed in a man's rags. But it fired ambition and taught me self-control.

"Granny and I struck out and rented land—and we made it go. She worked like a Trojan, a good old soul, and let me go to night school and study rainy days. I didn't write to my mother's people; I'll never write them until I've made good in the big way I mean to do. You see, Miss Aldis, I don't peddle truck stuff in a cart. I come here because"—a flush crept over the tanned cheeks—"because Glenny is old and queer and she reminds me a little of granny and—it isn't any bother to drop in with a basket once in a while ——"

Dale's eyes shone like stars. "What do you do with it?"

"Ship it to cities. I've a market now I can't supply. This log-cabin establishment is just an apprenticeship. In ten years I'm to be known as the String Bean Czar or the Duke of Endive." He laughed boyishly. "It's a pet theory of mine that the American farmer has always sold his birthright for a mail-order catalogue of green-plush rockers and coal-oil lamps—that kind of thing. The American farmer can and must be the same as the landed English squires. It is up to a few of us who have nothing to lose and all to win to make this come to pass. Perhaps I see in exaggerated numbers, but I plan to breed cattle, thousands and thousands of dollars' worth each year—and cultivate new vegetables within the means of the poor—that kind of agriculture. I want a farm—no scant, stony fifty acres with mediocre crops.

"Of course anyone can make a living on a farm—we've heard that from the day we began to lisp 'This is the way the farmer sows.' We need the old pioneer spirit of brave ideals and huge achievement, as when the schooner wagons crossed the desert and found our West. I content myself on a log-cabin estate because I'm busy planning for the future. I'd stagnate if I thought that were to be the end of ambition. We must have gentry farmers in America or we'll be done inside of a hundred years. We need ——" He stopped, laughing again. "Please excuse me. I get rather carried away when I start this kind of thing. It means so much. Come and see me and I'll have your list. Now I'll go along."

"You are wonderful." Dale was not ready to dismiss him. "I've read books about self-made men like you. We used to smuggle them in at the convent. The stories always ended by their being rich and famous men with lovely wives ——"

"I wish I could think that last," he added deftly, flushing as he spoke.

"What made you think I was an angel?" The subject was too fascinating to be let alone.

"Because you were so beautiful and always wore lacy dresses and used to empty your purse into blind Otto's cap at the station. In the winter you wore a white fur coat and cap—do you remember?"

She nodded carelessly. "I always wanted to answer that valentine, John Coventry."

"You have answered it now." He rose. "Good-by—and may you have a happy summer." Whistling an old jig he strode out the green gate.

Dale began to hum under her breath. She ran to the gate to fasten it open permanently by means of a rock. . . . He was so very strong and tanned . . . and his eyes like the deep sea . . . his mother had been gently born . . . the String Bean Czar. . . .

Finally she went upstairs, to find her dressing room as immaculate as if she had not descended upon it with an array of possessions. The medallion pictures of Mirza and Lord Aldis caught her attention. They seemed fascinating strangers, both intensely interesting to wonder about. She had always regarded them as dream persons who never really existed.

She knelt before them, the gray eyes very serious as she said slowly, "What—is love?"

It was a great joy to be in one's own house and able to speak aloud or whistle or jig on the polished floors.

"I don't believe you either one knew," she continued—while Trig curled up on the shining steel draperies and went fast asleep. "I don't believe John Coventry has ever known, either. I wonder if you two would say with Glenny that he isn't gentry! Oh, Mirza dear, he's so strong and giantlike, and there isn't anyone in particular that he wants asked to the party."

Then the pink lips curved into a hurt expression. "But you two don't care; you never cared for anything in the world except Florence. Poor Lady Aldis! Even if she was bow-legged, Mirza darling, she had a heart! I suppose London society whispered about you—lords and ladies, actors and poets, statesmen and vulgarly rich persons."

Her eyes strayed to the desk, where Leswing's letter rested. She rose, upsetting Trig, to reread it. It was headed in a dashing hand "Paradiso"—and continued:

Dale-Girl: Business says New York. Therefore I shall run up to Amherst to see you. You must be a tall woman-Dale by now. My impression of Amherst is that its inns are wretched. Will you put myself and Humphrey up for a night? I sail next week; that will bring me to Amherst sometime in August. PHILIP LESWING.

"P. S. I bring your dividends with me."

It was written on creamy parchment paper with an engraved crest.

"I wonder if you're half as nice as ——"

She broke off her reverie presently, tossing the letter aside, to spy out Glenny, who was cooking the vegetables.

"Aren't those stunning carrots?" she demanded. "He raised them—think of it! He's going to give me the list of names. Isn't that lovely? And he's coming too. It will be a week from to-day, from seven until they want to go home. Let's have chicken salad and lots of little cakes and ——"

Glenny paused, copper cover in one hand. In her devotion to Mirza she had even forgone the distinction of being a lady's maid to descend into the scullery and become drudge of all things.

"You talked with 'im?" she demanded tartly. "You know 'is father was a drunken fiddler ——"

"Oh, yes; and he's built a log cabin and I'm going to call on him in two days! Glenny, let's set the table on the porch. I know you never do, but let's begin to. I like to hear the birds. Mr. Leswing will be here sometime in August, and then I'm going to buy a saddle horse and have a telephone."

Glenny did not answer.

"I was thinking that I've twice as much love in me as anyone else," Dale added as she peered into the cooking kettle of stunning carrots. "I never had a chance to exhaust any of it on Mirza or Lord Aldis—you do love your parents ordinarily; and I've never had friends or relatives, Glenny, so all that is stored away too. And the nuns say we are endowed with romantic love, besides. . . . All that love must go to some one, mustn't it?"

"Let's 'ope he's of the gentry," Glenny answered curtly.

II

JOHN was getting onions ready for the market when Dale arrived. She had walked from World's End. It was two miles, and, not used to tramping, she was tired.

Piling the washed onions on one rustic bench and the unwashed in the metal tub of water, John did not notice as she turned in the pathway.

He was surprised by someone's saying: "Are you going to have any more young beets to sell?"

He sprang up, to see Dale standing beside him, dressed in her usual picture-book fashion—a white lace blouse with a shining black satin skirt and a Spanish sailor set atilt like a matador's.

"What do you know about this!" he found himself answering in confusion. "Yes, I guess you can have a mess of beets. Did you walk? I see by your slippers that you did. You're tired, aren't you? If you'll just wait a minute until I douse these last ones we'll go in and find some cold milk."

He handed her a three-legged stool. She sat down, suddenly shy and self-conscious and wishing she had stayed at World's End as Glenny urged, until he came peddling at her back door!

"It is very pretty here," she was finally forced to say.

"I think so. I've lots of plans for it; maybe they'll never come true. I don't know, but I think it does a fellow good to dream, don't you? Makes washing onions and digging potatoes not quite so grubby." The deep-sea eyes looked at her with a frank interest.

"Of course we must have dreams. I've thrived on dreams ever since I can remember."

"You were always in that convent, weren't you?" His strong arms lifted the tub of onions easily and swung it onto a bench. Dale watched admiringly.

"Yes. You see mother wasn't well and I made her nervous. It was better that I stay at school. After she died it was twice better that I stay. So I took all the courses the sisters offered, and then they asked me to become one of them. But I told them I was coming home, back to World's End and Glenny. So they bought me everything beautiful under the sun to wear—though I'm sure I don't know where I'll have any use for such clothes unless I persuade Glenny to travel or Mr. Leswing has some plans—and back I came. But I really feel as uninteresting as a smart clothes tree."

"Would you close up World's End and go away?"

"Gladly, burn it down—I'd run off as fast as ever I could! Maybe Mr. Leswing will want me to."

"Who is Mr. Leswing?"

"The man who has our money. He's called the South African diamond king. A wonderful person, I suppose. I've never seen him."

"And is he coming?"

"For a day. He wouldn't be content in Amherst any longer. Are you content in Amherst?"

"Sometimes," he answered abstractedly.

Then he said:

"Don't ever shut up World's End—but that's queer for me to ask, isn't it?"

"Why?" (Continued on Page 33)

"I've Planned That When I Make My Fortune and Find My Dream Princess, Right Back of Those Oaks Will Be My House"

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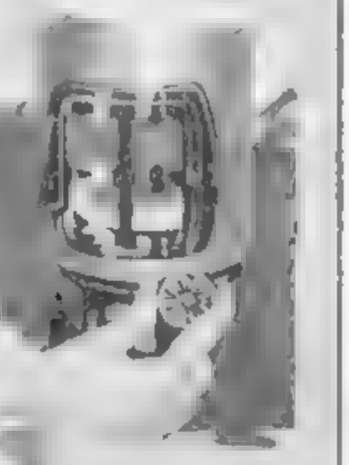
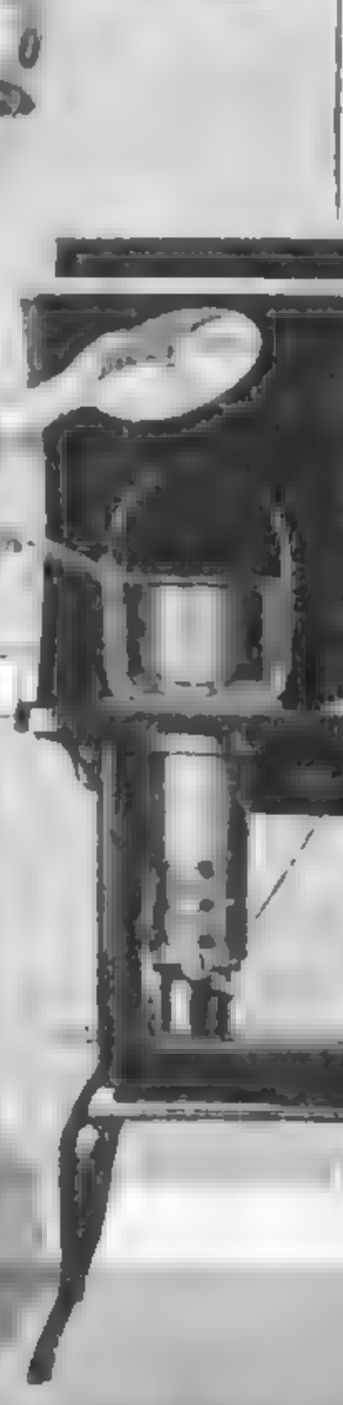
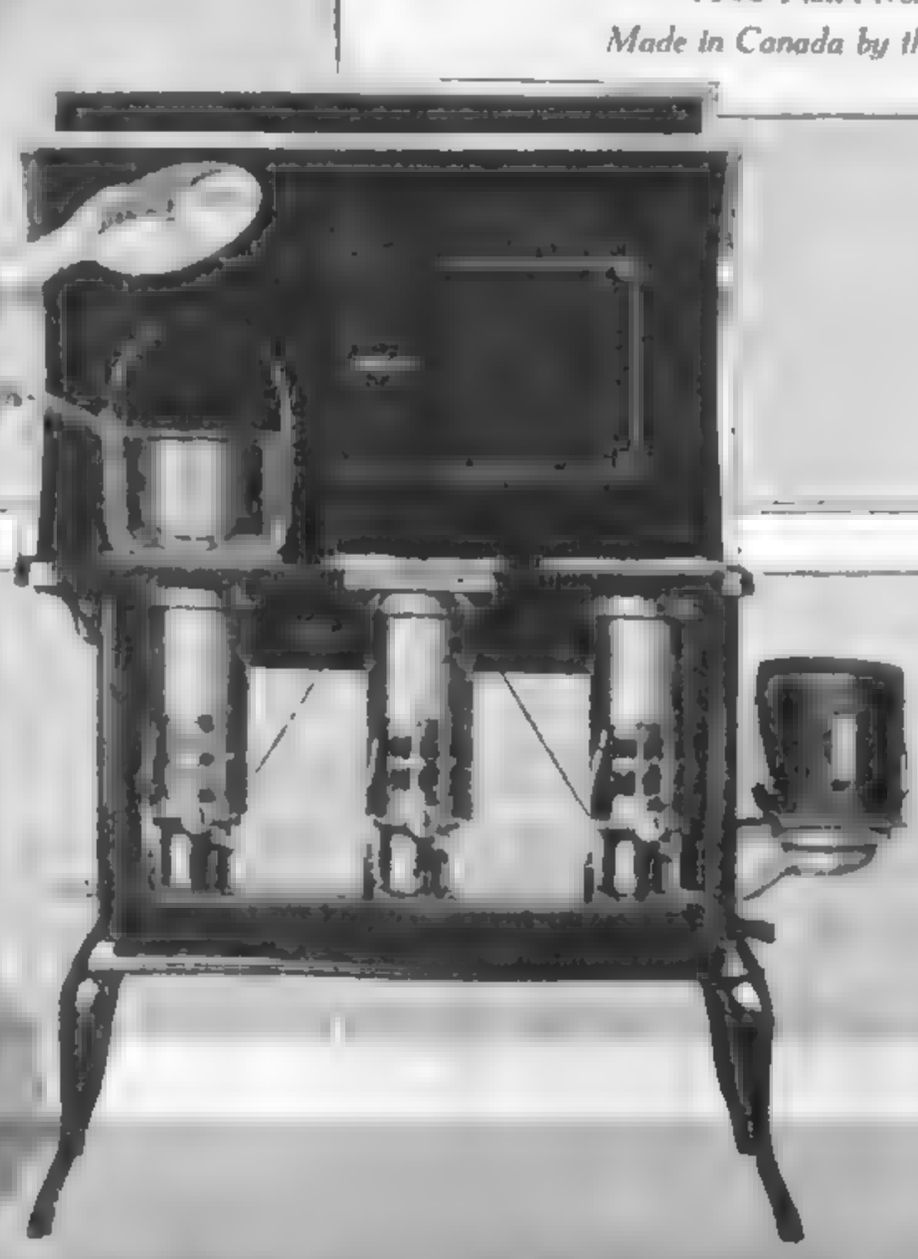
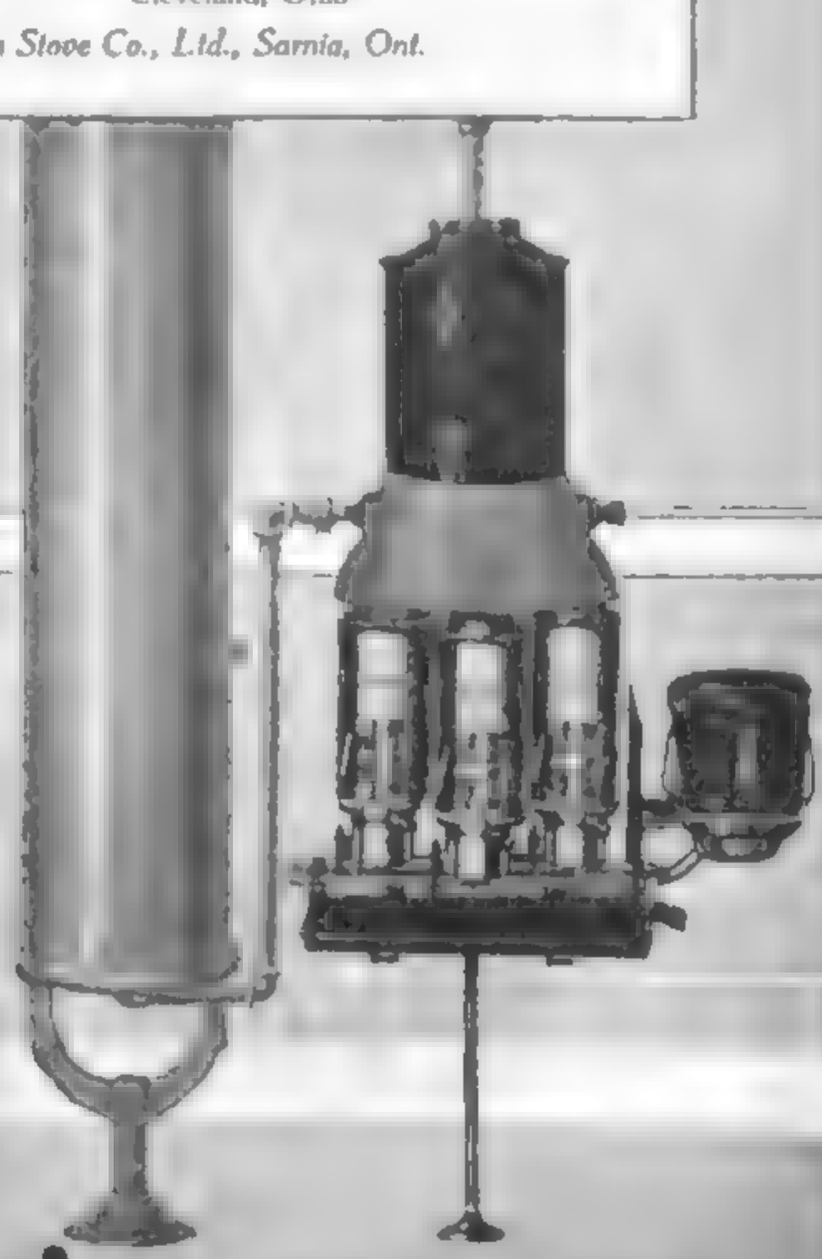


Flame stays where set







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HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

(Continued from Page 30)

Both were unconscious of the unromantic setting or the sun's glare. As Dale was watching strong tanned arms move easily here and there and broad shoulders and deep-sea eyes with hidden fires—she knew not of what so John Coventry traced the blue veins in her slender throat and watched the flutterings of the pink pointed fingers. He could see just beyond the lace cuff to the white wrist. For years he had dreamed of taking that wrist and pushing back lacy sleeves until the bare arm lay in his strong grasp -and of kissing it until the blue veins merged into a blush with the rest of her sweet startled flesh. . . .

"Because," he stumbled on, "that's been my one fairy tale. All the years I fiddled chords, dressed in a man's cast-off coat, I used to weave romances about the place. How you were an imprisoned princess and I the knight coming to rescue you; how my black charger would come dashing up the walk, my sword hacking down the foe, and I'd ride off in the night with you. Isn't it funny what kids can dream? No one would have suspected. I always thought of you dressed in your storybook things—all shining white and silvery, with dark curls floating round your face. Why, I've lain awake winter nights and comforted myself with that story. I've promised myself romance when I was a man. Maybe that's one reason I'm not 'walking out,' as they say here, with some mill girl in cheap red finery. They said I was queer when I built my cabin and chose books for friends."

"How old are you?" said Dale softly.

"Twenty-four. How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

They smiled at each other.

"It is good to be young," Dale added; "and I'm very glad you dreamed about rescuing me. I only wish you had."

John stood up, his face turned from her and his strong hand pointing out the green hills. "As far as you see there, I own—clear. This side my land stops at the knot of maple trees—that horse by the fence is the Laird of McNab. That little strip off there is mine too; and all the rest is going to be some day. The cabin isn't always going to be my home, Miss Aldis. I've planned that when I make my fortune and find my dream princess"—he turned ever so slightly toward her—"right back of those oaks will be my house—a cream-colored Colonial house, because I'm a good American and I wish for nothing more elaborate. It wouldn't be good for me—or the dream princess. It will have Corinthian pillars and trimmings of green, and inside we'll furnish it in old mahogany and splint-bottomed chairs and soft gray carpets. I'll have a barn to match, and a pergola with honeysuckle climbing over it, and a garden—garden lovelier than even the garden at World's End. I want magnolia and Japanese cedar trees to guard the entrance. The log cabin ——"

A flush covered the tanned cheeks.

"What of the cabin? That is your beginning, so you must never forsake it." Dale came to stand beside him—her dark head just reaching his chin.

"I've thought that my—my children could have it for a playhouse—Indian fort—whatever they wished," the young man told her earnestly.

"Wonderful!" Dale clasped her hands. "You're so real—you're like a sensation I used to have at the convent. I'd be asleep in the dormitory with Sister Bonadventure dozing beside me and a brewer's fat child from the West sniffling on the other side. I'd waken suddenly to feel deserted—like the little match girl in the fairy tale, the one who froze to death New Year's Eve. That awful tick-tock of the clock, Sister's snores, the fat girl's snuffles—and suddenly, from out nowhere, I'd feel a lovely glow as if strong tender hands were holding mine so I could go fast asleep! That is what you are like, Mr. Coventry—you're real; you want real things as well as success—roses looking in your windows and babies laughing out!"

"I've made you unhappy," he said whimsically; "whereas you merely came for beet greens!"

They laughed—quite glad, each of them, for the moment.

"Please show me your cabin."

Dale picked her way across the yard. He followed, opening the door of the log house with a deferential flourish. It was a quaint dwelling. The mind of the owner was revealed in the furnishings. He had fashioned the furniture himself—roomy chairs with leather cushions; a round oak table with deep underpockets for his "nonsense"; wood carving and straw braiding; magazines; pipes; writing materials, and what not. Navajo rugs adorned the floor, and the fireplace was of uneven gray stones with an old-fashioned crane and andirons challenging the Indian pottery and copper candlesticks for supremacy. Built-in bookcases on all sides were filled to overflowing. Dale bent to catch the titles. She found Dickens, Thackeray, Poe, Eliot; sea yarns, fairy tales, philosophy, Arabian Nights, endless farm manuals—with Swinburne, Keats and Tennyson jostled shamefacedly on a lower shelf.

The small kitchen and John's bedroom just beyond completed the establishment. Skins hung drying on the rafters, and sage and tansy were likewise being made ready for the winter.

A wilting bouquet of flowers was thrust into a too-short glass, and hip boots were thrown in a careless heap beside an armchair.

"It is beautiful," Dale said simply. "But won't you let me tidy it up?"

"You?" he asked incredulously. "You've never done that sort of thing, have you?"

"But I've always wanted to—particularly a room with a pipe rack and hip boots!"

"I'll go off and let you have a clean sweep," he offered.

"Finish your onions and I'll call when it is ready."

The deep-sea eyes were serious. "It is nice of you to do this, Miss Aldis, but perhaps you ought not bother ——"

"Why?"—she was all-aggrieved child.

He looked at her without speaking. Again came the boy vision of his dream princess. Again came the sensation of the warm tender hand clasping hers as she fell asleep in the vague dormitory. The deep-sea eyes and the gray shining ones looked at each other and a flicker of something neither understood yet both welcomed appeared in each alike! Dale felt that her throat was furiously flushing; she wanted to sing some strange, savage melody with a refrain, 'Joyful, joyful, joyful'; she wanted to run away and hide, and never see John Coventry again; she wanted him to take those brown strong arms of his and lift some tremendous weight so she could glory in his strength and be ashamed for her own pale weakness; she felt aglow with impatience; stunned with the discovery of something within herself of which she had never known; baffled, delighted—and quite eager to tidy up!

"Do you want to tidy up—sure?" he said finally, the deep-sea eyes having turned to a dangerous darkness.

"If you want me to." The absurd repetition, the almost humorous situation escaped them both. Romance shielded the cynical viewpoint. Twenty-one and twenty-four, both tall and gloriously young and unafraid, they looked at each other and debated "tidying up" as kings debate their countries' destinies. Nothing else mattered—World's End or the log cabin, the village girls angling for John's heart, Leswing sailing across seas—only June and the glow in their bodies and the song in their hearts—and tidying up!

"I'll finish my work—you call me," John decided.

But he did not finish his work. Instead he walked round the planted land like a restless prisoner. Dreams halfway coming true are often terrifying. What a fool to dream—to let her come halfway patronizingly, halfway amusingly! His homemade possessions suddenly became glaring bad taste. Dale in lace and satin trying to tidy up wilted nasturtiums thrust into a tooth mug! He must never allow it to happen again.

He leaned against a fence corner to argue himself from his foolish reverie. As he did so he glanced toward the knot of oak trees, and there rose in the dreamer's mind the Colonial mansion with wisteria hanging about the portico and shining diamond-paned windows with curtains hung by a woman's tasteful hand. The barns to match came back of it, as did the stable stalls, the hands' quarters, and acres and acres of rolling fertile soil which should be his own. Children played in the cabin, their dream figures tripped in and out, waving their hands to him. On the portico of the big house, motionless to his starved dreams, stood the mistress in shining white and silver—a tall, dark-haired girl with gray eyes and an ivory-tinted skin. "Dale," he found himself whispering, "we have been very happy together, haven't we, dearest ——"

A patter of rain dashed aside the dreams. He tore across the field to the cabin. Dale was coming to call him. She had turned up her satin skirt and pinned it behind her. Her underskirt of taffeta ruffles rustled delightfully as she walked. There was a smudge across one cheek, and the sailor hat was tilted beyond any respectable matador's recognition.

"It is raining!" he called out as if an army were approaching; "you'll have to stay until the worst is over."

"Shall I?" She tried to bring concern into her voice. "Well, I don't mind. Tell me how you like my tidying up."

Newly picked flowers stood in graceful bouquets at proper angles.

There was a magical straightening of rugs and pillows, and the curtains were tied back with cord which she had ferreted from a table pocket. The books and papers were freshly sorted and the pipe rack sadly immaculate.

"It is simply wonderful," John said, as if she had painted a complete war panorama.

"Promise you'll never let it clutter so again. I've some little pictures that would look well here. I'll give you some."

"You mustn't rob yourself ——"

"We are too much like an antique-furniture shop at World's End. Please let me give you a hunting scene, and a sea landscape you'd love."

"We'll talk it over some other time. Now rest and I'll get the milk." He tiptoed into the kitchen, returning with a pitcher and glasses.

Dale watched the raindrops. "It may rain hours," she announced, not at all sadly.

"I'll hitch up the Laird and take you home."

She shook her head. "Don't hitch up right away. It wouldn't be fair to the Laird."

"You're having a runaway lark," he laughed.

"I'm having a beautiful time. Do you realize that I have never been of the world—or anyone's world?"

"That's true," he said softly.

"Did you get my list?"

"Yes; but if I were you I shouldn't give the party right away."

"But I'm starved to know people—why wait?"

"You see Amherst is a narrow little place," he began forcibly, "and you are like an orchid dropped into a row of hollyhocks. The young people might think you were trying to patronize them. You know—landed proprietors giving jam feasts, and so on."

"How idiotic! I'm an American—only I've been left at the end of the world and I must find my way back."

"Do you know," John interrupted, "I think—they—were pretty selfish."

"So do I—but the poor dears were in love and couldn't help themselves. You can't, I suppose." Here was another fascinating subject.

"Yes, you can—you can love someone better than yourself. That is what those people forgot. It wasn't fair to leave you at the end of the world."

"Do you think I can find my way back?"

"I hope so."

Dale rested her elbows on the table. "If you loved anyone, would you stop to think before you told them?"

"I'd make myself—if I suffered eternal tortures. I would not marry any girl unless I knew I could make her happy."

"But supposing if you did not marry her she was certain to be miserable?"

"Then I'd—I'd make her decide which of the two vast evils." He smiled tenderly.

"Please give me the list and then drive me home," she commanded with sudden caprice.

"You really insist?"

She nodded.

He reached into a table pocket to find a pad. "Here you are—forty names—is that enough?"

"Quite." Dale took the list and began reading. "Is this Olive or Alice Austin?"

"Olive—a splendid girl. She helps me house-clean sometimes. Olive is the nicest girl I know."

The pink lips were set in a firm line. "How nice!" she said coldly. "I do hope she comes—it will be so much more pleasant for you."

John smiled. "You'll find Harvey Nelson's name farther along: they are to be married this fall. Olive wouldn't come unless he did."

Dale flushed, conscious of her betrayal. "You're amused with me," she protested like an embarrassed child.

"No—amused with myself."

"Why?"

"Because I never thought I could make dreams come halfway true."

"And have you?" The list was forgotten in favor of still another exquisite topic.

"I'll tell you later. Just now duty says to pilot you home before Glenny accuses me of kidnaping.

He wrapped an old mackintosh about her, lingering an instant longer than was necessary in so doing, and helped her into the covered trap. They jogged through the warm shower, humming snatches of songs, drawing the Laird to a halt to have some deserted farmhouse explained or to point out the beauty of the hills. The sun came smiling at them before World's End was reached.

Dale caught sight of Glenny at the gate.

"I went to see Mr. Coventry," she explained, "and he brought me home."

Divided between loyalty to the dead and a desire to book passage for Liverpool, Glenny went to making hot lemonade despite the sun and muttering that her lamb was rapidly acquiring the characteristics of the black sheep!

III

THE young people refused the World's End party invitation. Avenging the scorn shown their parents by Glenny, they decided in favor of a church affair which fell unluckily on the same night.

Curiosity urged a few to attend, and others would have gone because John Coventry had declared he was going and that it was nothing short of splendid of Miss Aldis; but the majority argued them out of the resolve with wily hints of being patronized—so John, of all the forty guests, climbed the hill to World's End at nine o'clock of a rare June night.

Dressed since half past six in cornflower chiffon embroidered with sparkling stones, Dale had wandered through the rooms to see that everything was as she planned. Finally she sat at the piano to pick out aimless tunes, in order to still the insistent tick-tock of the mantel clock. She made a pretty picture as she played in the old-fashioned room which bespoke past and idle days. Soft blue carpets and fussy gold furniture with crystal-weighted lamps and candles and velvet drapes were in profusion. Rugs of leopard skin were spread about, and soft silk cushions and a Chesterfield sofa with a cabinet of porcelains told of the days when Mirza, in all her radiant, reckless youth, had first shopped for the villa in Florence!

Half past seven brought an end to Dale's concert. She stole out to look down the hill road. No one was in sight. She tripped over the bridge to the animal cemetery to see whether or not the lanterns were burning properly. It was a quarter of eight before the thought presented itself that Amherst would refuse to come—their way of telling her that as her mother had wished none of them so they returned the compliment.

Eight o'clock found Dale in the drawing-room, rumpling her frock and wondering whether or not she could have dated the white-and-gold cards incorrectly. Half past eight—with a smothered sob she fled to the kitchen, to find Glenny reading a London weekly with apparent unconcern.

"No one has come, Glenny," she murmured like an injured child.

"That's be'" sang Glenny slyly.

"Glenny, don't you think they will come?"

"I've 'oped against 'ope ——"

"I was positive about one person ——"

"I 'ope 'e won't bring a basket of carrots." Glenny glanced at the serving table heaped with refreshments.

"It's been a great deal of work for you, hasn't it?" Dale's lips quivered in spite of attempted nonchalance.

Glenny spied out the quiver. "I don't mind the work if I've the right sort to work for," she answered, her eyes very kind, "but not such 'ands."

"Glenny, don't you think they want to know me?"

"I never think about swanks," snapped Glenny. "Neither did your father and mother. They lived in their own sphere and nothing jogged them from it."

"Death did."

"I'm speaking of their life," said Glenny tartly.

"I was sure of one person's coming," repeated Dale.

"A truck farmer!" Glenny laid down her paper with studied deliberation. "My lamb, if your father 'ad so much as set eyes on 'im, 'e'd 'ave found 'imself in a mill pond before 'e 'ad time to explain."

Someone was rapping at the front door. Regardless of Glenny, Dale turned and fled.

It was John in his best clothes—not half so becoming or comfortable as his working togs.

"I'm mighty late—are you eating supper?" he asked.

Dale did not answer. She led the way to the drawing-room and asked him to sit down.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Coventry," she said, standing beside her piano, a tall, proud creature in a sparkling blue frock, "that I asked for the list. You were quite right—it was a sad mistake. I shall never bother you or Amherst again. Don't let me keep you from your friends. Good evening." She bit her lips to stop their trembling.

"You mean no one has come—no one?"

She shook her head. The proudness left her—she was a girl, sobbing because she was lonely and hurt of heart and no one had come to her party.

"I'm so sorry—but I was afraid of it"

"Why didn't you tell me?" she demanded.

"I did don't you remember?"

She hung her head. Two tears dropped onto her hand. John watched them in hopeless despair.

"Please don't cry," he finally begged "let's go outdoors and talk. You fixed up everything, didn't you—all the flowers and your pretty dress. It's a damned shame!" he finished honestly; "but don't you care. They weren't good enough to come. Let's go over on the island and talk and pretend we're the entire party—we can have just as good a time. I was glad to come. I counted the minutes until I could—I made myself stay away until late because I didn't want you to think I was so anxious." His confessions were decidedly comforting.

"I've hung lanterns on the whole island," Dale said dully. "I worked for two days, and so did Glenny—we were going to have salad and ice and thin bread-and-butter sandwiches cut star shape and little cakes—you don't know what lovely little cakes Glenny can bake. And here's Trig—see his blue bow."

"Come on, Trig, old boy, we'll celebrate anyway. Never you mind. Those kids don't know what they do want." He had slipped his arm through hers, and with Trig as pilot they were crossing the little bridge.

Sitting beside Laurel of Lightheart's and Helen of Troy's graves, with Trig settling himself at the foot of Julius Cæsar's last abode, Dale waited for further comforting.

"I wouldn't let them know I cared," John ran on in his comfortable growl—"the light-brained bunch!"

"I do care. It hurts. I suppose I should have asked the minister's wife. I never can get away from the end of the world. But I didn't think young people were ever cruel."

"Dale, don't cry—please ——"

Without warning she flung herself across the tiny grave, sobbing like a child. John bent to gather her in his arms. "Dearest," he began; then he recalled himself.

Dale struggled away. "They won't like you or buy your carrots," she added scornfully, "when they know you came."

"A lot I care; a lot they can hurt my trade! I tell you they are narrow-minded people, who don't understand—that's all."

Dale became aware that he was holding her hands, and the echo of the word dearest floated back with a most comforting sound.

"I'm glad you came," she said slowly.

"So am I. Don't worry about me—just let me come sometimes, will you?"

The Japanese lanterns swung in the breeze and cast lovely shadow lights on the young people and the dusty terrier. Dale's frock became a set black and her blue-veined throat rose out of it like a lily.

"Yes," was all she said, but it satisfied the questioner.

"Maybe I ought not to come, you're so different."

She gave a sharp cry. "Are you going to say that too? Tell me I'm gentry," she added viciously—"bolter gentry! Tell me to wait and see what Mr. Leswing says, that I'm set apart, that I must stay prisoner at World's End. Well, I won't—I'll run off! I'm young—I'll make people come to my parties!" She caught her breath as if she were going to cry again.

"I'll come if you like—only don't you see what I'm driving at? But you don't! Here we are—two young people yet totally different ——"

"The nuns said the law of contrast ——" began Dale.

"A wonderful law, God bless it!" John laughed happily. "But it must be carefully gone over by the two parties concerned. I had time to dream when I was fiddling, but I had to get down to realities when I sold onions. So I know both sides. I know this small-town atmosphere, Dale; you don't. I've speculated and read about such people as your father and mother. A gulf separates them from such as I. I'm a truck farmer, young and flushed with dreams—but a truck farmer. You're a well-educated rich girl belonging to the upper class. You are vastly different. You don't realize yet, but if you had to work as Glenny works, and wear plain things and —— Oh, bother! Here we are—what did that dress cost?" He pointed a strong brown finger at the filmy chiffon.

"I don't remember—about a hundred dollars."

"You bet it did—and those shoes and stockings to match?"

"Eighteen."

"Um. And that thing in your hair?"

"Ten," said Dale meekly, amazed at his sudden force.

"And that's the way you've got to be dressed or you wouldn't be Dale Aldis. And a hundred and twenty-eight dollars doesn't spring so easily from the soil. Do you know what it means to make clear a hundred and twenty-eight dollars? I do—I've sweated for it. And that's the way I'd want any girl I loved to be dressed, and be cared for correspondingly. I don't want to marry a girl and drag her down to the drudgery of a farmer's wife. Dale, you don't know how women work in the country. They have the men's work and their own as well, quite often. Think of it—the meals, the housework, the washing and ironing, preserving, helping in the field if a hand is sick, the weeding, light chores they call it—and they too often have to wash the buggy or help with cattle. Then children come and they haven't extra help—or pretty things to dress them in.

"Some of the best fellows I know, who honestly love their wives, expect them to work until the day they die. They start in fresh-faced girls with a little store of new ribbons and fixings; and year after year they grow pale and drawn and sharp-tempered, with calico dresses and made-over bonnets, and drive to country fairs to stare like gawks and hang upon a missionary meeting as a brilliant festival. No one intended this when it began—it just happened. The very fact of farm life ordinarily makes it so. It is the harshest taskmaster in the world, for you can't lock your desk and say: 'Nothing to do till to-morrow.' It is work, work, work—you give of your very blood to the soil—and your wife's youth; and your children run off as soon as they dare and make for the city."

He paused suddenly and began to whistle.

"Well—you needn't be a farmer," suggested Dale.

"But I love it—it is in my blood. I'm one of those who should till the soil. Things grow for me. Do you remember my vision of being a true American country gentleman? Dale, no knight of old intrusted with a mission ever felt its charge more sacred than I. It sounds rather cheap when you begin to express it in superlatives. But sometime you shall see what I mean—to make culture and a hand cultivator synonymous. Oh, I must succeed! I will succeed! But it isn't fair to ask you to share the years of grubbing before success comes. If you were a little more attuned with the world you would understand. You think a log cabin splendid—to tidy up! You funny, lovely girl, don't you know that tidying up isn't anything at all? And—and don't you understand that I can't keep coming here to see you and letting myself care when I've no right as yet ——" He dug his boot heel into the ground to emphasize to himself what a bally fool he was in danger of becoming.

"But suppose I ask you to come?" she urged.

"Then I'll come and learn to care and—of course if you want me to come, Dale. I will. But I've no right—yet."

"You've as much right as any man," Dale told him swiftly; "you are young and brave and sincere, and any man who is that may attempt to win whatever he wills."

"Do you think so?" He stopped digging at the soil.

"I know so!" she assured him with worldly wisdom.

"I should never have let myself dream—there's the rub. Knowledge is an annoying thing, Dale; it taps you on the shoulder just when you are drifting along at a beautiful pace ——"

She was silent.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked curiously.

"That it is very hard not to love people when you want to love them."

He took her hand. "Dale, I'm no presuming rustic. Just a man o' dreams with a hoe keeping him fast on earth. I've dreamed of you for years. You kept my boyhood fragrant—you'll never know just what that meant. This old house; this little island with its dead pets; your mother—a sort of magic princess too; the whispers about you whenever you came home with the nuns and were whisked away before we had time to be sure you were truly here. And now you're a lovely young woman and I've sense enough to know it. Dale, do you know why I peddled stuff like a banana vender to World's End and shipped all the rest to the city? You've guessed, haven't you? But you want to hear me say it. It was because it was the only way I could come to World's End, the nearest to knowing my dream princess—a silly habit, I suppose. Dale, I'm not afraid of the ultimate future—I'll make it all come true—as true as the end of a fairy tale. But it is the midchannel that I feel isn't fair to ask you to cross with me. That is the only reason I haven't played Balkan pirate with you long ago."

"You're trying your best to discourage me."

"Then you do like me?"

She nodded.

"I'm sorry-glad. You can't see the gulf as yet—but wait—wait until this Leswing comes. Dale, look at my hands—broken nails—uncared for. I don't wear these best clothes well. I'm at home in my corduroys and flannels. I'd rather wait until I can order from as good a tailor as any city man than send for eternal mail-order suits."

"I don't care about clothes," she insisted.

"Yes, you do! In calico you would be infinitely dreary."

"Suppose you loved me until you forgot everything else?"

"I'm so near the brink of it I'm dizzy," he answered. "I'm fighting against it—but I'm afraid I'm a traitor in my own ranks. After you left the cabin you seemed to have glorified it. All my dreams and ambitions have had you as the inspiration. I've often steadied myself by saying you were to be the sleeping princess—sleeping until success did come and I could wake you."

He buried his shaggy black head in his hands. Dale came close beside him, kneeling in the grass.

"Look at me, John-Giant," she whispered. "You mustn't wish that. Don't you know that makes me a slacker? It's part of youth's penalty that it must work and struggle. We young things have so much to make up for that—let the old have smug, wrinkled success. Look at me, John-Giant!"

"Well?" He was almost sullen, as if he charged her with trying to force upon him the tragedy of an unequal love.

"I'm not afraid of your midchannels. I love you—I believe in you. Won't you help me back from World's End?"

He pushed her aside. "You don't understand—I'm afraid neither one of us ought to be trusted."

"It is June," she said steadily, "and I am twenty-one. I am quite sure I love you."

"Remember, I am the first man you have ever known—wait ——"

"You are the last man I shall ever love. I will not wait!"

"Let's not decide to-night—let us each think hard, Dale—and then make ourselves talk it out. We must not hurry, because"—his strong face quivered—"if you do make me love you like I want—I'd fight like hell until you were mine—mine—mine! Do you understand now?"

Dale put cool slim hands on his cheeks. "I'll ——" she began.

A prosaic snore stopped them. Turning, they spied Glenny sitting with the stone of Hip Flitters as a backer, her cap on one side and spectacles marathoning down a pudgy nose. Chaperoning to the last ditch, Glenny slept at her post—and only Glenny knew how much she had heard.

Mischievously they tiptoed off the island.

"Won't she row when she wakens and finds we've fled?" Dale suggested. "Let me give you a van load of little cakes to take home."

"No," he protested; "just let me come again for them. Say when, Dale."

"Why, to-morrow!" she answered, quite aggrieved. "I thought you understood. John-Giant, this has been the most wonderful party in the whole world!"

IV

GLENNY'S remarks about wasted food lasted long after the little cakes had been consumed. But to Dale they were like annoying mosquito nips during an ideal sylvan expedition.

"I'm so happy, John-Giant," she told her lover, "that if Glenny didn't keep barking I'd float right up, up, up to the clouds—and above them. I must have something to keep me fast on the earth. You see it would never do to have it all perfect."

John smiled. "What does she say because I come to World's End?"

Glenny had kept out of the way like an unpleasant shadow. Ever since she wakened at two G. H., according to Dale, to find the candles burned to the sockets and imminent danger of fire, Glenny had had nothing to say regarding the episode.

"She doesn't say—she sniffs! Dear old Glenny, she can't get used to the new generation. Mirza and Lord Aldis brought her up in the way of exciting European intrigue with dazzling beauty and jewels and gay parties and intense snobbishness, and Glenny thinks that she cannot depart from it. She wants to surround me with a romantic halo, a sort of divine being to be kept from the world until some of the gentry come driving by. We can't understand Glenny, I suppose. She was the Countess of Spencer's maid before she was Mirza's."

They were walking through the garden on a misty June night. John paused beside a little summerhouse.

"Wait a minute, Dale! I want to talk to you."

She sat on an old settle, to look up at him with the unsophisticated love of twenty-one in her great gray eyes. Her organdie frock, with its army of tucks and a blue sash, seemed to emphasize her tall willowiness.

"How handsome you are," she told him simply. "Oh, John-Giant, your chin is a joy forever!"

He laughed, sitting beside her. "Dale, we've only known each other a few weeks, haven't we?" he began soberly, trying not to let his hand touch the slim arm temptingly near.

"No—years and years! I was your fairy princess."

"But as the world knows it?" The lantern jaw was in a harsh line.

"If you must be horrid—yes."

"This fellow, Leswing, will land here pretty soon, won't he?"

"I suppose," Dale's fingers touched his sleeve. "John, you must be tired. Were you working all day spraying nasty bugs?"

"Yes. Now, Dale, listen! I haven't the right to come here and play engaged as you suggested."

"Why?"

"Because I love you too much," he told her softly.

Dale threw her arms up to clasp her brown head. The yellow moon dipped down to bless them. Birds called a good night to their mates, and the breeze wafted the scent of pinks across the fading rose garden.

"Skittles!" she said, to his surprise.

"I wish it were—but we must think. I take things seriously, Dale—too seriously for my own good."

"I suppose Amherst has laughed at you, hasn't it—says I'm flirting; and a lot of cheap small talk?"

"That doesn't matter," he evaded. "I never depended on Amherst for my opinions. They may jeer all they wish—the crops grow just the same."

"It isn't true, either!"

"You don't think so?"

"I tell you I know!" she retorted.

"Dale, there's caste in America the same as there is in the Old World. Not the caste of brains alone, that is universal. Any cobbler who is clever at a gaiter can find a countess to boast for him. But the caste of justice is what I mean. Everyone who tries to be a good American tries to live up to it. Don't you see how unfair it would be to you and ——"

"To you," she finished.

"Yes." It seemed a relief that he had told her. "I can't marry you, Dale."

(Continued on Page 36.)

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Note the Mark of Long Wear

You have read advertisements about Neōlin Soles.

You have seen Neōlin-soled shoes in the windows of good retailers.

You have seen Neōlin Soles, unattached, on the repairman's bench.

Your friends have told you about these soles.

All that you know—all that you have heard—about Neōlin Soles attests that they are exceedingly comfortable, waterproof, non-slip, and that their tough durability makes them wear a long time and so cuts shoe bills down.

* * *

Probably you intend now to get Neōlin-soled shoes when next you need new footwear, and to have your worn shoes re-soled with Neōlin Soles.

But, when you come to buy—here is a word of caution—be *sure* you get Neōlin Soles.

They are identified easily. The trade mark Neōlin appears in slightly raised letters across the narrow part of the sole.

The brand is so plain you cannot miss it and it is worth your while to make sure it's there.

For this brand is the mark of sole flexibility that means easy-walking comfort. It is the mark of waterproofness and a non-slip tread.

Most important of all, it is the mark of long wear that means *real shoe economy*. What your shoes cost, per year, depends largely on how long the soles last—and Neōlin Soles *do* last.

So when you buy shoes—for yourself or for other members of your family—note the mark of long wear, Neōlin. If it is not there the sole is not Neōlin. *Mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

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Neōlin Soles

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 34)

Her pale face with its frame of dusky sweet hair was close to his.

"Because you are Dale Aldis, a beautiful, carefully reared girl, who knows nothing of Amherst and its ways—or of drudgery, no matter what love might inspire it. You would be dependent on me for society, and no two persons ought to be dependent solely on each other—it is deadly after a time. I've thought about it day and night since I first saw you this summer. I've fought with myself not to love you—but I do. I'd cut off my right hand before I'd let you engage yourself to a farmer. Sweetheart, I'm not good enough. I've tried to live above the customary environment. Plans may materialize and they may not. If they don't I can manage if I'm alone. I couldn't bear to see your dreams wither. I'm in no position to marry you ever."

"What do you think I'll do with my money—throw it away?"

"I hope so."

Dale stood up in her excitement. "You mean because Mirza and ——"

"That has nothing to do with you—I mean with the real soul of you. I never think of it any more than I hope you ever remember my father as a drunken fiddler. But the money seems a sop for silence ever after. I don't like it. I'd rather never see you again than to touch a single copper. If I ever marry I'll buy my wife's clothes and pay her way—every single nickel of it. You would be separating us forever if you ever urged anything else. Give it back—to his wife or children or whoever there is. You've no need of it. But there, I've no right to tell you."

"That money might not have separated us, might it?" Dale said, sitting down again. "I should have had to work and I shouldn't have had beautiful frocks and a useless education. You wouldn't have been afraid to ask." Her voice broke.

John turned; his strong arm touched her shoulder. "Don't you think I'm right?" he whispered. "Dale, I'm trying so hard to make myself be fair. It is better to stop now than to rush on into disillusionment."

"Then what shall I do?" she demanded. "To whom can I go? And where? Even if you leave me at the end of the world—I hate the money!" She buried her head in her arms. "I hate the money, I hate it!" he heard her sob under her breath.

"I've done it clumsily," he said, more to himself; "it is like tearing lace to make you cry. Dale, forgive me!"

She raised her head to look at him. Little lines had crept round her eyes. For an instant she seemed all woman.

"Don't leave me at World's End!" she whispered. "Let me work with you; let us work together to make dreams come true, John-Giant!"

"You're so young, Dale."

"So are you." She laid her head on his shoulder. Oddly, it seemed a modest gesture.

"You've never seen the world—your world. Perhaps you don't know your own mind. I told you before I was afraid to let myself care as hard as I wanted because I'd fight for you if I ever did."

"I want you to fight—for—me," she murmured like a drowsy child.

She looked up, her lips were close to his, and the brown hair lay in a trembling heap on his coat sleeve. He bent his shaggy head down; the deep-sea eyes were dark, mad things, but the moon veiled their expression. Dale winced as his young, joyous arms reached to gather her close. Young lips met young lips and the dream of a brief, ecstatic second was made reality.

Then Dale, smoothing the crumpled blue ribbons, stood back, aghast.

"Now will you fight—like—hell—for me?" she asked.

"I'll go to hell unless you marry me," he said; and he laughed—a sharp, short sound of triumphant madness. "You are mine, Dale!"

"Then I've left the end of the world," she said. "John, do you think mobcaps are nice things to wear? Of course Glenny will go to London and start a shop; you know the sort—bell on the door and living rooms in red plush in the rear. She'll have Mirza's and Lord Aldis' pictures enlarged and hung in the parlor, and mine will be in the back of the album in the attic! But we were talking of mobcaps—I think I shall certainly wear them."

"Dale, Dale!" He had forgotten the details of everyday life; ecstasy momentarily clutched him. He kept smoothing her hair away from her forehead with a tender, trembling hand; it grew in charming little curves, he discovered—bays of surprise he called them, kissing each one.

"It is proper to kiss each other, isn't it?" Dale asked.

He did not answer.

"Things can be so comfy, don't you see? There's a woman in the village that Glenny gets to clean; she wants to pay for a stone for her husband's grave and she's anxious for work. She can wash and do the heavy cleaning and we can ——"

The black head dropped onto her slim shoulder. "Dale," he said in a muffled tone.

"You're crying!" She raised his head between her hands. "John-Giant, what is wrong?"

"Nothing; but when a boy has dreamed for years of some one, and made himself fancy that some one was as aloof as the angels -and when that some one comes and offers herself and tries to be plucky and talks of mobcaps—and when you're a grubby farmer and you want to be a king and lead her to a throne—and—and she kisses you—and it's midsummer—something strangled that has ached for a long time in your throat suddenly blooms into a sob, Dale, and you cry—you cry—that's the best reason I know."

"Do I mean so much to you, John-Giant?" She was still all woman.

"Everything in this world—and the next!"

"Then kiss me again—and let's go on talking mobcaps," she demanded.

Amherst was not officially told of the engagement. But it needed no telling to make it supercilious toward John and entirely angry at Dale. To steal the best eligible from their girls was something they could not forgive. Amherst had looked with pride upon John Coventry as a self-made man. They delighted in recalling his father's shiftlessness and how by degrees the lad had extricated himself from the atmosphere of wretched fiddling, worse whisky, and rags stuffed in broken window-panes!

They pointed out John's log cabin and his flourishing garden with the same pride that they did the new fire house. Before Dale's return to World's End John had been a leader in his way, unconscious of his influence. The girls openly played for his attention, the boys respected his opinions. They said he read books in French and could tell why the rocks over at Panama were surely a glacier deposit. He had sung in the choir—though his theology was suspected of being unsound—and had gone fishing the same afternoon, calling in the evening on one of half a dozen village belles—thus making himself popular in all directions.

But since Dale Aldis' trunks had been carted up to World's End and her absurd invitations issued and refused John had been lost to the village. Report soon had it that Dale spent an entire rainy afternoon in his cabin; he was seen taking her home; also that he went to her party instead of to the church sociable, and that he called the following evening and every evening thereafter. Dale even came down to get an ice-cream soda, squired by John—a fact which soon crowded the ice-cream parlor beyond its capacity. It was noted that on Sundays he took her driving, with Glenny in the back seat of the hired stylish trap, holding a tea basket of luncheon and as grimly wretched as an idol suddenly removed from its shrine and sentenced to adorn a flippant den.

Amherst put one and one together and made two—John Coventry and Dale Aldis. After six weeks of this procedure—when John-Giant sang at his work and sent out of town for neckties and new clothes, was seen carving a desk set from cedar knuckles and tying huge bouquets of garden blossoms in lace napkins—Amherst said that Dale Aldis was doing what might be expected, fooling a country boy and breaking his heart. The village made preparations for first aid to the injured regarding John's affections. They said it was but a matter of time before Dale would tire of World's End and a country bumpkin and would close up the place as magically as it had appeared. Then John would come to his senses and return to choir singing and Sunday-night philandering with an eye to settling down and asking the best cook among the younger set to wear his signet ring.

John was unaware of the preparations. He knew that Amherst bowed coldly, but something about his personality forbade pertinent questions. He had planned with Dale to wait until Leswing came, unless he was an utter myth; then she could return the money and they could sell World's End, planning for their marriage.

Dale had told Glenny. "I'm so happy, Glenny, I've enough to spare if you feel lacking in joy."

Glenny had come into her dressing room just as she was going to bed. Dale, a lovely bundle of flesh-colored draperies, was lounging on the couch on which Mirza used to lie days at a time.

"I'm sorry you don't approve, but you don't know how wonderful he is," she continued.

"Keep your pity to curl your hair with," snapped Glenny.

Then she gave vent to a series of sniffs, sitting on the edge of a chair and wiping her spectacles with her apron's rim.

"Glenny, aren't you glad? Wouldn't you have been glad if Mirza and Lord Aldis had married?"

"Even queens in 'istory 'as 'ad their little moments," sniffed Glenny. "Why lug in the fact they never 'ad a meet at the haltar?"

"I don't, dearie. It is just to find out if you don't think it sensible to be married. You wouldn't advise my living with John-Giant, would you?"

Glenny started to faint, recovering as she reached the back of the chair. "I always planned you'd marry brilliant," she said; "it was the only thing that kep' me from my brother 'Arry these last ten year. The only kick against the pricks I could look forward to—but a farmer—a Yankee!"

"Oh, Glenny, don't go to Harry! Stay with us, please; you tie my sash so beautifully!" Dale had loosened her hair; it hung in a soft mass round her face.

"Whatever will you do—bake and sweep and ——"

Glenny rocked herself to and fro.

"I shall return the money to Lady Aldis," she added.

Glenny stopped rocking. "Mr. Leswing will put you right."

"I had to ask Mr. Coventry to marry me," continued Dale in maddening candor, "but he was quite willing. I shall not give back my piano or Trig or my last trunk of frocks. She couldn't make use of them. The piano will be wonderful for winter evenings. We intend to build a sun parlor at the side and raise the roof ——"

Glenny began brushing the soft hair. "If your mother 'ad lived she'd 'ave never let it come to this."

A bitter smile crossed the pink lips. "I'd have still been at the convent, the proper and romantic ending—a nun. I do not intend to be a nun, Glenny, but Mrs. John Coventry, of Amherst. Doesn't that last sound ever so much nicer?"

"It sounds like an order for the Lord Executioner," said Glenny with a last brutal brush.

John had avoided an encounter with Glenny. He knew the pleasant words she had in store for him and he mistrusted the shortness of his own replies. Besides, there was no sense in getting Glenny upset and weepy to Dale. But coming into the house one evening he met her with an unusually cordial smile directed in his own pathway.

"How are we this evening?" he asked.

"Quite roofy," she answered. "I've been extra engaged—cleaning the guest room. Mr. Leswing arrives to-morrow." And her wrinkled lips formed a triumphant smile.

Dale danced out to meet him. "Mr. Leswing comes to-morrow," she repeated; "it means we shall not have long to wait!"

Glenny smiled unseen. "If I 'aven't lost my memory," she informed no one in particular, "John C. will be waiting till the trumpet calls!"

V

A TRIFLE nervous Dale waited until the touring car shed its passengers. First, a correct English manservant, the very sight of whom warmed Glenny's heart to the cockles, superintended the transfer of bags, hatboxes, small trunks and a case of walking sticks. He stacked up the garden with a resigned air as if he expected to see Indians or American novelists hiding among the shrubbery.

"Humphrey," he said, introducing himself to the curtsying Glenny. Then he glanced at Dale with bored interest. "Master will be in directly. Which way?"

Glenny bustled ahead. Dale stood alone, to watch Philip Leswing, unwillingly dragged from his African lair by dint of business and rather curiously "bounding on," as he called it, to Amherst to see this child of a long-forgotten scandal.

Dale's first impression shattered her previous fancies of the grave but kindly business man of aging tendencies. Leswing had said the truth when he declared at his London club: "I shall never grow old -I shall gracefully cease to be young." And he had proceeded accordingly.

In his ultrablue traveling suit, immaculate as if he were to lunch with the queen, his low-set derby atilt over the rakish grizzled head, and the handsome hazel eyes smiling at her, Leswing presented the picture for any dream hero. There was a saber cut across his left cheek which added to the effect; so did the baked African complexion and the finely modeled sensitive lips, which could sneer as easily as they smiled. Despite his name of the Diamond King he wore but one jewel—his flapping silk gloves betrayed it on his little finger—a ring of palest gold with an impish stone that seemed an actual demon of magic. He called it the Cobra, and the ladies of Africa asserted nervously that it gave him supernatural powers of attraction, particularly when ricksha riding in the moonlight!

His walking stick swished the flowers with characteristic lack of consideration—the direct opposite of John-Giant, who painstakingly sidestepped a stray runner of a strawberry bed. His polished boots tripped on with a jaunty tread, and as he neared Dale he waved his stick at her, smiling alluringly.

Glenny, peering from the upper window, hungry for Leswing's greeting, told herself that the handsome boy, Philip, whom dowagers petted and débutantes fought for, had taken on a different guise. He was the same Philip—careless, generous, recklessly headstrong and dangerously sentimental, lackluster regarding the grubbiness of life, mad for the poetry of existence—but he had become satiated with life and its joys and embarrassments, mirthless from its flat jokes and saddened from the unexpected tragedies. He was merely looking on—smiling faintly at all he saw, believing nothing and caring for less.

"'E's a man grown," said Glenny, unconscious of the humor, "and 'e's suffered 'is bit -God bless 'im!"

She began clattering down the stairs while Humphrey, striving to readjust himself, began laying out proper dinner fig.

"You are quite as lovely as Mirza," Leswing was saying easily as he came up the steps. "Well, mystery repeats itself. My dear, I'm late reaching here, but I stopped in Paris. You know all women go to Paris when they die—but the men before. Kiss me, there's a nice creature. Ah, Glenny, don't go to crying; I've arranged a smashing affair between yourself and Humphrey. Humphrey is a widower, Glenny. Doesn't that strike you as quite tizzy? You good old soldier, how have you been?" He patted her on the shoulder.

Dale was silent. She followed him into the house, and as he entered he seemed to possess it unto the uttermost corner. He threw his hat and cane on the nearest chair. Glenny idolatrously picked them up. He drew off his silk gloves, the Cobra smiling at Dale.

"Are you tired?" she asked stiltedly. He seemed from another planet, a being set apart from her, totally fascinating and delightful, but different. She felt too tall, her hair poorly done and her nails in need of polishing.

"Not any more than usual. May I have a brandy? Ah, Glenny, you didn't forget! I suppose this is forbidden fruit for you, Dalekins?" He poured the liquor deftly.

"I don't drink—things," Dale heard herself saying.

Leswing glanced round the room. "Poor old boy and girl," he was saying more to himself. He went to the lacquered cabinet and pulled open a drawer with an authoritative air. Dale stood aside while Glenny followed him. Glenny and Leswing, bizarre charmer of another world, were looking over embers to find some last spark with which to fire memory.

"Here's the program for the costume dance at Frascati—remember? Gad, I haven't thought of it in years. Mirza went as the ice queen and Aldis rigged himself up as a king devil just for contrast."

"You were Sir Walter Raleigh," reminded Glenny ardently; "I sewed the sequins on your doublet."

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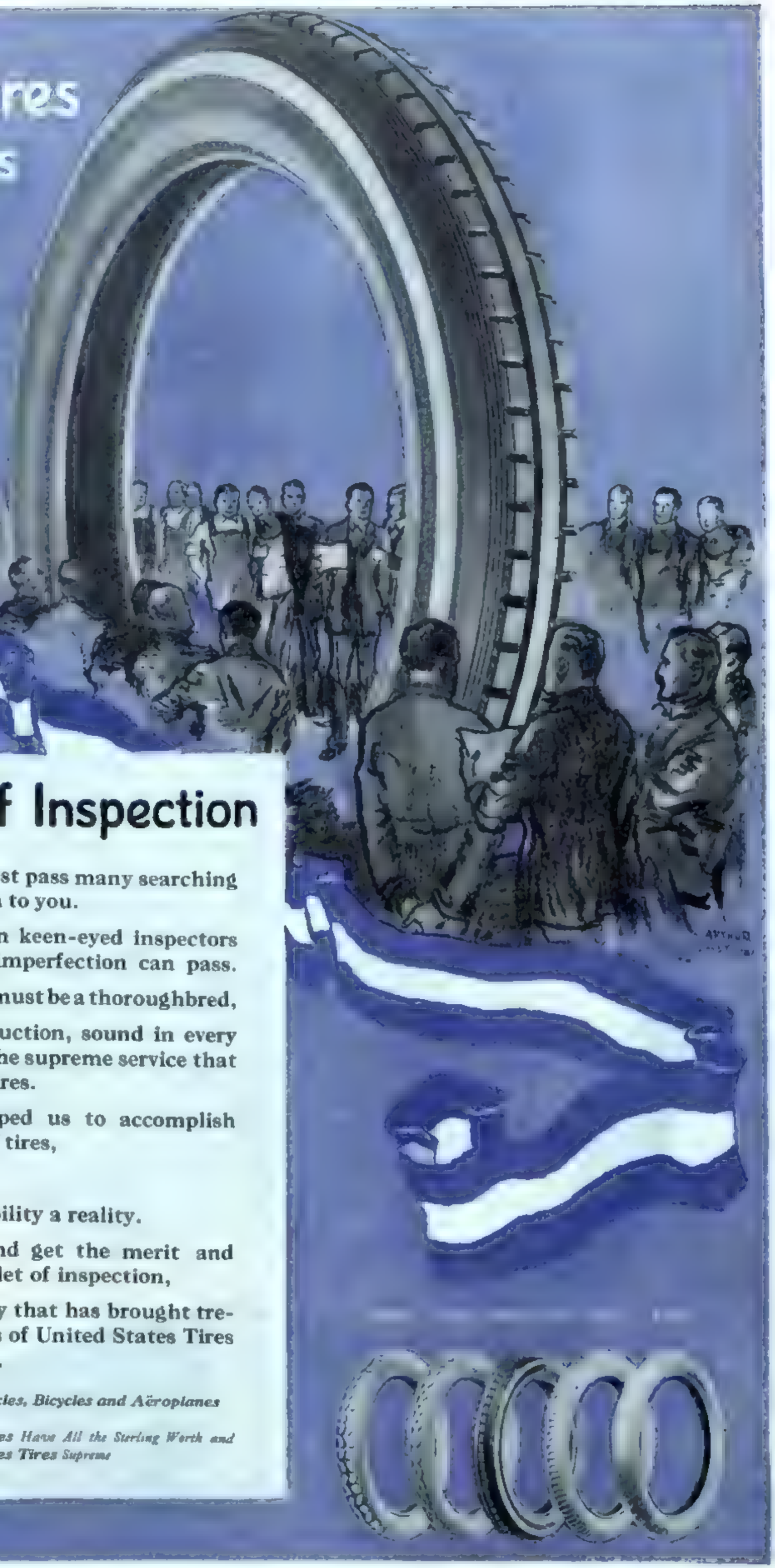

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(Continued from Page 36)

"So you did—I remember I molted all the way to the supper hall." He closed the drawer abruptly. "And what has Dale done with herself? Come, let me really see this Dale Aldis!"

She stood so the sunset shone on her face. Glenny had chosen her frock wisely—it was smoke-colored chiffon trimmed with silver and great cart wheels of pale blue beads.

"Aldis' chin," murmured Leswing, looking through a gold-rimmed monocle; "a stubborn little devil at times. His eyes too; and Mirza's grace; your hair quite your own idea. A lovely infant; been boxed up by nuns and glad to jump the stockade!"

Before she realized it he was gone.

Later, when Dale was wondering how John-Giant would look in a suit made by the best tailor in France, Leswing strolled into the drawing-room humming a song in his pleasant tenor. He was immaculate in white flannels, a black-pearl pin vying with the Cobra for supremacy. His grizzled hair was parted boyishly, and the bronze of his cheek shaded the saber cut into a fascinating mark.

"Play for me," he commanded in that light, graceful fashion at which Dale wondered. "I've the nicest surprise present for you—so you must be very nice."

"I don't play overly well," she ventured. She fancied he wanted her to dash off into some brilliant *valse*.

"Thanks be to heaven, I'm quite low-brow! A crude song of We Shall Wander by the River will quite set me off. You know we old boys are not overly steady on our heart pins! That's it. Now I'll have a cigarette if I may—and work myself into a mood as dreamy as a young ladies' seminary."

Lighting his cigarette he watched Dale as she softly played an old love song.

VI

FACING Leswing across the dinner table Dale experienced a new and startling sensation—that of being fascinated by this grizzled-haired, scarred man of the world, who asked questions with the enthusiasm of a schoolgirl and told anecdotes with the talent of a professional entertainer. She had expected Leswing to be bored with her—after the fashion of such persons in novels. She did not yet realize that Leswing was so utterly bored with life itself that one person more or less could not cause him to acknowledge his ennui.

He drew from her in a remarkably few moments the details of the convent school, the social conditions at Amherst, the desire for a saddle horse and a telephone. His voice, a trifle cloying, made a musical hum in the air after he ceased speaking.

Glenny, nervous as a badger lest some detail of the dinner go awry, nodded her approval. After a weary period of colonial gaucheries, it seemed life to Glenny to watch Leswing, as handsome and well poised as Lord Aldis had been, smiling at Dale with that pleasant expression which made the ladies of Africa and London alike hasten to write him three-cornered pink notes.

"Were you ever in New York?" he asked, as he glanced at the table to note several crudities in serving. Glenny had grown decidedly out of practice.

"Easter vacations with the nuns," she said drolly.

"Art gallery, lessons in drawn work, sacred concerts, bedtime at nine-thirty." He smiled sympathetically. "Tough luck to be a girl, isn't it?"

She nodded. She kept thinking of John, and that it was very good to be a girl, and of how she could best announce her engagement.

"What do you think Africa is like?" he said to bridge a pause.

"Jungle, woolly-headed natives and snakes," she answered honestly; "only you don't look as if you belonged with any of them."

"*Merci, mademoiselle*"—he lifted his cordial glass—"I have an all-consuming penchant for luxuries—so when I became wedded to diamond fields I appointed myself king of a small bit of land and built a palace thereon. I begrudge every moment I am forced to be away."

"Are you a bachelor?" she said naively.

"Officially." He gave a short laugh. "I've a hundred blacks who do as I say or be sjamboked into eternity. Paradisio is quite a castle, Dale, you've never heard of anything like it. Before I go away I shall describe it."

"Do!" murmured Dale, resting her elbows on the table unceremoniously. Orchard Lodge and Paradisio were decided polarities.

"What do you do evenings?"

Leswing waited for her to give the rising signal.

Dale hesitated, though the chance to speak of John-Giant had come. Those baffling eyes, looking at her so steadily, betrayed amusement.

"Nothing much," she found herself answering.

"Let's go over on that jolly little island. Do you smoke?" He handed her the cigarette case.

Dale shook her head in a horrified manner. John-Giant's tanned face seemed to look reprovingly out of the summer dusk.

"My dear child, then learn! Nothing is so flat as a woman who cannot smoke daintily—like an egg without salt. Just as an inveterate fiend is decidedly impossible. Try one! Why, my dear infant, don't you know that all your class smoke?" He was amazed at her refusal. "Some other time then. Do you read French? I've some good things in my bag if you like."

They walked over the bridge; Leswing sat down beside the squat Buddha.

"Was this Mirza's?" he said abruptly.

Dale, dabbling her fingers in the lily pool, looked up to nod. "Lord Aldis bought her that, Glenny said."

"I think I remember—a little shop in Prague. What worlds have been born and died since then!" He leaned back in reverie.

"How was your face scarred?" Dale demanded with childish frankness.

"Rescuing missionaries from bandits," he chuckled. Then he added: "I shall tell you the truth, for you've eyes which demand it. I was scratched by a French lady of temperamental make-up. She had grown quite beefy—I loathe beefy people—so I gave her some bank notes and a kiss—and tried to escape. She followed with a stiletto hairpin. Too bad to spoil my character right away, Dale, isn't it? But it is the truth."

Dale was silent.

"What are you thinking?"

"How terrible for you both. Couldn't you love her any more?"

"Impossible—not another liter of love in me. Come, sit beside me! I want to talk of something besides dead affairs."

"Don't you think that a person only really loves once?" she continued, thoughts of John-Giant coming with increasing force.

"Never! We'd be a stupid race if that were so—like only having one dimension. Of course there are many loves—there is the sickening love of youth, and the wild oats as a result; the splendid adventures of middle age; and the glow of Indian summer. I'm sorry to knock your illusions, but that's the way of it. . . . What a pretty frock! It gives you an interesting pallor. Did the nuns pick it out? I should judge so by the cut of the skirt."

She nodded.

"I want to see your frocks; I've an idea I can pick up something in Paris that would suit you."

"Can you buy women's dresses?"

He laughed, flecking the cigarette ash into the lily pool. "I am quite wonderful as a ladies' shopper—even unto matching hair. Let me decide on your perfume. That violet is crude; it belongs to shopkeepers' wives who are trying to be recognized through charities, you know—those knitting bags two yards wide containing mud-colored scarfs for the newsies. Rose is for house slaveys and clerks; and jockey club for barmaids and models. Magnolia is entirely a spinster's scent, languishing and of forlorn hopes; and lilac is for schoolmarms. Russian ladies are given to those weird combinations that follow your short bosoms unto the laundry bag and afterward. Let me see. I can get Proud, in Paris, to mix you something exclusive ——"

"Would it be quite expensive?"

Leswing's eyebrows uplifted in almost annoyance. "Beg pardon?"

"I mean, don't you think it wrong to spend so very much money on mere luxuries?" Dale was thinking of the plans she and John had made for buying an extra acre of land.

"I admit that allusions to cheap thrift do fleck me on the raw," Leswing told her. "I presume the nuns with their everlasting humility instilled the idea—but drop it, Dale! The sooner the better! My dear infant, the world is for three purposes: One to make money; another to spend it; and the third to love as often as one wishes."

Dale watched his slender hands, just a suggestion of a woman's about them, reach up to stroke the scarred cheek, the Cobra winking at her enticingly.

"I don't believe I understand the way you think," she said finally; "you are so different from anyone I have ever met."

"How larky! I'm quite a type abroad—only I've more money and I care a trifle less about living, and so on, than the rest. Stop staring up into the sky and tell me about yourself."

"John-Giant ——" she began and then stopped. "When do you return?" she said lamely.

"In a day or so. I must stop in Paris, for I plan never to leave Paradisio again."

"Never?"

"There's nothing else I care to see or no one I care enough about to live away from it. When I leave Paradisio I shall be correctly togged for the long sleep, and the blacks will sham mourning as the cortège passes." He flung his cigarette into the pool, where it made a little hiss.

"What a horrid future!" Dale remarked bluntly.

"If you saw Paradisio you would understand. What a perfect profile you have! Turn your head, so; a silver coronet would look well hiding among dusky waves. . . . Gamy flapper, I believe. No chance in this silly old place."

"I'm glad you think so." She clasped his hand impulsively. "I don't want to stay."

"You needn't. We'll find a chaperon and you may travel. You'll marry or decide to do something. I hope you decide to do something, for if you married you'd love with the fierceness of a lion and the innocence of a lily. Such love can be quite awful," he murmured.

Dale was silent.

"The dew is here. Let's browse in. May I drink upstairs?"

"Please do. Glenny fixed things. I'm afraid I bore you."

They stood in the faded drawing-room, the red lamp making Dale's frock like a rose-clouded dawn.

"You've not been brought up a Continental flapper—but I never did like Continental flappers. American young things are calm and poised, and interested only in two things—themselves and their clothes! Interesting for a dinner or an afternoon, but that is all. You are not a young thing, either. The *jeune fille* is more to my liking; she usually recites war poetry in a well-bred voice, and minuets at costume balls. Our London flappers are always poorly dressed and have enormous appetites for jam tarts, while they chatter of croquet and Zeppelins all in the same breath ——"

"Then whom do you like?" Dale had seemed to grow up to him; she was a graceful young woman instead of a girl of twenty-one.

"No one—everyone," he said lightly.

"Who likes you?" she returned archly.

"I'm the unfortunate lad, Dale. The women who seek out the Diamond King are always cursed with a mania for flunkies and coronets, pet monkeys and ropes of pearls—tall, stately creatures who demand your devotion. Then I seem to run favorite with the original barnacle girls—little white-faced things with entirely too much soul, yet they eat an amazing quantity of mayonnaise while they tell you of their psychic experiences! Then the widows —— Oh, Dalekins, I must devote an entire evening to telling you about widows—they are a race worthy of a whole chapter. Let's say good night!" He was laughing like a schoolboy.

Dale smiled. "If you ever should start to love anyone," she told him, "it would be quite a worn-out affair, wouldn't it?"

Leswing's eyebrows lifted quickly. "I trust I have served my country sufficiently." He gave a military salute.

"How different you are! I fancied you a proper person, who could quote Scripture."

"You don't know how pretty you are when you laugh, Dale. I shall call you Glory Dimples. So I'm different? Glory Dimples, do you know that youth and slimness and soft chiffon make an extremely companionable trio? Don't ever go to wearing stiffish things except for riding."

"I never knew men bothered over women's clothes." She was thinking of John-Giant, who looked in reverence at whatever she chose to wear.

"Probably bricklayers don't. But we bad men can tell to a shoe lace what is and what is not becoming."

"I don't think I like that." Dale moved toward the stair.

"Ho—a mind all your own too! Thank fortune! I despise a glib creature who says 'perfectly lovely' after each remark. Do row with me! I'm quite fit for battle."

"I don't know what I like about you most; I think it is that scar"—she played into the spirit—"even if I must pretend that you rescued missionaries. I know what I don't like—your plans for special perfumes and frocks and burying yourself alive in Africa."

"I know what I like about you, Glory Dimples—you," he retorted. "I say, is Mirza's room the same?"

She nodded.

"The ermine blanket and the Brittany needlework?"

"Would you care to see?"

"A thousand thanks." He tripped after her.

"This room doesn't suit you, Glory Dimples. There's one at Paradisio you should have." He glanced carelessly about. "Let me tell you faintly what it is like. It was inspired by the picture of Saint Ursula's Dream—it is in mauve, accented by Italian-marble walls. The white-and-gold bed belonged to the beautiful Lady Hamilton. I will tell you of her sometime. When the doors close chimes of fairy bells play, and opening out of one side is the swimming pool, all done in a silvery sheen with mother-of-pearl shells for a border. You can tiptoe from your room to play mermaid for an hour, and not even an elf know that you have so done."

"How very beautiful!"

"Ah, but you should see, not hear. Why, here is a frightful combination—on the cabinet!" He pointed at a filigree bowl crowded with John'soffering—Queen Anne's lace and scarlet poppies. "Surely Glenny has never deteriorated to this. Do you like gardenias? I'll wire for some in the morning."

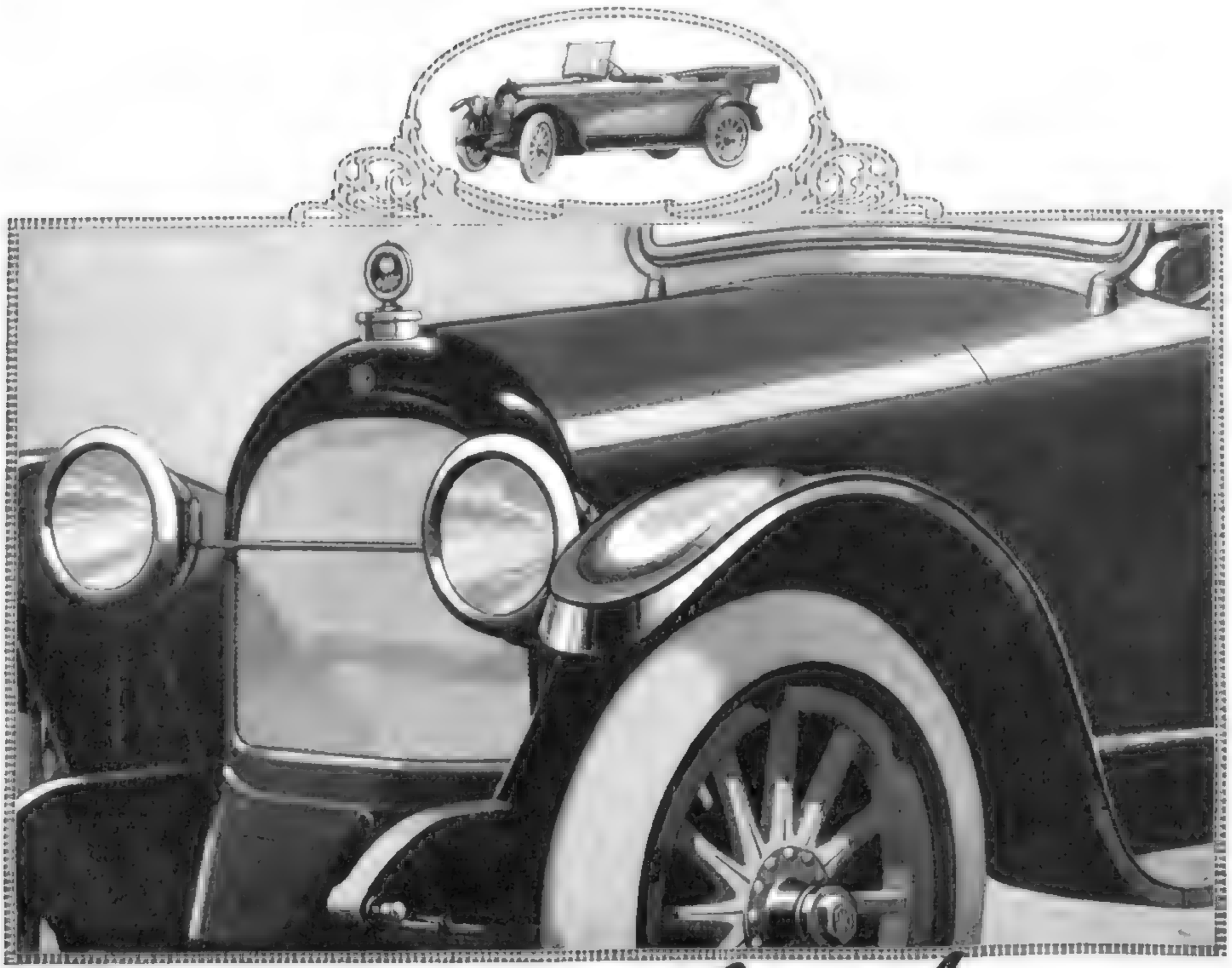
Dale threw back her head with a proud defiance. She told herself it had been cowardly snobbish to conceal her engagement. John-Giant, with his honesty, his fresh unspotted love—and Leswing, baffling, fascinating but quite tattered and torn, the Cobra blinking maliciously as his white womanish fingers stole up to the dimpled scar! John-Giant, to whom a dollar meant a book on farming or seed—Leswing, to whom a thousand dollars meant some useless trifle tossed aside when the novelty departed; to whom London, Paris, Vienna were as sparse spots of interest as the neighboring township was to John-Giant. John-Giant with Orchard Lodge—Leswing with Paradisio and his blacks to do his bidding or be sjamboked into eternity! John-Giant with his Laird of McNab, trusty old horse of shaggy mane and altogether too bulky ankles for aught but a brewery—Leswing, who bid for the world's prize stallion and had motors constructed to meet his wildest fancy. John-Giant, simple American of the old school, wearing his corduroys and flannels as an honorable uniform—Leswing in white flannels and a cravat of softest silk, with his grizzled head and baffling eyes, which had looked upon life in so many guises that it seemed merely an amusing masquerade at which he could swiftly discern each masker and name him cynically!

"They were given me," she said after a pause, "by some one I love. There is something I should have told you as soon as you came. The flowers are from John Coventry's garden—a young farmer, a very wonderful young farmer," she repeated. "And the handsomest young farmer I have ever seen. He is strong too—he lifts me as if I were a featherweight. He is only twenty-four. When I used to come home with the nuns he would watch me at the station and through a chink in the fence—so you see I have really known him a long time. He was very poor. His father was a fiddler—but his mother was well born. The family never forgave the marriage. John-Giant has studied nights and worked days on his farm. He has wonderful plans for the future of the American farmer—oh, I know he is going to succeed. He lives in a log cabin—the dearest log cabin ——"

"And you love each other and intend to live in the dearest log cabin until these wonderful dreams come true!" Leswing was laughing.

"How did you guess? Only the cabin is to be changed into a white colonial house with green shutters. John will never be content with cabins. He is going to raise cattle and ——" She stopped, suddenly self-conscious.

(Continued on Page 41)



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(Continued from Page 39)

Leswing put his hands in his pockets, swaying back and forth. As he did so he upset the vase, and the scarlet poppies and the Queen Anne's lace lay in dripping confusion.

"So sorry," he began, making a pretense at restoration.

"It doesn't matter." Dale laid the dethroned offering on a chair.

"Ah—you've not lost time! For a cloistered flapper you have done quite well."

"I love John-Giant," she said simply.

Whereupon Leswing experienced the realization that Glory Dimples was no flat-chested, vague girl to be molded at will. Also, that he was standing in her bedroom—her frilly things for the night lay on the little couch, blue satin slippers peeking from underneath. The canopied bed was opened by Glenny's faithful hands—its fleecy appointments seeming to chide him for his presence. He had been quite unconscious of these facts until she had said "I love John-Giant."

But now he began to follow the blue veins in the slim ivory throat and note the curve of the fullish lips and the violet grayness of her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said in altogether a different tone. Then he laid a satin case on the stand—just where John's flowers had rested. "I told you I had a surprise. May I give it to the future Mrs. John Coventry?"

She opened it, to find a ring holding a diamond of perfect cut.

"Oh, no! It is altogether too wonderful for a farmer's wife—even if John-Giant does become the String-Bean Czar! Why, this is worth nearly all that John-Giant owns in the world!" She felt that life was an unfair tyrant taking things away from John-Giant and giving them to Philip Leswing.

"My dear, I'm much older than you"—Leswing's eyes narrowed—"and I loved your father so well that I chose to serve the woman he loved after he was dead."

"And his daughter too," Dale added humbly.

"Then slip this ring on—tell this John-Giant I am the fairy godfather supplying the engagement symbol."

"Oh, no—that would never do."

Dale stopped in confusion. John-Giant had been planning to have his mother's ring made over for her—a thing of quaint braided gold.

"Very well." Leswing dismissed the matter gracefully. He had also become aware that the dusky brown hair and the satiny skin had the odor of crushed white blossoms—they needed no special fragrance. Something stirred in his baffled heart, something which he had believed was quite dead!

"Good night," he added, "until tomorrow."

Dale reached up to kiss the scarred cheek. She thought it the proper thing—and also to whisper what the nuns had taught her: "May God bless you and send you a vision."

He found his way to the drawing-room. Glenny came creeping in.

"'As she told you, Master Leswing?"

He nodded. "What sort is he?"

Glenny unburdened her monologue of troubled fears.

Leswing interrupted rudely—he treated Glenny as he did all who labored for him—with infinite contempt. Yet Glenny, as did all his servants, adored him.

"Here, get yourself half a hat!" He handed her a bill. "I'm going out to smoke."

Passing onto the veranda he sought a hammock and threw himself down in weary fashion. The cigarette glowed like a danger spot in the night. Leswing swung to and fro with a subtle motion. The blue-veined throat and that slim curved figure. . . . "I love John-Giant," she had said. . . . And the toss of the proud little dusky head. . . . Engaged to John Coventry, a ridiculous boy of twenty-four given to absurd dreams. . . . A bouquet of poppies and Queen Anne's lace. . . . Paradisio with the Saint Ursula Room waiting for an occupant. . . . How like her father in the way she spoke when she was angered—how like Mirza when she walked; and how very well she played the old love song. . . . Magical touch of dewy lips. . . . "May God . . . send you a vision." His hand stole up to touch the dimpled scar; and as he did so the Cobra, herald of disaster according to the ladies of Africa, showed with a mocking sparkle.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OUR IMPORTED TROUBLES AND TROUBLE MAKERS

(Continued from Page 4)

nominally; and their opposition to the country is more or less stupidly effected. They are bulk only, but they have their mass effect, and they readily support anything that might tend to embarrass the country and its war makings. They are a contributing factor to the movement, but furnish little brains for it.

Doing their shares along these lines are the various other classes I have enumerated—the theorists; the publicists, who must ventilate their ideas; the half-baked altruists and numerous partisans. None of these perhaps is specifically trying to get much more than a gratification of personal vanity out of it for doing a mistaken duty toward his fellow man; but the fact of it all is that they are so obsessed of themselves and their ideas that they associate themselves in any quarter where they may get exploitation, and are willing to go to any lengths to secure results they think are desirable.

The most selfish man in the world, the most unthinking, the most dangerous, is a man obsessed of a humanitarian theory. He insists on uplifting all mankind regardless of whether mankind desires to be uplifted or not, and he will overthrow any established order to gain his desire. These have been easy prey for the real agitators, and they have been led to extremes of both expression and action.

It would take a book adequately to discuss the I. W. W. movement in this country, its spread, its developments and its dangers. It had its beginnings in an effort to transplant and Americanize French syndicalism; and those beginnings, owing to the coldness of organized labor and the character of the men who made the first ventures, were necessarily recruited from unorganized, floating and largely hobo laborers—or nonlaborers, rather. It lacked intelligence and lacked purpose, save the purpose of destructiveism. It grew in numbers because its doctrines of destruction and its claim that existing property would through its efforts be forcibly transferred from owners to this riffraff appealed irresistibly to the floating and hobo laborer, especially as he was led to believe that this pleasant transfer would be accomplished with no greater effort on his part than rude sabotage and such incendiarism and other violence as might casually be required.

The I. W. W. has its greatest strength in the West, including the Northwest and the Southwest, and has been particularly active in its demonstrations since the war began. From a loose-jointed, nonorganized movement it has developed to a condition of considerable cohesion and strength, mainly because a number of men of higher intelligence than those originally fostering the movement have taken hold and are using their naturally revolutionary tendencies not only to organize but to preach doctrines that have strong appeal to the class of men they recruit—the tramping workers, the hobos, all the flotsam and jetsam of the mines, the forests, the farms, the ranges and the beaches.

These leaders profess opposition to war because war gives them an easy and inflammatory subject for revolutionary incitement. The war was a boon to the organizers and head men of the I. W. W. They were getting into difficult position, what with national, state and local prosecution, harrying and onslaught; but with the war as a topic for urging upon their members and those susceptible of membership the horrors of capitalism, the evils of decent work and the rights of the bums and hobos, they took new strength.

Also, the war gave impetus to the regulation of them by law. So it worked both ways. While I was in the West I saw, at several post offices, posters showing front and profile pictures of perhaps a hundred active members of the I. W. W. who were

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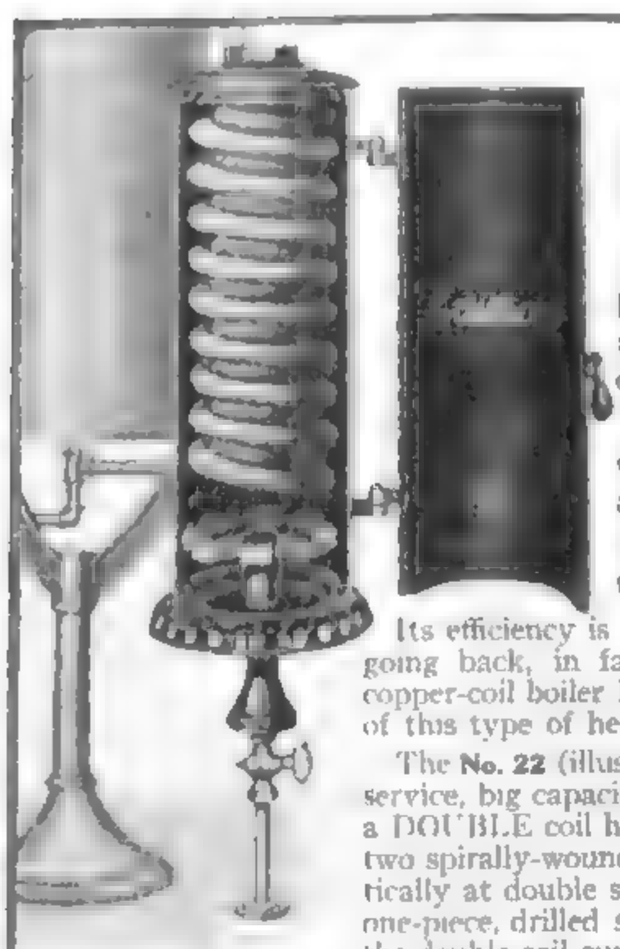

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wanted by the authorities for various violences, including arson and theft, sabotage and destruction. No rogues' gallery in the country has pictures of a hundred tougher mugs than those; and they are types of the membership.

Yet we find, in various publications written by some of the dissenting intellectuals I have described, defenses of these men, usually based on the grounds of liberty and equality; and protests against their treatment by the orderly forces of those places they infest. The reason for those defenses is not that there is any particular interest in the I. W. W., but that there is an interest in the Bolshevik tendencies they, in a rough way, demonstrate. They stand in their crude and criminal way for opposition, and these theorists have no hesitancy in stretching their theories to mantle any instrument, however crass, that may give them opportunity to spin words to justify their "new order."

The I. W. W. has developed into a formidable organization, with its crafty and disloyal leadership, its Eastern sympathizers and its Western activities, because it has been seized upon as a medium for protest. Naturally it affiliates largely with that section of the foreign-born population that brought all its inherent revolutionisms with it, and retains them; naturally it affiliates with the tramp, the hobo, the bum, the ruffian and the criminal. Naturally, through the craft and cunning of its leaders, it has adopted for its principal tenet the transfer of property from those who have it to those who have it not—and that, since time began, has been the chief and most effective inciteriment for such crusades; naturally its doctrines must be preached in the broadest terms of force in order to get an understanding among its low-browed membership. The men who are running the I. W. W. know how to make the effective appeal, and the present state of unrest has given them a great advantage in the way of maintaining their strength of numbers.

Ever since the days of the Knownothing Party and before that, even, there has been wide discussion of the problem presented by our foreign-born population—questions hinging on unrestricted immigration and the ultimate consequences of it; innumerable allusions to the melting pot, and thus and so. This present war situation has proved specifically what unprejudiced observers have known for a long time—the truth that though this country may be a melting pot a good deal of the material that goes into the pot does not melt. That a good deal of it does melt only makes the nonfused elements stand out in bolder relief. There are certain sections of this country, particularly in some of the larger cities, where percentages of the foreign-born population are as foreign to all that is American as those percentages were before they took ship for these shores.

The Party of the Discontented

I shall have occasion to refer to that phase of our nationality later in this article. The points I want to assert here are that this nonfused foreign element is easily susceptible to any and all movements that seek to overturn existing things, and that recruits to the I. W. W and other similar organizations are readily found among these people. Also, their own leaders of thought and action are in many cases extreme radicals, and the propaganda of these men is anti-American as well as anti almost everything else. It is not my intention to make this statement broadly inclusive. There is ample evidence on every hand and in every center of foreign-born population of a concrete understanding of Americanism and a complete loyalty to our institutions. What is lacking is that Americanization that includes them all. The melting pot has not melted every element cast into it. Perhaps the fires have not yet burned long enough. Perhaps the ultimate result will be a complete fusion. I do not intend to argue that. My point is that at present in cities like New York, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Chicago and other centers where immigrants have flocked in large numbers there exists a certain proportion of foreign-born men who, because they have not assimilated Americanism or do not want to assimilate it, are being used for ulterior purposes by leaders who are anti-American, either theoretically or actually.

The most convenient medium for the making of such protest as is required by the circumstances always is the Socialist Party. Socialism struggles along in this country with many nonsocialistic sins piled on its shoulders. When the savage orator, political or economic, and the average leader writer refers to socialism he uses the term in its most offensive sense. In our ordinary usage socialism is confounded with anarchy, and anarchy is always synonymous with force. The real trouble with socialism in this country is that there are too many Socialists and not enough socialism. Each Socialist is his own particular kind of Socialist, and not many of them can define their terms.

Always socialism has been the refuge of the theorist, and always socialism in a political sense has been used as the medium for protest. The political strength or lack of strength of the party never is concretely shown, for in most elections when there are Socialist candidates the dissatisfied in all other parties, the disgruntled, vote the Socialist ticket as a medium for registering their protest. That was so in the recent mayoralty election in New York, where Hillquit received 141,739 votes and 3589 soldier votes out of a total civilian and soldier vote of, roundly, 670,000; and it was so in the recent senatorial election in Wisconsin, where Berger received a hundred thousand votes. This has been shown again and again in local and other elections in many parts of the country.

Unassimilated Foreigners

Wherefore, whether socialism deserves the onus or not, it is held to be an instrument in such opposition as I am discussing, and it attracts to itself many of the elements that are potentially Bolshevik, as I am using the term, particularly foreign-born elements; and indeed in its larger manifestations the Socialist Party, as I shall show presently, is an alien party, not American except in the persons of a certain small proportion of its spokesmen. Organized labor in this country—and particularly the American Federation of Labor—is directly opposed to Socialism, whereas organized labor in most other countries is directly socialistic, and directly political in its wider scope. Therefore the natural line of affiliation in these times is between the I. W. W. and similar organizations and the sort of socialism that is used for protest also.

I am well aware that this statement will cause Socialist protest, but it is the fact, nevertheless, in the present circumstances. The socialism that is displayed politically in this country at the present time is not the socialism that has attracted many Americans to its principles, but a socialism that is largely supported by the foreign-born population in this country and that is largely used as a protest against and a menace to our present institutions.

So far as organized labor is concerned there is a constant conflict between socialism or, to put it more definitely, radicalism of the extreme type and the present conservative leadership. Many radicals have worked their way into the larger labor organizations and are spreading their doctrines, especially in the Far West, but the older leaders are still in control and probably will remain in control. Most of these radicals are foreign-born. When you come to reckon it up, the great bulk of the men who are active in their various ways in fomenting disorder and preaching a millennium that shall come through the separation of all property from those who own it now and the conferring of that property on those who are demanding it without the unpleasant recourse of having to work to get it—the great bulk of these men are foreign-born. In the large sense most of our troubles of this sort have been imported from Europe, anyhow. The melting pot hasn't done its job thoroughly.

An analysis of the vote cast in New York for Hillquit, made by Dr. Harry Best, gives interesting and conclusive support of this contention. Doctor Best, in making his analysis, used the figures of the latest national census and the latest New York census in determining percentages of population in the districts where Hillquit received the great bulk of his vote. It was found that the Hillquit vote in New York last November—which was an anti-war vote, a vote of opposition, a non-American vote—came from comparatively restricted districts in the city, and that these districts are predominatingly and overwhelmingly alien in population—nonmelted, nonassimilated.

Hillquit had pluralities in 335 election districts, of which 129 were in Manhattan, 107 in Brooklyn, 96 in the Bronx and three

(Concluded on Page 45)

When Your Springs Break Put On Vulcan

Wherever You Are; Whatever The Car:
A Sturdy Vulcan Is Near To Replace It.

VULCAN SPRINGS have been on the marke twelve years, and from a modest start, has grown the largest exclusive leaf-spring replacement business in the world. The general need for a good spring of dependable quality at a moderate price, made this possible.

The spring breakage in America's five million passenger cars and trucks is a large aggregate, for most springs are subjected to intense punishment, but a large proportion of these are now **permanently replaced** by

VULCAN SPRINGS

Their worth is proved under every condition of road and load.

They **make good** because they are **made good.**

3000 Dealers

This is the approximate number of dealers, garages, etc., where Vulcan Springs are sold, and service given. When a spring breaks, regardless of where you are, you will find the Vulcan Service Sign within a reasonable distance, for in twelve years it has come to be a **Universal Service. Look For This Sign.**

VULCAN QUALITY VULCAN

The Replacement Spring

There's a special Vulcan for every standard make of car; an exact duplicate of those your car is now equipped with. Live dealers carry a full assortment for all popular cars.

Vulcan Quality: Well informed and experienced experts in the trade consider Vulcan quality and service as beyond dispute.

TO DEALERS

Dealers Wishing To Stock Vulcan Springs Will Be Furnished With Catalog And Discount Sheet Upon Request.

ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT VULCAN

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St. Louis, Missouri	1402 Chestnut Street
Minneapolis, Minn.	1024 Hennepin Avenue
Dallas, Texas	209 South Houston Street
Reading, Pa.	538 Franklin Street
Sumter, S. C.	29 Caldwell Street

IN EVERY TOWN FOR EVERY CAR

JENKINS VULCAN QUALITY SPRING CO.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

Barrett Everlastic Roofings

For *Every* Kind of Steep-Roofed Building—

The name "Barrett" is known wherever roofing and roofing-materials are used. Millions of buildings in all sections of this great country are today protected from the elements by roofs which bear our name, and we stand back of every one.

Our most famous product in this line is Barrett Specification Roofs. *They cover most of the large, permanent, flat-roofed structures of America.*

Equally satisfactory in *its* field is our Everlastic System of Roofings, for *steep-roofed* buildings of every kind, including residences, garages, factories, and farm-buildings.

The Everlastic System includes roll-roofings in the popular "rubber" type, or with a beautiful crushed-slate surface in either red or green. Also individual and strip shingles, slate-covered, in colors.

The Everlastic Roofings are all low in price and economical to lay. They are made of high-grade waterproofing materials and are fire-resisting. They give unusual service for the money expended.

Below follows a brief description of each, which will give you some idea of what the Everlastic line is like. Don't fail to read it—and more important, don't fail to see this famous line at your dealer's the next time you call there.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

This is our most popular line and thousands upon thousands of buildings all over the country are protected from wind and weather by Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable, and very low in price. It is also easy to lay, no skilled labor being required. Nails and cement are included in each roll.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

This is the most beautiful and durable roll roofing made. It is manufactured of the same materials as Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing but has a beautiful surface of real crushed slate, either red or green. The slate not only makes a very handsome roof but one that is fire-resisting and very durable.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles

This is the newest thing in roofing, being *four shingles in one.* When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of your very best buildings. Being four shingles in one, they save a great deal of time in laying and require fewer nails. Red or green slate surface.

Everlastic Tylike Shingles

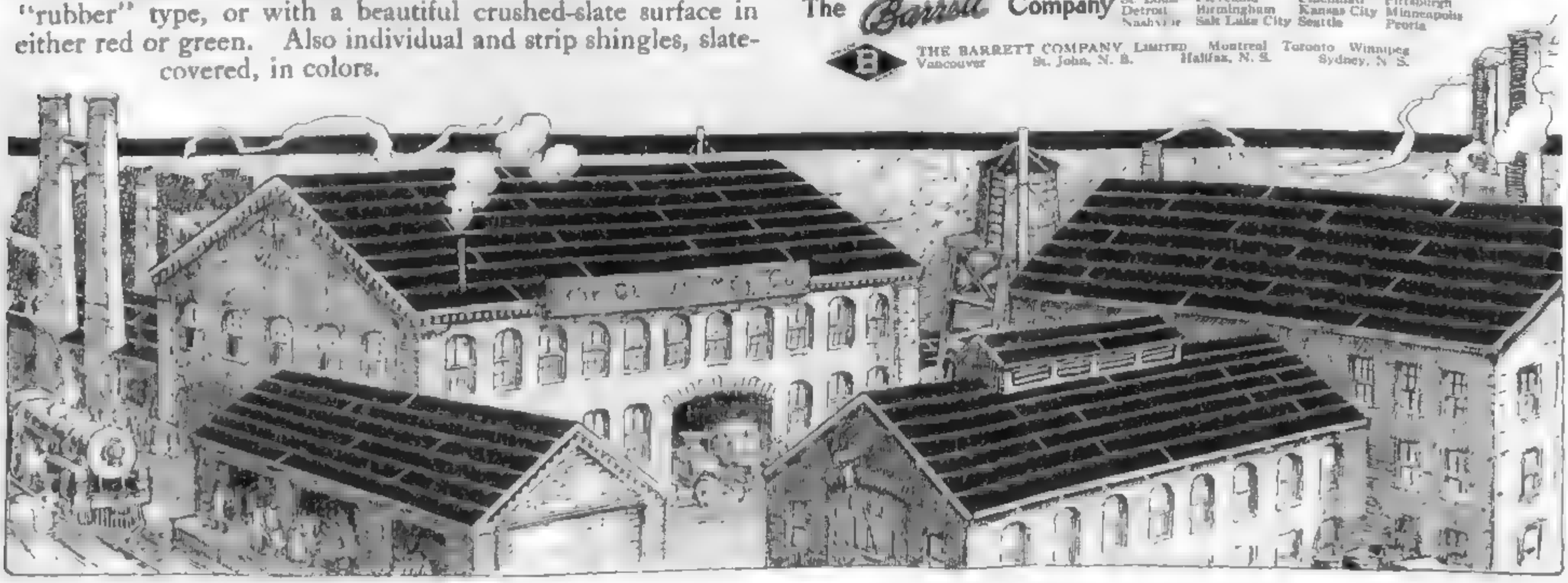
These are made of the same material as the Slate-Surfaced Roofing (red or green) mentioned above, but come in individual shingles. The finished roof is far more beautiful than one of ordinary shingles and, in addition, Tylike Shingles are fire-proof and cost less per year of service.

BOOKLET FREE Write for booklet describing these roofings and also other Barrett Specialties that you constantly need.

The Barrett Company

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Birmingham, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Nashville, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Peoria

THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.



(Concluded from Page 42)

in Queens, or about one-seventh of all the election districts in the greater city. Practically, as the complete election returns show, the Hillquit vote came from five sections of the city, where the vote was almost solid for him. Of the 335 districts giving Hillquit a plurality 213 gave him a majority as well.

Now then, in these sections of New York where Hillquit had this great strength—on an anti-war platform, remember—there live twenty-seven and nine-tenths per cent of the total population of the city. With a normal distribution of population that would be the percentage for the nationalities which have largest representation in New York. Instead, it is found that in these sections the percentages of nationalities are as follows: Austrians, 57.6 per cent; Hungarians, 41.3 per cent; Rumanians, 70 per cent; Russians, 60.8 per cent; Germans, 23.1 per cent; Italians, 14.6 per cent; and Irish, 12 per cent. These percentages show how the people of foreign origin congregate in these Hillquit sections.

Further, in the districts where Hillquit's vote centered these percentages of the people who voted for Hillquit prevailed: Russians, 26.3 per cent; Austrians, 12 6 per cent; Germans, 10.6 per cent; Hungarians, 3 4 per cent; Italians, 5.9 per cent; Irish, 5.2 per cent; other foreign populations, 22 per cent. There are 13.2 per cent of native Americans in the sections of New York that went almost solidly for Hillquit.

As will be seen, the main support for Hillquit came from these racial groups, from persons who were born or whose parents were born in Eastern Europe. Of course the vote for Hillquit comprises only that portion of the population that is naturalized, and that means not all of the foreigners of voting age by a large number. However, the fact is that these entire sections, predominated by alien-born, were strongly in support of Hillquit and his anti-war and anti-American platform—almost entirely, in fact, thus showing the sympathies of this class of New York's population, even when those sympathies could not be made entirely effective by power to vote.

It is quite probable that if the vote Berger received in Wisconsin both in the primaries and at the election could be thus analyzed, similar conditions would be shown; though it is likely that the vote of German extraction would figure to a greater per cent. Thus these concrete examples demonstrate the truth of the contention that this nonfused element of our population provides its large share of the menace which is under discussion. Also, these examples show that the Socialist Party as such is non-American before it is anything else.

The Minority Will Not Rule

There are five and a half million people in the United States who cannot read or write the language of this country, and many of these make no effort to learn to read or write it. More than a million and a half of these are not foreign-born but are native-born. Taking these, with the larger number of millions who, speaking the language to some extent, are in effect as foreign in their sympathies as if they retained all their former tendencies, we have an element in our population that is particularly susceptible to propaganda that has for its incentive the very ends which all these elements I have described here are working for, either directly or indirectly—the coalition of all the discordances into one great discordance—a Bolshevik movement, bearing in mind that I use the term as descriptive and not as definitive.

In making conclusions we must not overlook the fact that this discontent, as typed in their various manners and by and with the aid of these various elements, is of longer standing than the war period. We saw it at Bayonne, at Lynn, at Paterson, at Butte, at Youngstown, at Bisbee and in many other places. In a social organization such as ours such demonstrations are inevitable. They become ominous when they have even a loosely correlated cause. The attempt now is to correlate this cause so it shall have the same meaning in the Far West as in the Middle West and in the East—to nationalize it instead of allowing each locality to assert itself sporadically. That is what much of this various demonstration means—this organization of various leagues, sections, groups; this continued persistence of the I. W. W.; this covert propaganda against the present economic, social and political status.

But—and here is the main consideration—whatever adventures in radicalism we may take—and those adventures may be predicted with considerable assurance on the basis of the present-day thought of the men who will do most to bring them about—whatever adventures we may make in radicalism will be well-considered adventures, sane adventures, and not revolutionary adventures. There are a hundred million people in the United States. If ten million of them, say, which is an exorbitant percentage, could be influenced by these various disturbers the remaining ninety million would soon see to it that there was an end to their attempts to dominate.

The reason for that is as simple as it will be effective. It is this: Here is a country where every man's chance for himself is limited by his own endeavors, and where every man's opportunity is greater than in any other country in the world. Here is a country where there are no class or landed inhibitions. Here is a country where there is no peasantry. Here is a country where there is a wider popular education than elsewhere. Here is a country where there has begun to grow a sense of nationality that will presently have its great part in making us a closely knit nation instead of a polyglot assemblage of all the peoples of the earth.

A More Closely Knit Nation

Also here is a country where there is a saving grace of common sense. We may not think it. It may seem at times as if we were rushing to our own destruction, but we are not. Each community has its exemplars of that great American characteristic, horse sense; and each community will exert that horse sense at the crucial moment. There is a widespread deprecation of this American attribute even among Americans themselves who see evidences here and there and frequently of what seems to be a tendency to loose and rattle-brained thinking, of carelessness, of eagerness for the material that overshadows all proper conception of duty to the nation; but those fears, however well founded they seem to be on the evidences of the moment, fail to take into consideration the great basic fact that the average American can do more for himself than the average citizen of any other country whatsoever, and that this known fact, known and proved in every community in this country, is the solid foundation on which this nation rests. We may run off after alluring theories to some degree, but not far enough to relinquish our own opportunities and our own chances for success.

If we were to put it on no higher ground than that—the opportunity for material prosperity that exists—a sufficient argument would be presented to show that all these disturbers, of either the indirect or the direct type, are wasting their time. There is a higher ground, however, a ground that the very war that has accelerated these various movements among our intrinsically anti-American elements has also made more evident. That is this: A great emergency is welding together a great people. No matter what the professional or the amateur critics may say, this war is making a nation out of the United States in the way that it never was a nation before. After several trips among the people, and particularly after this latest trip among them, I am of the firm conviction that in spite of delinquencies in the conduct of our war, in spite of mistakes, in spite of all the discouraging things connected with the war, the people are closer together than they ever were, are more like a homogeneous nation, are more nationalized; and that by the end of the war we shall have a closely knit country instead of the sprawling, disjointed country we formerly had.

Instead of this ill-conceived and theoretically as well as physically promoted disorder to bring about a change in our social and economic affairs we shall see a liberal movement that shall have for its object the exercise of political and governmental functions of a remedial nature by those whose conditions demand redress.

There may be a political overturning, but there will be no disruption of government. It is well within bounds to say that what must be done can be done only by a realignment of our political parties, leaving on one side those who hold frantically to the thought that anything that is radical spells ruin, and on the other those, who are in a majority, who welcome a sane liberalism as a solution of many of our political and economic and social ills.

A battery for every model and make of car.

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Be sure your Battery has the exclusive moisture jacket plates

YOUR USL service station maintains a stock of parts to repair your battery regardless of its make.

It is a point of pride with USL service stations that they can repair batteries pronounced hopeless by others, and guarantee their satisfactory operation.

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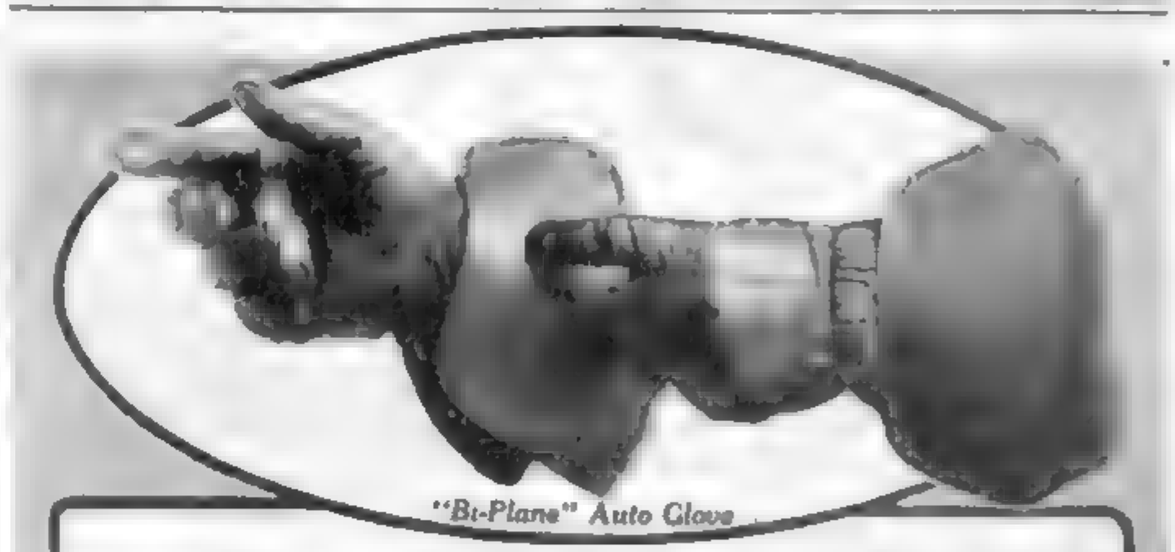
FREE—50c Battery Book

The "Black Mystery Box Explained," a text book on the storage battery, used by schools and colleges. It will be sent you free if you mention the make and model of your car



"Bi-Plane" Auto Glove

Grinnell Gloves for Every Purpose

For motoring, for dress or street wear, for work of any sort, for all kinds of weather—there is a GRINNELL Glove that will give you the fullest measure of service and satisfaction.

GRINNELL GLOVES for sixty years, have found increasing favor with discriminating people. Grinnell Coltskin Gloves are washable in water or gasoline and guaranteed not to peel, crack, shrink or harden. Dry out soft and pliable.

There are six hundred styles of men's, women's and children's wear—for every purpose or need—and all of them unusually serviceable, good looking, comfortable gloves.

Despite the world-wide leather shortage, we maintain the famous Grinnell quality. Insist upon the genuine Grinnell. Look for the name Grinnell—it's there for your protection.

Style Book FREE Write for our new 1918 Style Book. Ask your dealer to show you the Grinnell "Bi-Plane." If he does not have it in stock send us his name, state size of glove you wear and we will send a pair for your inspection, charges prepaid.

MORRISON-RICKER MFG. CO., 25 Broad St., Grinnell, Iowa, U.S.A.

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Vaporizes Gasoline!

Results Guaranteed—

(1) Wonderfully Increased Mileage
(2) Smoother Running Car at All Speeds
(3) Carbon Greatly Reduced
(4) Greater Horsepower

The poor grade, low-test gasoline of today is responsible for your low mileage. That is because it only *partly* vaporizes. Only *vaporized* gasoline produces actual mileage. The rest is unconsumed fuel—waste—producer of trouble-making carbon.

But, no matter what grade of gasoline you use, every atom of it can be *completely vaporized* and so transformed into clean, hard-hitting, more-mile-producing power—guaranteed.

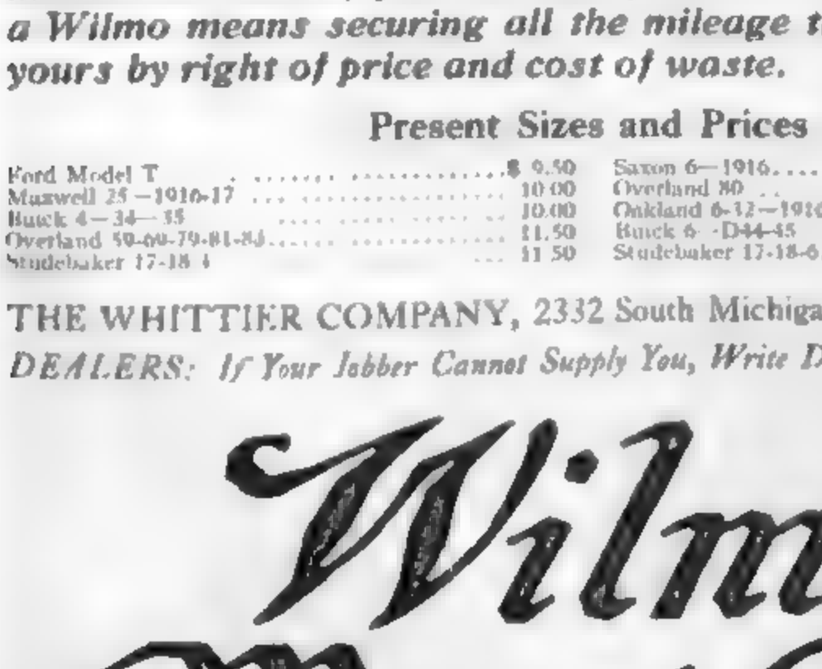
This has been demonstrated over a period of years on thousands of cars of many makes by means of the Wilmo Manifold, which utilizes the heat of the exhaust to superheat and *completely vaporize* the incoming mixture.

Official A. A. A. tests show a mileage increase of 42% to 54% as a direct result of Wilmo efficiency. Hundreds of users are getting even more. Write for these test reports and for the voluntary testimony of Wilmo users.

Besides wonderfully increasing mileage, the Wilmo Manifold greatly lessens vibration and reduces engine-destroying carbon. Thus at the cost of but a few dollars the Wilmo provides a gasoline efficiency which manufacturers of high-priced cars have spent fortunes to attain.

You can apply the Wilmo in a few minutes. Once installed it becomes a permanent part of the engine. No holes to bore. No loose parts. Nothing to watch.

Simple as A-B-C



The Wilmo Manifold is a simple casting, combining in one piece the exhaust pipe and intake manifold.

(1) Air and gas pass into mixing chamber in regular way.
(2) Exhaust from cylinders heats dividing wall (3)
(3) Hot dividing wall between exhaust and intake chambers of Manifold.
(4) One of intake portholes at which the gasoline is superheated and completely vaporized by heat from hot dividing wall (3).
(5) Outlet to muffler through which exhaust gas passes, free from carbon.
(6) One of bolt holes for quick installing.

With a Wilmo you will experience a new riding comfort and a new pocket economy. In a single season it will pay for itself many times over in increased mileage alone. Thousands have proved it.

With a Wilmo your engine will become wonderfully flexible. You will get a quicker, snappier start, especially in cold weather. Every drop of gasoline will do full duty because *vaporized!*

Order Now. If your dealer is not supplied, order direct, giving model and make of your car and your dealer's name. Having a Wilmo means securing all the mileage that is now doubly yours by right of price and cost of waste.

Present Sizes and Prices

Ford Model T	$ 9.50	Saxon 6—1916	$11 50
Maxwell 25—1916-17	10 00	Overland 80	15 00
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Studebaker 17-18 4	11 50	Studebaker 17-18-6	17.50

THE WHITTIER COMPANY, 2332 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DEALERS: If Your Jobber Cannot Supply You, Write Direct, Giving His Name.

Wilmo Manifold

MORE MILES—SAME GASOLINE COST

ON THE ROAD TO 1920

(Continued from Page 10)

Truly precedent and tradition may give way at a time of supreme necessity; and even so vigorous a personality as Mr. McAdoo may be sidetracked by the Democratic Party for future use while a demand is insistently proclaimed that Mr. Wilson make the race once more. Any situation that would make it seem necessary for the Democrats to urge the continuation of Mr. Wilson for a third term would be more compelling than the prestige of Mr. McAdoo or the wishes of Mr. Wilson. Probably if Mr. Wilson were consulted to-day he would say that he had never given the subject serious thought, and that so far as personal desires were concerned he would much prefer to end his term in 1920 rather than to be given a third period of toil and strain at the age of sixty-four.

On the assumption, however, that the war will have ended, or that reconstruction at least will have begun, an utter unwillingness on the part of Mr. Wilson to continue in the presidency could easily lead to the nomination of Mr. McAdoo without so much as a whisper from the present leader of the party. The secretary of the treasury is himself well known to the rank and file of the Democratic leaders in the various states. He was vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee in 1912, and during his term of office through the administration of the income tax and customs he has had an opportunity to listen to the plaudits and protests of Democrats the country over. Patronage sometimes makes for the dispensers of it as many enemies as it does friends, and no one can tell if the Democratic organizations in the several states will be managed by the many office-holders, who through contact with the secretary of the treasury attest that he is a capable administrator.

Naturally there have been some persons friendly to the secretary of the treasury who have feared an outcry of nepotism. But the fact that Mr. McAdoo happened to become related to the President after having risen to a position in public life due to his own achievements in business and the assistance rendered Mr. Wilson in a political way in the campaign of 1912 is not going to militate against him so far as Democratic confidence is concerned. It has nothing to do with the vital question of whether Mr. McAdoo is an experienced and able executive. William Gibbs McAdoo will win or lose the nomination in 1920, and if nominated will win or lose the election, entirely on the issue of whether he represents the ideals of America and can put into execution effectively the policies, domestic and foreign, on which at the time our public opinion will have definitely crystallized. Mr. McAdoo will be chosen or not on the basis of his record in public affairs. He would deserve nothing more and he will get nothing less.

No Geographical Alibi

Next comes Newton Diehl Baker, secretary of war. He is a political personality, whether he wills it or not. Nor can he offer any geographical alibi, for he hails from Ohio, a state renowned for its frequent contributions to the White House. Back in Mr. Baker's mind, when he made his remarkable record as mayor of Cleveland, was the idea that some day he would get into bigger game—Washington. He caught the eye of President Wilson while the latter was campaigning in 1912. And one of the first things that Mr. Wilson did after he was elected was to offer Mr. Baker a portfolio in the cabinet, something he declined because he wanted to see his mayoralty fight through to the finish.

He was still living in Cleveland waiting for the lightning to strike when Secretary Garrison resigned and Opportunity beckoned.

When war broke out it is fair to say that Newton Baker's stock was quite high in Washington. The War Department's problems had not been very perplexing and the military organization of the Pershing expedition was very well executed. Things broke well for the secretary of war in the first months of the war, and on every side went out the impression that the secretary was making a fine record. Whenever that kind of an opinion begins to get noised about in Washington concerning anybody it is time to look for something—an overzealous press agent or sycophants seeking favor or a candidacy.

But what more natural thought for Mr. Baker to think than if things people said about him were so, if indeed he was measuring up to his job, he might be rewarded in 1920 with the nomination for the presidency? As a campaigner in Ohio he was effective. As a speech maker particularly he is endowed with the same fluency of speech and eloquence of thought that helped Mr. Wilson up the rungs of political prestige. Soon the ruction over the War Department came; criticism bombarded the secretary himself. And the politically minded were turned from their thoughts of whether or not Newton Baker would make a good presidential candidate to thoughts of whether he was actually making a good secretary of war.

Which brings one back to the standard outlined above. A man must make good in the job he holds before he can deserve another, though there is no law or prohibition against keeping his eyes on promotion if that means stimulus to him.

Mr. Hoover's Political Assets

The truth is that Secretary Baker is shrewd enough to know that his political fortunes will be made or unmade by his record in the secretaryship of war. The job in the War Department is overwhelming. It must be done well for the country's sake first, and the country will take care of the man who has done it well. Friends of Secretary Baker worried for a while lest ancient utterances by their idol might be used against him. But his speech comparing revolutionary Mexicans to our Continentals at Valley Forge would have about as much effect as some of the early writings and speeches of President Wilson did in his campaign for the nomination.

There are, indeed, some points of resemblance between the secretary of war and the President. Not long after Mr. Baker talked in Boston some time ago a leading Republican paper said:

"Both as a speaker and as an administrator Mr. Baker resembles Woodrow Wilson. If our President could bequeath the office to a successor he would be likely to name his secretary of war as the next man in line. They are strikingly alike. Each makes the same sort of appeal. Each represents the same type of thought and expression."

True it is that Mr. Baker's philosophy of Democracy is thoroughly Wilsonian—doctrines, phrases and all. He has an acquisitive mind and a manner of expression that pleases the President. There is a warm friendship between the two—the friendship that springs from the pride of the father who sees a son growing up very much like himself.

Of the capable men in the cabinet the name of David Franklin Houston, secretary of agriculture, comes to the fore usually in gatherings Wilsonian. He is a level-headed citizen reputed to have given the President on occasion some valuable counsel. But he is of a retiring disposition, not given to self-expression. His work is hardly known outside of his department, yet from the beginning he has helped Mr. Wilson on many matters that had nothing to do with his own department. It is said of him that he would have preferred to handle questions of finance rather than agriculture. He probably knows more about military history than anybody else in the cabinet, and perhaps knows more about military theory than most of our high officers in the army. It has been his hobby for a lifetime. And it is an open secret, too, that he was once considered by Mr. Wilson for the secretaryship of state.

Unfortunately men of his type do not inspire national committeemen and state chairmen. He doesn't popularize, so to speak. In that ideal state where sheer ability is the standard of competition he might stand a good chance, but in the politics of to-day he is handicapped by his own modesty.

Hardly a discussion that hasn't suggested Franklin Knight Lane, secretary of the interior, as a man of the vision and broad experience needed for chief executive. A splendid candidate he would be—but he cannot be. He was born in Canada, and to make him President we would have to amend the Constitution of the United States. The same thing would have to be

(Continued on Page 49)

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

Which Rear Axle—*and Why?*

The most authoritative statistics prove the growing use of internal gear drive for motor trucks. Just as internal gear drive, generally, has developed with such steadiness, so Torbensen Drive has become the recognized leader of internal gear drives. Imagine the parts shown here, put together as the arrows indicate. Then you have Torbensen Internal Gear Drive.

It is an exceptionally simple rear axle drive. Its simplest part—and the part that has contributed most to the Torbensen success—is the strong, forged-steel I-Beam, shown below.

This I-Beam is the load carrier. Its construction makes it extra strong, though very light in weight. The same time-tried engineering experience that has made the I-Beam standard for *front* axles, dictated an I-Beam for the *rear*.

We patented this I-Beam. We have protected it completely. No other rear axle drive *has* or *can* have it. It is the outstanding feature of Torbensen Drive—the *one* form of internal gear application to rear axles that cannot be imitated. It is the backbone of Torbensen Drive—the foremost reason for its leadership.

This I-Beam makes Torbensen Drive strong and secure under any and all service conditions. Its great strength—its absolute reliability—makes possible our generous Gold Bond Guarantee.

Any Torbensen-equipped truck provides you with our written guarantee of honest rear axle service.

Torbensen Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a GOLD BOND GUARANTEE that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

This I-Beam member takes *all* the load in Torbensen Drive. It has *nothing whatever* to do with driving. This makes Torbensen Drive last long.

The differential, jack shaft and internal gears do *all* the driving. They have nothing to do with load carrying. This relieves the driving parts of all carrying strains.

The differential housing fits into the expanded centre of the I-Beam. It is held securely in place by a patented shoulder engagement. All the parts are joined in practically perfect, permanent alignment.

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

America's Oldest Car-Makers
build
America's Greatest Light Twelve

HERE is the only *twelve* backed by a quarter-century's automobile building experience—for Haynes experience is without parallel. Over two years ago this Haynes won its spurs as *America's Greatest Light Twelve.*

HAYNES
LIGHT TWELVE

Its valve-in-head engine liberates seventy horse-power. It drowsily loiters in high gear—or with breathless pick-up outstrips the wind. Numerous speedway victories testify to its fleetness.

It *smoothly* slides up hills of Pittsburgh steepness. It *steadily* plows through mud and sand that boast impassability. Thus are men drivers wont to praise it.

Or it docilely behaves upon congested avenues—idles down on approaching corners, darts ahead to seize an opening—with never a shift from "high." This alert throttle response inspires women drivers with the fullest confidence while sparing them exertion.

The spark advances and retards automatically as speeds vary in city driving. Thermostatic control regulates engine temperature. High oil pressure provides efficient lubrication at swiftest gaits. Connecting rod bearings and main crankshaft bearings are die-cast with bronze backs, insuring long life and continued smoothness.

Upkeep is moderate. Gasoline gives liberal mileages. The cord tires go long distances due to the smooth-running engines, generous springs, Hartford shock absorbers, balance and *light weight.*

The engine is simple and accessible—famous Haynes characteristics

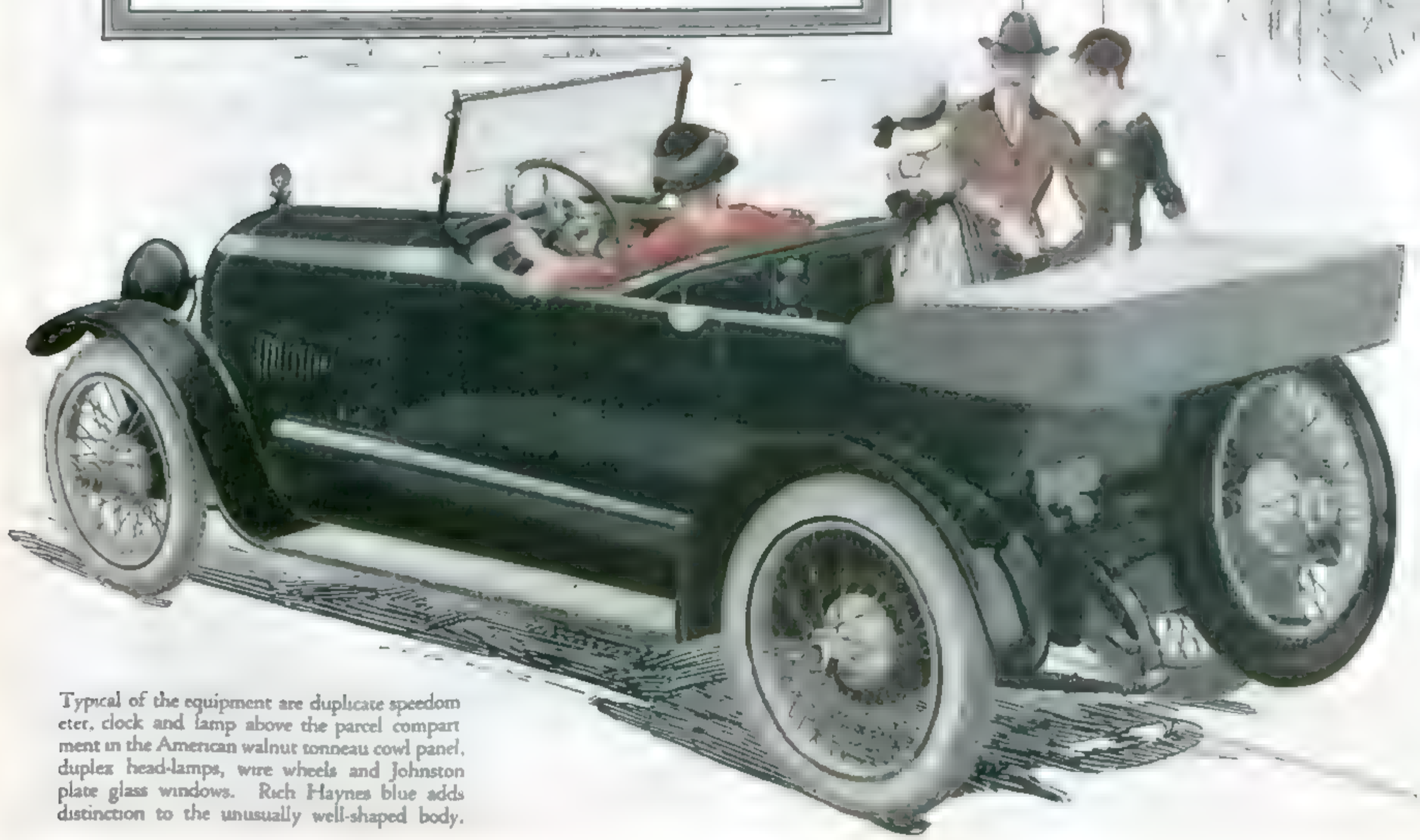
Haynes dealers cordially invite inspection. A beautiful catalog on request

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY *40 S. Main St., Kokomo, Ind., U. S. A*

HAYNES "LIGHT SIXES"—Five and 7-passenger Open Cars, 4-passenger "Four-dore" Roadsters, Sedans, Coupes, Town Cars. (Wood wheels, fabric tires.)

HAYNES "LIGHT TWELVES"—Seven passenger Open Cars, 4-passenger "Four-dore" Roadsters, Sedans, Coupes, Town Cars (Wire wheels, cord tires.)

· 25th Successful Year
(1893-1918)



Typical of the equipment are duplicate speedometer, clock and lamp above the parcel compartment in the American walnut tonneau cowl panel, duplex head-lamps, wire wheels and Johnston plate glass windows. Rich Haynes blue adds distinction to the unusually well-shaped body.

(Continued from Page 46)

done for William Bauchop Wilson, secretary of labor, who was born in Scotland. And Messrs. Gregory, Burleson and Daniels might as well have been born abroad, for they hail from the South, whither the Democratic Party nowadays doesn't go for its candidates; not, mind you, because of any prejudice—Woodrow Wilson was born in Virginia—but because political tradition dictates that the candidate must come from a pivotal state with a big electoral vote, which he can be depended upon to carry.

Such is the Democratic material for the 1920 fight, though here and there out in the states are governors who think quite well of themselves, and in Washington live two or three Democratic senators who imagine they are lineal descendants of Jefferson.

But the fact that there is really a dearth of candidates in the Democratic Party doesn't mean that the shortage extends to the Republican Party. Reputations sometimes are easier made by the minority, who criticize and find fault, than by members of the majority party, who not only are vested with the responsibility but are always on the defensive.

War, however, imposes a joint responsibility on political parties which makes things somewhat different. And inside the executive branch of the Government are Republicans actually discharging important functions. Take, for instance, Herbert Hoover, food administrator, whom many Democrats think must be looking hopefully toward 1920 for the Republican nomination, being of the type that might commend itself to big business. He knows something of war problems from first-hand experience, is a splendid executive, an indefatigable worker and a man of large business affairs. He is rather blunt and direct in his ways and quick of decision, regardless of the consequences to himself. Had he possessed qualities of political flexibility he might not have struck out right and left, unmindful of farmer vote or baker vote or any other kind of vote. He has a large organization in the Food Administration which reaches into every state, county, city and town which politically saturated Democrats think could make a nice little nucleus after the war. But politics has never drafted men like Hoover before. His job means an accumulation of political antagonisms. And whether they will becloud his record when his work is done gives him no visible concern. Wherein he proves his wisdom.

There is another Californian, Hiram Johnson by name, at whom Washington never glances except with the thought that 1920 will see him a big factor in the contest for the Republican nomination. He is like unto an army in reserve—his greatest work is yet to be done. Senator Johnson is a radical—and a bit impatient with the leisurely ways in which the Senate conducts itself. For a new member he has been decidedly active. He has lost few opportunities to say emphatic sayings on the excess-profits tax and kindred doctrines. He is a practical politician and an astute one, courageous and fearless. And he makes a very effective speech. Washington hasn't had any real opportunity to make up its mind whether Senator Johnson would make as good an executive as he has been an advocate. Certainly he can rely on his record in California to help him answer doubts on that question.

What of the Colonel

Nominations, however, do not always depend upon such meticulous examination of a man's abilities. They depend mostly on the personal appeal of the would-be candidate to the party organizations. Some scars no doubt have been left by the Hughes-Johnson mix-up in California in 1916, but considerable respect, too, was acquired on the same occasion for Mr. Johnson's power in the progressive West.

Senator Johnson is outspokenly and pronouncedly in favor of government ownership of railways, for instance; which will mean that he will fight for the same in the party platform of 1920. It may incidentally have something to do with whether he wins the nomination, for much will depend on whether the Republican Party will embrace that issue. Certainly if William Gibbs McAdoo is the candidate of the Democrats and makes government retention of the roads an issue, Mr. Johnson's views will become quite pertinent in the Republican National Convention — and conceivably he might be accepted or rejected according to whether the convention thought the public wanted the railroads to go back to private owners or stay in the hands of Uncle Samuel.

But there's still another factor that affects Senator Johnson's chances—as well perhaps as the chances of anybody else who seeks the Republican nomination. That factor is the redoubtable Colonel himself. Which brings us to a consideration of what our former President has been and is doing in the war. His offer to fight in France was politely declined by the Democratic Administration, and The Colonel thereupon turned to the leadership of an army of critics at home. His criticism, he avows, is to make the Administration efficient and help win the war. If when 1920 comes round the war isn't over and the Colonel hasn't succeeded in making the Democratic Administration efficient he may be compelled to announce that the country's only salvation would be the election of a Republican like himself.

Of the personal appeal of The Colonel there is no doubt in the minds of the party managers. He typifies, embodies and expresses militant Republicanism. He has the all-important "following" needed as a nucleus of political strength in any campaign for the nomination, and if he is in good health when convention time arrives he will be in the fight. But what is much more to the point, if the Democrats insist on nominating President Wilson for a third term The Colonel will feel no compunction about running for a third term himself. For what difference would there be, traditionally speaking, between Mr. Wilson's eight years in the presidency and Mr. Roosevelt's seven? Not enough to make a fuss over. Indeed, The Colonel's candidacy, the Democrats figure it, might make it easier for them to insist on a third consecutive term for the President. That's the way the land lies to-day.

Possible "Men on Horseback"

But in war changes come quickly. And not a politician but wonders what celebrity the battlefields in France may produce. The American people are a nation of hero worshipers. Every war has brought forth its President. George Washington was a product of the Revolutionary War; William Henry Harrison and Andrew Jackson, of the War of 1812; Zachary Taylor, of the Mexican War; Grant, Hayes and Garfield, of the Civil War; and Roosevelt, of the Spanish-American War. The road to the White House has been open to privates as well as generals who have won fame on the battlefield. Military heroes may easily overshadow civilian candidates.

But there will be this difference in 1920: Our economic problems will be tremendously complex and staggering. Though anxious to reward the hero the people could not be counted upon to permit an inexperienced administrator to make a fizzle of affairs at home, where the broadest kind of judgment will be required in reconstruction days. For it must not be forgotten that the American people will have invested heavily in the war and economic readjustments are going to appeal to a larger part of the electorate than ever before in our history. The 1920 election will mean something specific in the lives of the men, women and children of the country—at least both parties will not fail to impress upon the people the importance of their respective platforms in perhaps not the same superficial way that "sound money" caught the popular imagination in '96 or the "full dinner pail" in later days, but with a specific appeal emphasizing freedom of opportunity to the individual.

Something of the radical change in our political alignment which may be expected is outlined by President Wilson himself in a rather significant letter addressed recently to a dinner of New Jersey Democrats. The President's own view of the situation—and unquestionably he meant 1918 as well as 1920—is thus expressed:

"Every sign of these days of war and revolutionary change, when economic and social forces are being released upon the world whose effect no political seer dare venture to conjecture, bids us search our hearts through and through and make them ready for the birth of a new day, a day we hope and believe of greater opportunity and greater prosperity for the average mass of struggling men and women, and of greater safety and opportunity for children. The old party slogans have lost

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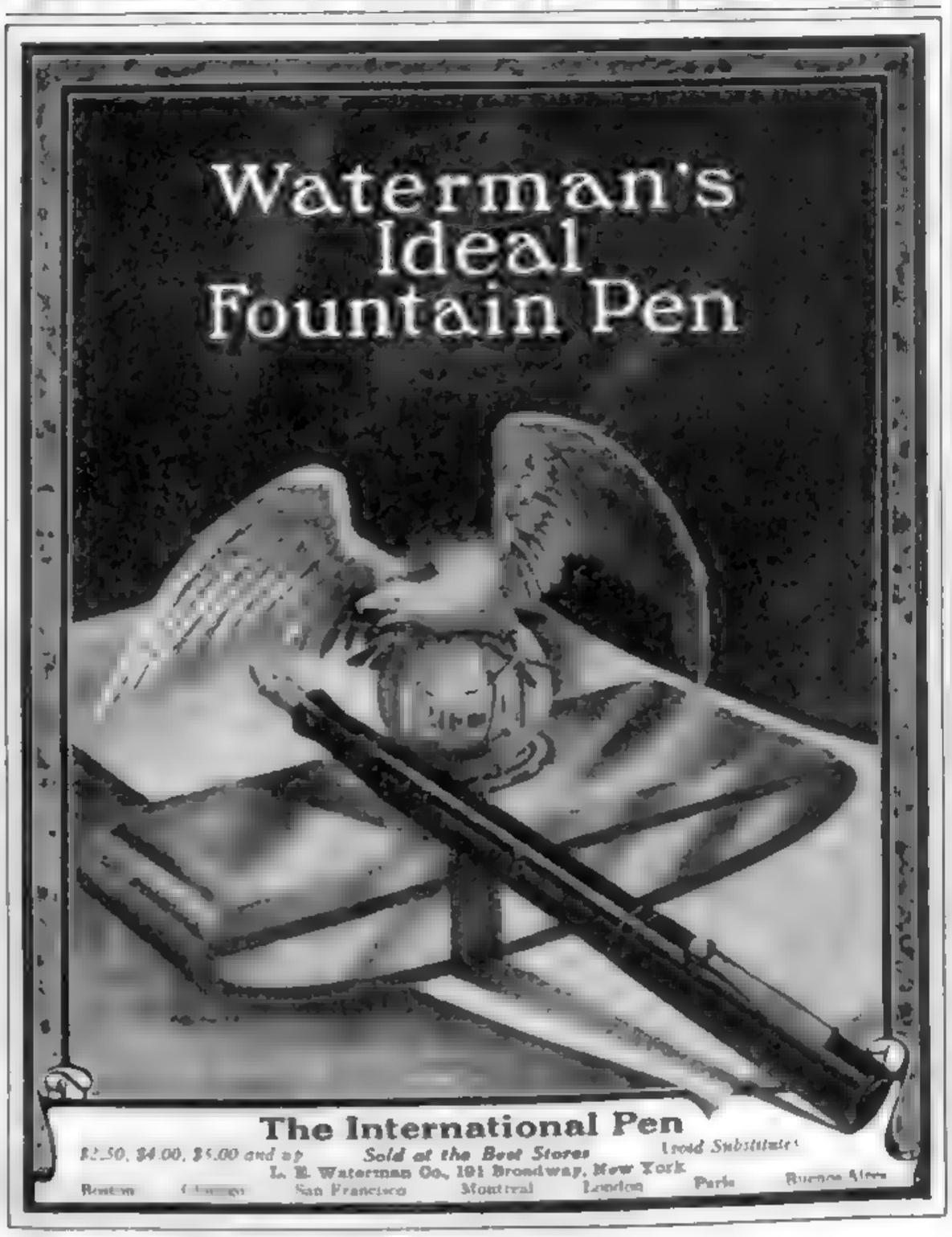

their significance and will mean nothing to the voter of the future, for the war is certain to change the mind of Europe as well as the mind of America

"Men everywhere are searching democratic principles to their hearts in order to determine their soundness, their sincerity, their adaptability to the real needs of their life, and every man with any vision must see that the real test of justice and right action is presently to come as it never came before. The men in the trenches, who have been freed from the economic serfdom to which some of them had been accustomed, will, it is likely, return to their homes with a new view and a new impatience of all mere political phrases, and will demand real thinking and sincere action.

"The days of political and economic reconstruction which are ahead of us no man can now definitely assess; but we know this, that every program must be shot through and through with utter disinterestedness, that no party must try to serve itself, but every party must try to serve humanity, and that the task is a very practical one, by this question, and this question only: Is it just, is it for the benefit of the average man, without influence or privilege; does it embody in real fact the highest conception of social justice and of right dealing, without respect of person or class or particular interest? This is a high test. It can be met only by those who have genuine sympathy with the mass of men and real insight into their needs and opportunities and a purpose which is purged alike of selfish and of partisan intention. The party which rises to this test will receive the support of the people, because it deserves it."

Some Vital Issue

Conceivably lower taxation, and mayhap economy in government, will become vital issues if the war is over in 1920. Certainly, if the war were not in progress to-day, when the patriotism of the country is behind any income-tax law no matter how crudely drawn, it would make Democratic leaders uncomfortable even to think what would happen to them if they went to the country with the present revenue law as part of their record; or perhaps some other half-baked pieces of legislation that could be enumerated along with the aforesaid marvel of legislative confusion.

So if anything is certain at all in our politics it is that the election of 1920 will be a real election with real issues, not the most important of which is likely to be that product demanded by the war but hitherto unknown to government—efficiency. True enough it may be that America is drifting into many socialistic practices in the way of Federal regulation; but in proportion as the grant of authority and power to the Federal Government is increased so will there be a correspondingly intense and widespread demand for proved ability before an executive of the national administration is selected to exercise that same authority and power. No matter how radical or how romantic the candidate is, he will have to have something practical to offer on which the public can form a penetrating judgment. General Grant was a great soldier but a poor executive. Theodore Roosevelt came out of the Spanish-American War a military idol, but he had been assistant secretary of the navy before he enlisted, and by his term after the war as governor of New York he gave practical demonstration of his executive capacity.

So, though the traditional "man on horseback" is always a possibility the leaders of both parties feel fairly sure that he is not a probability. Certainly the Democrats are not counting on such a type of candidate—not only because they have aspirants at home who have had just the kind of executive experience with which a telling appeal might be made but because most of the high officers in the United States Army are of Republican inclination.

But the war overseas is not the only fighting that may bring out a new candidate. The war in Congress, especially should the Republican Party get control of the House next fall, may offer opportunities for leadership to men now unknown to fame. Emergencies and big issues bring out big personalities. And a Republican House and a Democratic Senate would probably bring controversies enough to start the 1920 presidential contest two years ahead of time, just as the upheaval in Congress in 1910 started the ball rolling for 1912 and contributed Champ Clark and Oscar Underwood as serious contenders for the Democratic nomination.

Both the Republican and Democratic National Committees realize this. They are already organized, ostensibly for the congressional elections of this year, but in reality they have 1920 in mind. They have opened headquarters and keep almost as active as if the campaign were already begun. Neither sends out purely party stuff of the old kind. They vie with each other in distributing pamphlets, speeches and statements, however, describing the war service of their respective leaders. Nothing that could be construed as favoring any man for the presidency in 1920 is affixed to these outgivings, but each party is shrewdly drawing attention to the activities of prominent Democrats or Republicans.

So long as the competition is continued on the basis of doing the utmost for Uncle Sam the party rivalry will not hurt but help. But just as a large standing army is the central fault of militarism, because it furnishes the temptation to make war on the slightest provocation, just so can political and personal organizations be of corresponding danger to whole-hearted patriotism. The United States is at present more completely organized than it ever has been before. Societies and councils and associations, governmental and quasi-governmental, reach into every state, county, city and town. Many were appointed by the governors of the states, a few of whom selected Republicans or Democrats according to their own political predilections and with an eye to the value of those men in future campaigns. Both parties have cases of this sort. The political instinct was too strong to permit of anything else. And because of the same political viewpoint, Republican local leaders do not hesitate every now and then to voice their suspicions about Federal appointments that have been made necessary by the war, but which embrace city and county organizations of potential value in a political campaign. So do returning Democrats bring back gossip of war-service organizations of Republican stripe about which they have become apprehensive. Never before were there so many units of strength that could be converted to political uses with the turn of a hand.

Rewards for the Faithful

That is what imposes at this time such a big responsibility on the men at the top. The helpful stimulus of ambition has developed many an official into a good public servant. Somehow to aspire openly to rule the nation, if not in 1920, then in 1924 or 1928, is looked on quite generally as an impropriety. Silence is, in such circumstances, the greatest of political virtues

And while the candidates or would be candidates or candidates-under-certain-circumstances may deny persistently and incessantly that they ever had the slightest thought of 1920 they cannot always control the eagerness of their subordinates and friends to get in on the ground floor of a presidential candidacy. From these staffs, who in so many cases are intrusted with power over local organizations, comes most of the activity for their esteemed chieftains—and much of the jealousy too.

Out of the present war unquestionably will come many heroes for worship, men who will have earned distinction and praise at the Front as well as behind the lines. It is in the American nature to recognize and reward merit. And pursuit of the crown seen in the light of a stimulated interest in one's job and the achievement of the public good never will be condemned. Revealed as an overzealous reaching for power, it is bound in these times to prove disquieting. In war or peace nobody, to paraphrase Lincoln, has ever succeeded in putting anything over on the American people—for any length of time.

Service at Washington, in the state capitals, in the counties, cities and towns, where hundreds of executive officials are dealing with problems of the war, can quite naturally be held up to view in forthcoming elections as deserving of recognition. The party organizations not only are intact but are being strengthened, notwithstanding the war. England and France have both been unable to do away entirely with politics. America seems no exception. But the people always have their eyes and ears open, and the candidates everywhere, high and low, would be well advised not to let ambition mar their useful toil!

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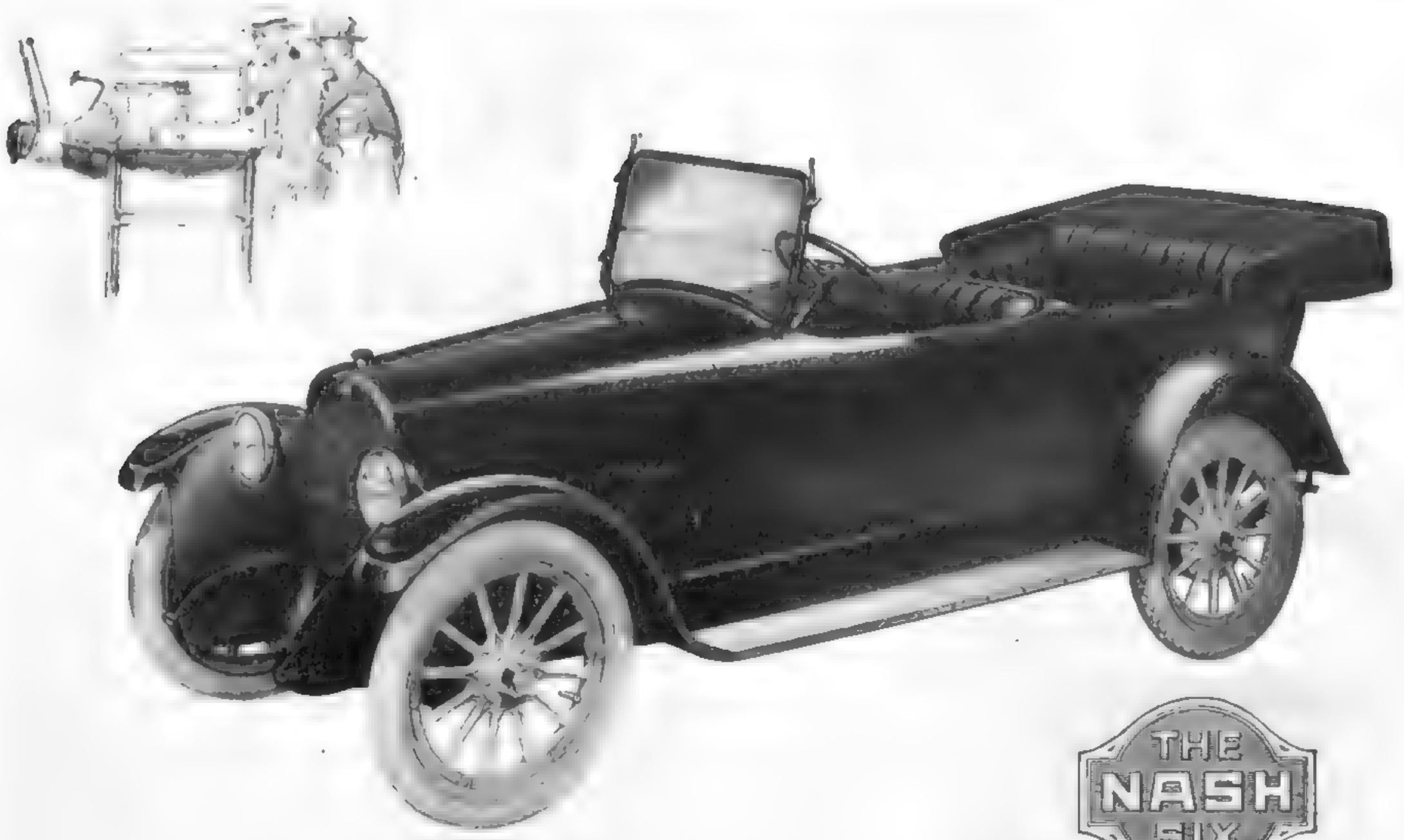

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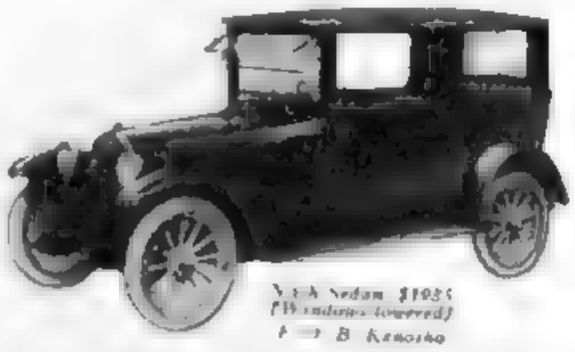

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HOME RULE IN INDIA

(Continued from Page 22)

would go to pieces if British government were to withdraw," and they have no wish to exchange British sovereignty for German, or to see the country plunged back into the chaos from which it has but recently and with such infinite laborings emerged.

India has an area of 1,802,657 square miles and a population of about three hundred and twenty millions—somewhat plus. The territory under the British crown is 1,093,074 square miles, while dotting the map here and there throughout the peninsula are states under the sovereignty of Indian princes which comprise an area of 709,583 square miles. The population under Indian rulers is approximately seventy millions, the remainder of the three hundred and twenty-odd millions being British subjects.

These are colossal facts, and they should be borne in mind in all their immensity by anyone who wishes to get a vision of what a real political upheaval in India might mean. In comparison with it the Russian revolution would be as the gambol of lambs on an April greensward. Look at it through the big end of your field glasses and you may be able to get a perspective and an idea of what England would be up against in case the situation ever got out of hand.

The bulk of the Indian population, some two hundred and eighteen millions, is Hindu—the cult upon which Mrs. Besant has hinged so many admirable adaptations and "theosophistries," as they are derisively called by the unbelievers; and the number of Hindu deities and objects of worship is legion. The Mohammedan religion comes next, with about sixty-seven million adherents; after which, in the order of their numerical strength, come Buddhists, Christians, Sikhs, Jains, Parsis and Jews. There are numerous minor faiths which claim many thousands of followers, while about eleven millions of the people are pure animists. And "what the animist worships and seeks by all means to influence and conciliate is the shifting and shadowy company of unknown powers or influences . . . which resides in the primeval forest, in the crumbling hills, in the rushing river, in the spreading tree; which gives its spring to the tiger, its venom to the snake; which generates jungle fever and walks abroad in the terrible guise of cholera, smallpox or murrain."

In the life of the Indian people religion is the dominating influence always. The population is as heterogeneous as the population of Europe, and languages innumerable are spoken, but throughout the empire men are given sectarian and never racial designation. Traveling from one province to another in India is very like traveling from one country to another in Europe. One observes a sharp demarcation in many things.

There are dissimilarities in the physical characteristics of the people; in language, manner, dress—everything; but nowhere does one encounter a distinguishing race name. Men are merely Hindus or Mohammedans or whatever they may happen to be in point of religious faith.

The Complexities of Caste

It is as though in traveling through Europe—from Spain to France, to Switzerland, on down into Italy—the question "What are you?" should always be answered: "I am a Methodist," or "I am a Unitarian." This is inconceivable, but it is a far-fetched comparison only because each of the main religions of India is distinct in its fundamental tenets, whereas Europe is Christian and is divided only on points of interpretation and observance. The peoples of India are bound, swathed, smothered and hopelessly divided by a multiplicity of wholly unrelated religions.

Then comes caste. Caste is often referred to as a comparatively modern institution, and considering the illimitable antiquity of India perhaps it is. The word is not Hindu at all and has no exact equivalent in any Indian language. It was first used by the Portuguese and was applied by them to a system which they found flourishing in the country in the fifteenth century. How long caste as a principle has been in operation in India nobody knows, but it was fastened upon the people in definite form about the third century of the Christian era through the promulgation of a social code, known as the code of Manu, which divided the Hindus into four distinct classes and fixed the status of each class by means of exact and minutely detailed rules of social contact and ceremonial.

First in order of rank came the Brahmans, or priests, who themselves formulated the code for the purpose of maintaining their supremacy and of establishing a permanent hold upon the people. They decreed that next to Brahmans stood the warriors; after whom came tillers of the soil and traders. The fourth class, originally the conquered aboriginal and non-Aryan peoples, is a class of serfs and menials, which has developed into a vast and pitiful population known as the "untouchables."

If the class distinctions of India were limited to these four divisions it would be easy enough, perhaps—as it has proved to be in Japan, where a similar ancient system existed up to a few years ago—to overcome ruling prejudices and to adjust social customs to modern political developments; but the classes have become subdivided into so many castes that not even the most learned Indian knows the number of them, and the result is a disunion of national life that is utterly bewildering and knows no parallel. In fact the use of the word national is not justified.

The Indian's Ambition

There is no India, really; there are no Indians. There is just a great country known in modern history as India, which is inhabited by innumerable groups of people that are bound by established rules—reenforced by abysmal ignorance and unbelievable superstition—to avoid each other as clean men would avoid lepers. These different groups may not intermarry; they may not sit at table together or drink from the same cup; the threshold of a high-caste man may not be crossed by a low-caste man; and men of all castes alike, from the lowest of the "untouchables" to the highest of the second class, are enslaved by a sedulously nurtured faith in the superhumanity of the Brahman.

And it must not be imagined by those who have never had time or opportunity to gain familiarity with this subject that the Brahmans are all priests whose province is to minister to the spiritual needs of the people. Not at all. I believe all priests and teachers of the Hindu faith are Brahmans, but the Brahman caste, which has maintained its supremacy unchallenged throughout something like two millenniums, is numerically very strong and is itself divided into approximately eighteen hundred subcastes. The whole subject of caste is a mystification, a confoundment, and I have no intention of more than touching upon it by way of indicating the background of the present political situation.

All the cooks in India, for instance, are Brahmans; necessarily, because only Brahmans can handle food without polluting it. A man may cook for a man of his own caste, but only a Brahman may cook food for general sale and consumption. Mrs. Besant and theosophy may, I believe, claim adherents from any caste.

To maintain a close relationship through all manner of forms with innumerable gods and to avoid pollution—these are the chief aims and ambitions of the average Indian, and everything else in life is of secondary importance. With regard to caste a learned Hindu author has said: "Civilization in India has been brought to a standstill by its mischievous restrictions, and there is no hope . . . until those restrictions are removed."

To these restrictions add the fact that it is a moot question, the discussion of which has recently been filling considerable space in the newspapers of India, whether two and a half per cent or something nearer ten per cent of the population are literate, and you have some idea of the Indian social status. The party in opposition to radical changes in government without due preparation for them—and this party is not made up entirely of Englishmen by any means—maintains that only about two and a half per cent of the people have even the first faint rudiments of an education; which means that a much lower percentage than this have advanced beyond the simple accomplishments of reading and writing. Large numbers who are counted as literate in the census returns can do nothing more than scrawl their own signatures.

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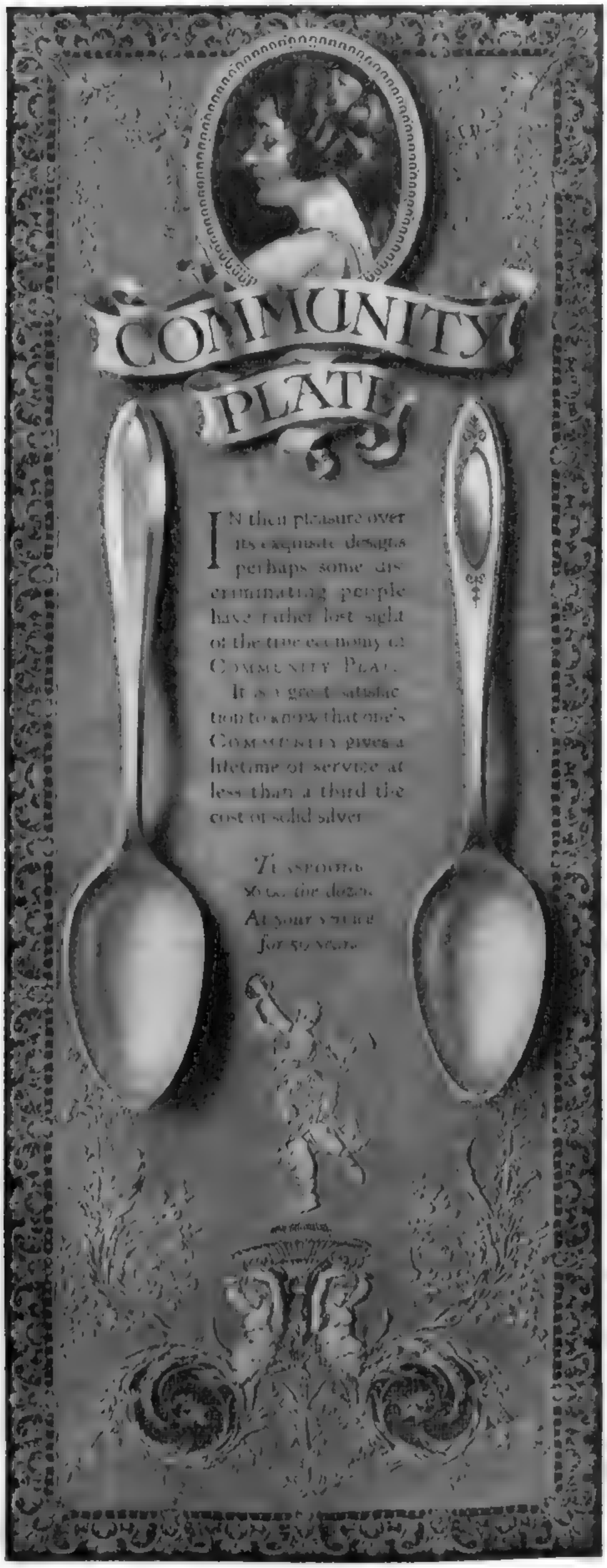
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IN their pleasure over its exquisite designs perhaps some discriminating people have rather lost sight of the true economy of COMMUNITY PLATE.
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Further, if men and women are considered separately in the statistics one is confronted by the appalling conclusion that ninety-eight-plus per cent of the women of India are as ignorant, so far as what is known as education is concerned, as they were the day they were born. Yet Mrs. Besant and her fellow agitators get up on occasion and rant uproariously about the wonderful "awakening" and the splendid advance of the women of India!

Why, bless my soul! Most of the women of India are married before they are ten years old! Millions are married in their cradles, and there are thousands upon thousands of widows who have not yet reached what the reformers now hesitantly suggest as the marriageable age. Not the wildest reformer among them has ever dared put this age above sixteen, either. As a matter of fact there are more than twenty-six million widows in India, and they are all practically slaves in the households of their dead husbands. It is an extraordinary problem.

Infant mortality in India is terrific. Infant husbands die in infancy and leave infant widows, who are bound by stringent and immemorial law—not British law, but Indian law, with which the British, controlling such a fearful population, have not dared to interfere—to remain widows throughout their lives. The British abolished suttee, or the immolation of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands, and they eradicated thuggee. Mark Twain writes about thuggee in More Tramps Abroad. It fascinated him and he devoted thrilling chapters to it—lightly, of course, and from a humorous standpoint that would have been impossible to any other human that ever lived.

The ardent supporters of the "sacred cause" of political liberty declare that all official statistics with regard to the literacy of the population are iniquitous exaggerations. They carefully avoid, as a rule, all reference to female education—unless it be for the purely propagandist purpose of hurling social conditions at England's head and crying shame upon her that they should continue to exist—and confine themselves to male statistics. And even these are astonishing enough.

It is claimed with a curious degree of pride that in a population of about two hundred and fifty millions in British India—excluding the native states—there are fourteen million literate males, and one earnest devotee to the home-rule idea writes triumphantly:

"One-plus per cent of even the rural population and five-plus per cent of the urban population have been exercising the right of election for the past thirty-three years and over, of sending members to the local bodies. The same electorate with a slight modification may very well be intrusted with the right of electing members to a national legislative council."

What England Has Done for India

I have referred casually to the fact that the responsibility for existing conditions is laid at England's door by agitators whose business it is to try to prove that British government in India has failed. They marshal long arrays of damning facts, hold them up to the gaze of the credulous and ask what is to be thought of a civilized people that has such results to show for a century and a half of political domination. And as regards India's amazing benightedness England can easily be proved guilty of criminal neglect of duty, if not of having deliberately throttled the soul of India in order to simplify the task of alien sovereignty. But all such proof lies in argument that is unfair to the last degree. The method is carefully to disregard counterbalancing facts which, being sympathetically presented, serve to prove that England's whole endeavor in India, since India became a part of the British Empire forty years ago, has been to serve the Indian people.

That India is a great modern country filled with the enlightening influences of modern progressiveness along every imaginable line is to England's credit, not to India's.

In everything in India—in the great improvement associations of the cities, in the rural organizations, in the social-uplift societies, in the effort to make women free, in the ceaseless battle against famine and dread disease, in the establishment of innumerable institutions of health and learning, and most of all perhaps in the nationalist movement itself and the developing ambition of the people to rule themselves, one feels and recognizes the relentless urge of England's conscience.

It is well to remember that England's enemies and those disaffected or misguided Indians who seek to prove England's record in India a disgrace always refrain from calling attention to the three hundred and twenty millions of people, steeped in age-long ignorance and superstition, weakened by evil social laws and practices, and divided into a million antagonistic factions To lift such an inert mass of humanity against its will into the light that shines from the minds of educated men is a stupendous task that may well be planned to cover ten generations to come.

Dr. Chandra Ray, a highly enlightened and therefore conservative Indian, addressing the social conference at Calcutta a few days ago, said:

"We stand on the threshold of a new era in our history. New ideas, high aspirations are pulsating in our hearts. A wave of democratic movement is spreading all over the world. It cannot be expected that India alone will remain a mere passive and silent onlooker unaffected by the time spirit. But a dispassionate observer, watching the present state of things from a position of detachment, cannot fail to notice the weak points in our body politic. While the echo of home rule is reverberating from one end of the country to the other, while ambitious schemes of political reconstruction are being propounded by every section of the people, while gorgeous visions of a united India are capturing our imaginations, loud protests of indignation are raised by classes and communities among us which we can no longer ignore."

The Opponents of Reform

Dr. Chandra Ray was talking to representatives of the oppressing classes and he was referring to the oppressed. He outlined the history of caste in India and spoke sympathetically about the ancient claims of the higher castes. Then he proceeded:

"I now appeal to you from a different standpoint: There is such a thing as expediency even in sociology. Is it fair, is it just, is it in the best interests of our country that a handful of privileged men should continue to monopolize all the advantages accruing to them through the accident of birth and drive the submerged teeming millions to hostile camps and compel them to live in a state of armed neutrality? A house divided against itself cannot stand. The backward classes are flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, and it is the bounden duty of our men of light and leading to extend to them the right hand of fellowship and to lift them up from the quagmire of degradation and despondency.

"We cannot afford any longer to have our social framework a microscopic minority of Spartans lording it over the Helots. The loss to the country from the intellectual stagnation of the overwhelming majority of our people is simply incalculable. We are loud in claiming political equality with our British fellow subjects, but when it comes to yielding an inch of ground to our own countrymen we fight shy of it and cry 'Help! Murder!'"

And that last statement is the history of India in a nutshell. It is the history of British rule in India. England's interest, the interest of a Christian people, would naturally be in the oppressed classes, and England's whole desire has been to lift them up; to make the "untouchables" touchable; to overcome in some degree caste prejudice; to level the Himalayan heights and the abysmal depths of fixed social grades into something approaching equality. But every move that England has made for the benefit of the downtrodden millions has been met by the ruling classes with cries of "Help! Murder!" The best sign in India to-day is that a man of a ruling caste dares stand before an audience of his peers and tell them the truth. And he goes on with simple direct eloquence to accuse them of every form of social selfishness and assures them that India must be reformed from the inside outward before it will be possible for her successfully to exercise the political privileges that are now so vociferously and insistently demanded.

And he tells them how it can be done: There must be universal consent among the ruling castes to the abolition of child marriage, to the raising of the marriageable age—even he places the possible age no higher than sixteen—to the emancipation and

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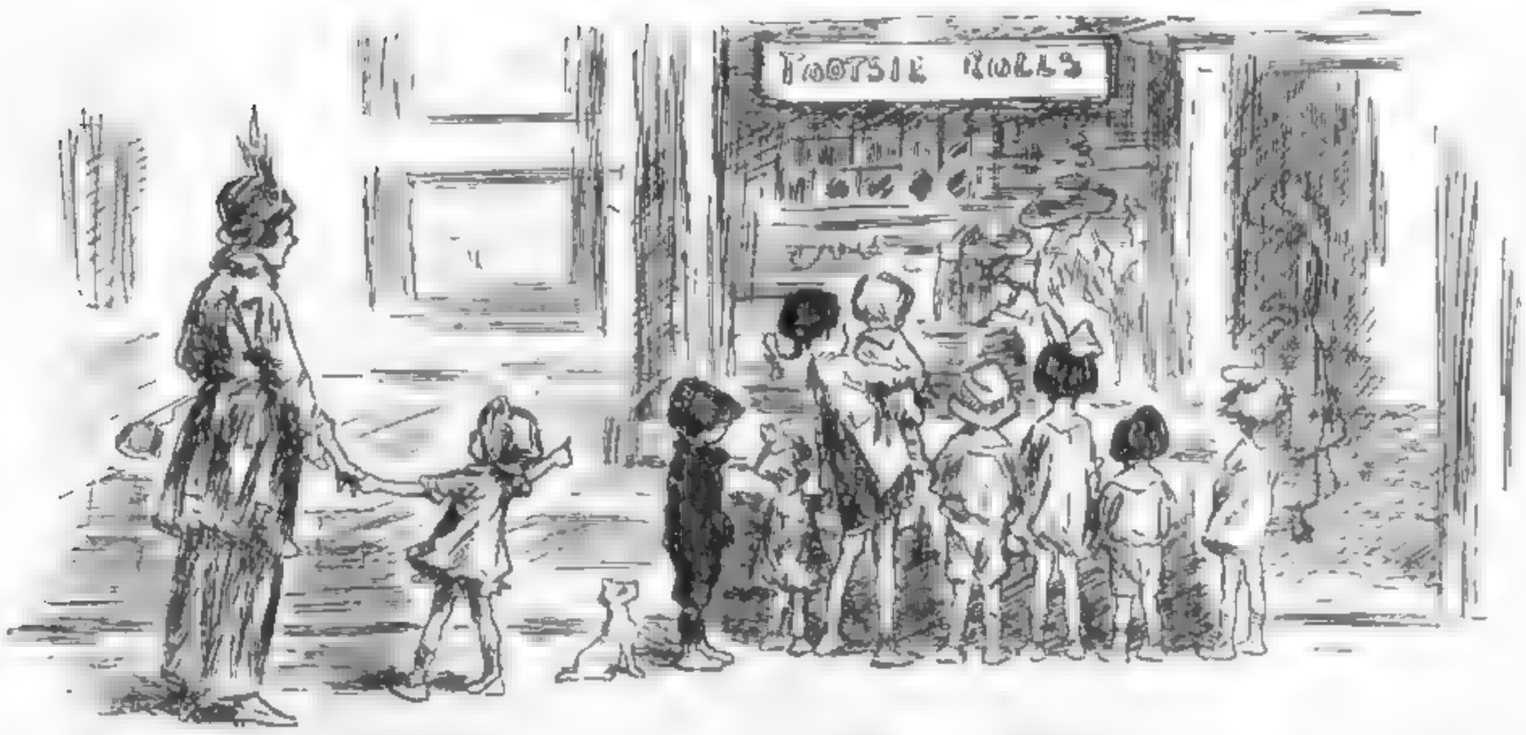

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You have enabled us to maintain the quality of Nut Tootsie Rolls, and also made it possible for us to hold the price of the penny size Tootsie Roll so that the millions of kiddies may continue to buy their favorite candy—at a penny a roll.

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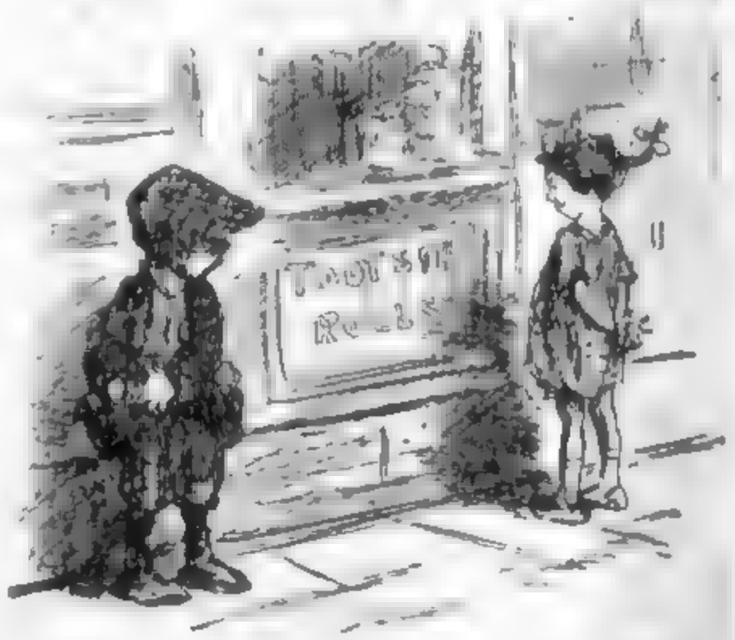

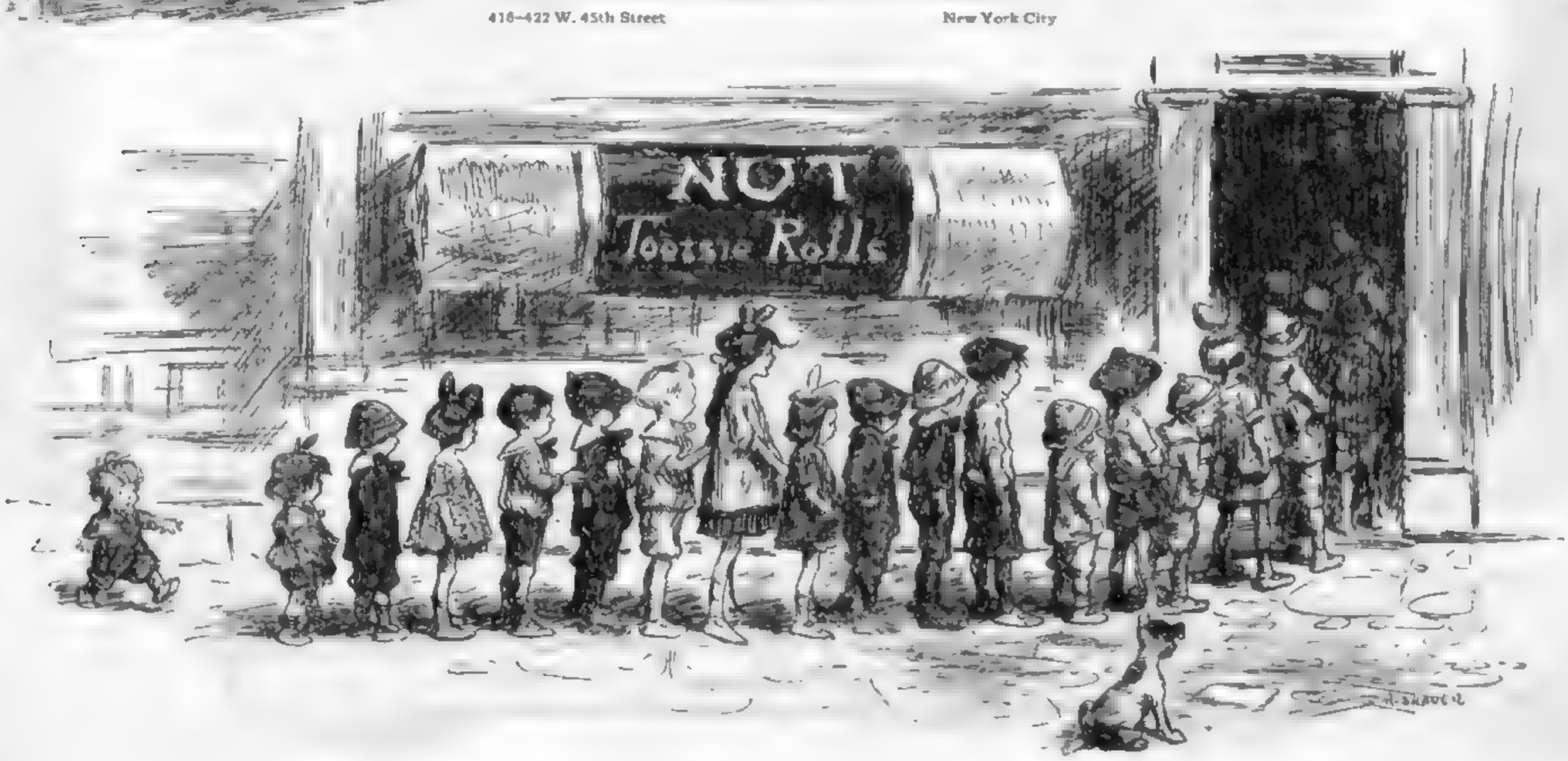

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BEEN seeing good pictures? Want to be sure you're going to keep on seeing them? Easy.

Both Paramount and Artcraft trademarks have come to mean so much to so many millions that the words "photoplays" are almost superfluous.

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* * *

Ever wish you could forget all the fol-de-rol of dinner coats and calling cards and that sort of thing? And get a bunch of corn silk and soft-foot it behind that big rock—and light up with Joey, your particular pal. And get sick and everything?

Or, are you too wise to be natural—are you afraid to play hookey from yourself?

You're not? Good enough. Then you've kept your grip on the greatest thing in life.

And the spirit of play, of make-believe, is what lets you go on, day in and out, forgetting those practical, prosaic things that hold your nose to the grindstone.

It's no secret at all—the gate to the great playground.

You'll find it on the screen of the modern motion picture theatre—the theatre that advertises and shows the motion pictures of the American family—Paramount and Artcraft pictures. Paramount and Artcraft pictures are the *better* pictures of the motion picture art—supreme in stars, masterly in direction, superb in mounting and discriminating and authoritative in the literature and drama they visualize.

* * *

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Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

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Three Ways to Know *how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures*

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"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

(Concluded from Page 54)

education of women, and to the removal of certain paralyzing social restrictions. When such measures cease to be bitterly and unanimously opposed by Indians, he says, it will be time enough for India to begin to talk of unity and self-rule.

This is a very sketchy social background against which to present the political situation. I know that; but it would take volumes to cover conditions in detail. The extremes of the social scale are farther apart than in any other country on earth. At one end there are glittering wealth, ostentation and grandeur such as are to be seen nowhere but in India; at the other such degradation and dumb human misery as pass anyone's power to describe.

Then I must call attention again to the two main divisions of the population—the Hindu and the Mohammedan. In point of numbers the Hindu division is far the stronger, but in point of social balance and equalities the Mohammedan division is in a far better position to make its demands sound reasonable and to back them with unanimity of opinion. Both Mohammedans and Hindus have historic claims to political supremacy, and each cherishes historic hatreds. Each has conquered the land and has ruled in it through long lines of princes, kings and emperors, and neither will yield to the other a dominant place in politics to-day.

Their leaders have attempted a kind of union of interests for present purposes and have just proclaimed themselves united for home rule. But everybody knows this is a fiction, and only the other day while Mohammedan and Hindu politicians met in solemn assembly to pool their demands upon England their brethren here and there throughout the country were indulging in the usual religious riots and murders which annually attend the principal Mohammedan festivals.

Hindus and Mohammedans

The Mohammedan religion abhors idolatry in all its forms and is the simplest faith in the world: "There is no god but God, and Allah is his prophet." That is the foundation, if not the beginning and the end, of Mohammedanism, and the faith has been kept peculiarly free from the gross superstitions and practices which befog and degrade the faiths with which Mohammedanism comes in immediate contact. The Mohammedans regard the Hindus as benighted and sinful idolaters with whom they cannot associate without spiritual detriment and danger.

On the other hand the Hindus regard the Mohammedans as blasphemers against the all-high gods, as killers of cows and other sacred animals, and as polluters of the land. Yet Mohammedans and Hindus alike are Indians in the modern sense; and, as I have said, religion is the dominating influence in every Indian's life, no matter what his political aspirations may be.

And now to get back to the situation.

When Mrs. Besant was interned by the government of Madras, such a howl went up as shook the very bones of India. I do not mean that the protest was universal, but it was loud and it was general, and it gathered in volume from day to day all over the country, as such protests have a way of doing. There were riots and near-riots; strange ceremonials were proposed and carried out; there were veiled threats of violence and open threats and alarms of every kind. There were letters to the newspapers by the bushel, while abuse and petitions in about equal measure rained upon the heads of government everywhere. Finally the solemn matter was taken up by the home government in London. What the process of solution was I do not know, but with the announcement that Mr. Montagu, the Secretary of State for India, would visit India immediately to investigate the political situation the Viceroy reversed the Governor of the Madras Presidency and set Mrs. Besant free.

Amazement! No such thing had ever been known before! A confession of weakness and defeat! Well—the Governor of Madras would have to resign. There would be no other course open to him. In fact all government might just as well close its doors and walk out. There was no government left.

This was the tone and the general line of talk in the camp opposed to Mrs. Besant and to political agitation during the war, in the camp where all the war work was being done. But on the other hand the anger of Mrs. Besant's army of adherents had turned to a paean of rejoicing, and as she emerged from internment she was hailed as "a glorious martyr bearing a crown of thorns."

And she lost not a moment. Her utterances began at once to fill the air, the press and the minds of men. Pages in the newspapers were devoted every day to controversial correspondence about her. Those who were not prostrate at her feet in ecstatic adoration despised her and resented her with a bitterness sublime. A precious few looked on and laughed; but indifference was something nobody seemed to feel.

In the meantime she was proposed for president of the Indian National Congress—her intention fulfilled—which was just on the eve of a general session, and somebody wrote to the Times of India a kind of measured analysis of the situation, accusing her of exercising "a mysterious impalpable influence paralyzing all healthy political thought." One of her devotees took this up instantly and flung back an answer which is, to say the least, illuminating. It expresses the apparent general thought more concisely than anything else I have seen. He thinks the anti-Besant correspondent "has been chasing ghosts in dreamland and having nightmares on a heavy stomach."

A Perfervid Defender

"All through his extraordinary epistle," he says, "there is nothing but the effete confessions of a man who has a horror of theosophists and with crude theosophy on the brain runs amuck to splash mud at everything theosophist if he can thereby besmear Mrs. Besant. But unfortunately for him she is always surrounded by 'an awed crowd of worshipers'"—the quotations are from the other man's letter—"and is enthroned on 'a lofty pedestal' unreachable by frenzy or infuriation. Stupendous powers of speech, penmanship, organization, hypnotism, autocracy, holiness, influence, admirable intrepidity, resources and what not are attributed to Mrs. Besant, and running over the detailed enumeration thereof nontheosophists can hardly conceal their admiration for the stupendous store of power and prowess she is accredited to possess. If she is interned all India goes in mourning, imposing midnight vigils for her release. If she is disinterned Indian men and women of the highest rank execute a *pas seul* under holy oblations at home, and the hoi polloi dance for joy in the streets, the time-worn pagodas nodding assent to keep time!

"If Mrs. Besant says 'Let there be a college!' lo, the Central Hindu College leaps forth into existence, and gathering round herself a group of pliant servers she is able to spread education and knowledge far and wide, covering the four corners of India! If it is her will to propound the cult of a coming avatar, the idea spreads like a flare, and *fiat lux* blazons forth north and south and east and west! If great and doughty men seek occasion to cross sticks with her she merely waves her magic wand over them and makes them tame like lambs, and down they cast their sticks and sit submissive at her feet! If she desires 'political apotheosis and martyrdom,' she has but to name a trysting day and her submissive pupils, her 'Corybantic automata,' her 'theosophic magnates' and her irresistible phalanx rush forward on the errand of 'wooing the leaders of various parties' to oust them by sweet and persuasive words, and the mission is fulfilled! If she wants home rule—oh, my God! Then, then, heaven and earth are shaken to their very bottoms, the whole movement spreads in an epidemic form; she has merely to instigate her followers to preach passive resistance and 'hold out dire mysterious threats to the British rulers' and home rule is an established fact in India!"

Is that not an amazing brand of politics? The man who wrote this may or may not have believed it. It is difficult to tell, because it is all curiously involved in a defense of theosophy which I have omitted. But the mass of the people believe it, and by the mass of the people I mean the few millions of thinking men—out of the hundreds of millions of mere humanity—who have created and who maintain the situation as it exists in India.

But I am merely writing a reporter's story and had better get on with it. Mr. Montagu, the Secretary of State for India, was supposed to be on the way out from England. The population seethed—though really its seething was hardly perceptible except in the press and round speakers' platforms; organizations organized; petitions to be presented were drawn up and publicly discussed; grave fears and jubilant hopes were expressed; there were secrets and secrecies, alleged intrigue, plans, parties, preparations. And Mr. Montagu arrived!

Whereupon for a short time Mrs. Besant dropped into the outer glow of the spotlight. It was not oblivion by any means, because she was rather spectacularly busy getting herself elected president of the National Congress. The National Congress was to meet during Mr. Montagu's visit, and it was hoped that from its platform a complete scheme of political reconstruction for India would be handed to him for presentation to the British Parliament.

The secretary joined the Viceroy at Delhi, and together these two men, with glittering suite, started on a tour of the country. They went everywhere, and Mr. Montagu received deputations by the hundreds and gave every one of them an uncurtailed hearing. He accumulated petitions by the thousands and is said to have read them all. No man ever worked harder, and it was decided that he was trying sincerely to learn. Class appealed against class, caste against caste, sect against sect, instigators of projects against other projects; and everywhere there were the representatives of various political factions, each with a line of political demand in opposition to all other political demands.

There was some fear expressed in Conservative circles that the secretary, being a Radical and a politician himself, would commit England to promises that would create further dissension, be difficult to fulfill and open the way for other demands even more far-reaching. But a man may be a Radical and at the same time wise. The secretary only listened. And I believe he smiled and rather endeared himself to everybody with whom he came in contact. Everybody with any degree of intelligence knew he was up against a fearful problem, and most persons are rather decent, after all. The British community condemned him absolutely for releasing Mrs. Besant—it being supposed that the Viceroy acted on his instructions—and there was a plan before he arrived to greet him with the polite minimum of cordiality. But he overcame all that at once, and when it was discovered that nobody need fear precipitate action on his part the atmosphere warmed up to the point almost of enthusiasm. He was liked.

Then the National Congress met, with Mrs. Besant enthroned.

The Moderate Party

The Indian National Congress has had an interesting and rather checkered career, but its past was made very remote indeed by the stand it took at the end of the year 1917. As an institution it was inaugurated by Englishmen, not by Indians, during the period when Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India. In fact it was originally suggested by Lord Dufferin. In a conference on the subject he told one of the appointed organizers that "as head of the government he had found the greatest difficulty in ascertaining the real wishes of the people; and that for purposes of administration it would be a public benefit if there existed some responsible organization through which the government might be kept informed regarding the best Indian public opinion." So the interesting organization came into being.

It soon developed two parties, of course, called the Moderates and the Extremists, and between them they have fought many a wordy battle over India's rights. But now everybody who can make his voice heard in the land is a Nationalist, the Extremists having listed themselves to a man under that fine-sounding title. And the question is: "What has become of the Moderates?"

"Judging from their activities," writes one man, "the present-day Moderates are modest, being unmindful of the attacks of their opponents and also of their own duties. They do not work to make their presence felt or to dispel the ignorance of the people in political matters. They join with their opponents in attacking the government or raising a loud cry, but never do anything to assert themselves or to expose their opponents when they go wrong. Some of them make it a point to avoid offending the opposite party, and others indulge in magnificent indifference."

This was written by an Indian, of course. In fact, practically everything I have quoted is from the pens of Indians. It would not be fair to quote British comment, because British opinion might be prejudiced. After all, it is an Indian controversy, and one knows that England stands by, willing—benevolently anxious, in fact—to render a decision when the sanities and insanities have been sifted and something definite and within reason has been prepared and presented for her final consideration.

The truth is that India just now is a bit off her head. She is running a pretty high temperature. But her hope lies in the fact that through her wildest ravings she clings to the hand of England and to her faith and pride in empire.

The Moderate Party still exists, and probably is doing great good in an unobtrusive way. But the only really popular things now in India are to be a wild-eyed patriot and to worship Mrs. Besant.

This marvelous old lady's presidential address before the congress was a masterpiece of perfervid special pleading and sublime disregard of the complexities of India's problem and of prosaic essentials. Her speech fills twenty full-grown newspaper columns, and all the newspapers printed it in full. The newspaper that had failed to do so would probably have been accused of prejudice and have laid itself open to some form of retaliation. And that is how strong Mrs. Besant is. She said:

"India wants home rule for two reasons—one essential; the other less important, but weighty: First, because freedom is the birthright of every nation; second, because India's most important interests are now made subservient to the interests of the British Empire without India's consent, and her resources are not utilized for her greatest needs."

A Lady in a Hurry

Then she proceeds to wallop England with all the time-honored tales of iniquity and all the ancient damning statistics. She reviews all the modern wars that have been fought on India's soil and succeeds in proving that England actually made India fight for her own subjugation and pay for her own enslavement. She reviews the history of industry, commerce, agriculture and education, and proves that India has been shamelessly exploited on the one hand and shamefully neglected on the other. She skates on thin ice with a serenity that compels one's admiration; and she never breaks through.

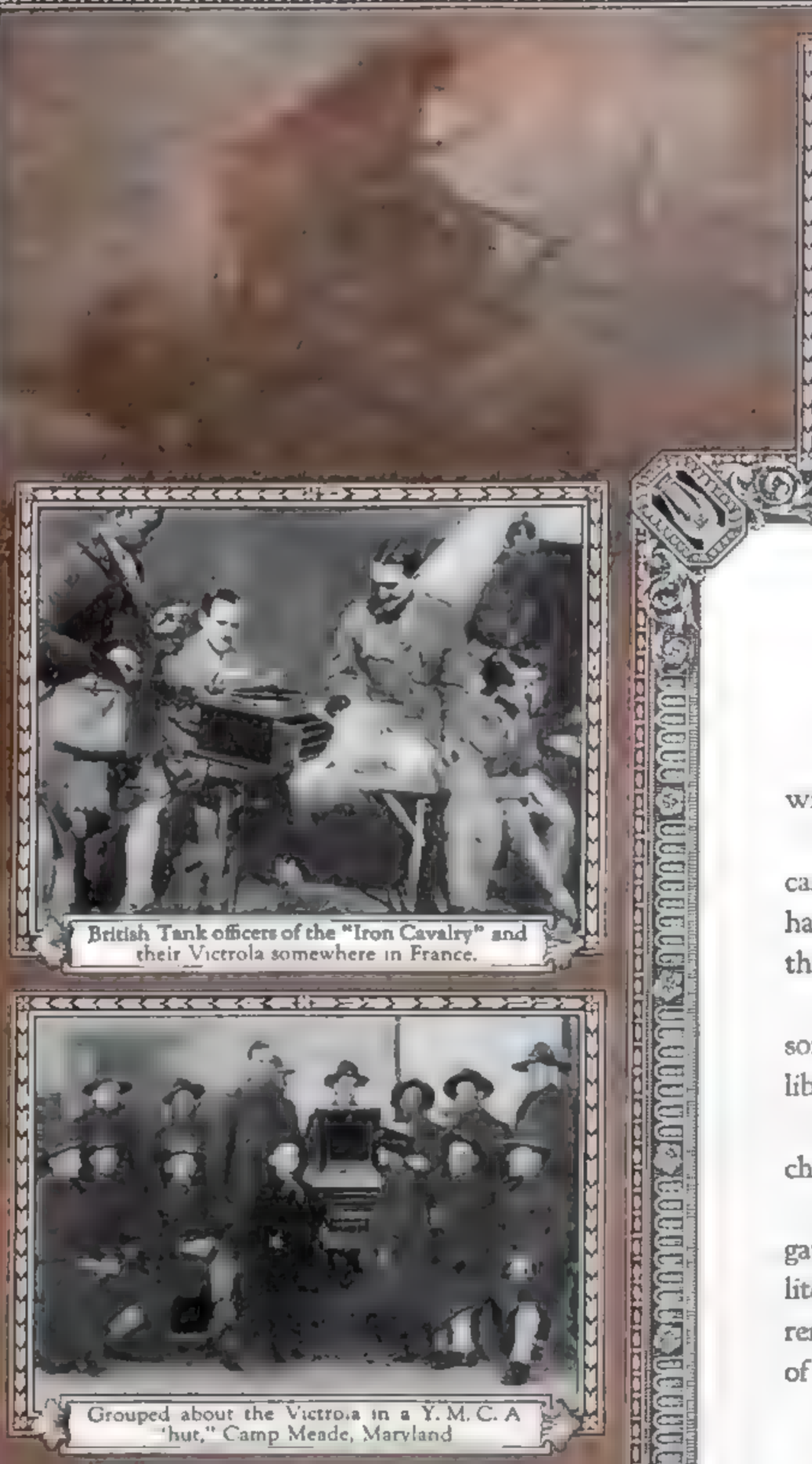
She goes on to make a fine line sketch of a modern Utopia and presents it as her plan for the reconstruction of India. It is rather magnificent. It misses very few points and is exceedingly well thought out.

The only trouble is that it takes into consideration none of India's complications and ignores the fact that even Utopias need something in the nature of a financial basis. Also she seems to forget that the usual home rule, independence, self-government argument deals with citizens' privileges exclusively and carefully neglects the subject of citizens' responsibilities; and she would burden the unready Indian population with overwhelming responsibilities.

She begins with the villages and builds her governmental structure—as it should be built—from the bottom up, and she paints it with rainbow colors at every stage. There really are no difficulties. Responsible government being established, she would launch a series of tremendous enterprises. She outlines a system of education that would probably plunge India into a religious mix-up that would make home rule a forgotten issue, to say nothing of the fact that it would break the treasury. She would build vast institutions and undertake far-reaching and wildly prodigal reforms in industry, commerce and agriculture. She would have a merchant marine, an army, a navy and—oh, everything! And she would have everything right away, suavely setting the date for India's complete freedom at 1923!

But if she got everything she so blandly outlines and got it as quickly as she proposes to get it she would have social chaos in India and a burden of taxation fastened upon the people that would make "British oppression" look like almost imbecile benevolence.

But never mind; it is not really very serious. She also wants to attach her Utopia to the throne—a free commonwealth in the British Empire; and as long as she and her adherents cling to that desire they are safe enough.



110th Regiment Infantry at Philadelphia en route to Camp Hancock, Georgia.

U. S. Jackies, U.S.S. "D themselves with

British Tank officers of the "Iron Cavalry" and their Victrola somewhere in France.

Grouped about the Victrola in a Y. M. C. A "hut," Camp Meade, Maryland

The Victrola in the trenches at Gallipoli with the "Anzac" Tenth Light Horse

A happy crowd in the Young Men's Hebrew Association house, Camp Meade, Maryland.

By these men w

Spread before you is a panorama of patriotism.

The world must be made safe for democracy. Here are the men who will make it so.

The moral and spiritual forces that will carry us on to victory no man can measure. The books you send, the letters you write, the music the men have to enjoy—do not for one moment underestimate the weight they will throw into the final balance of success.

The pictures shown here are typical of the spirit of Uncle Sam. He has a song in his heart, a tune on his Yankee lips, and an iron resolve deep in his liberty-loving soul.

This company is proud that its products are a mighty Armament of Hope, cheering and strengthening the spirit of our fighting men.

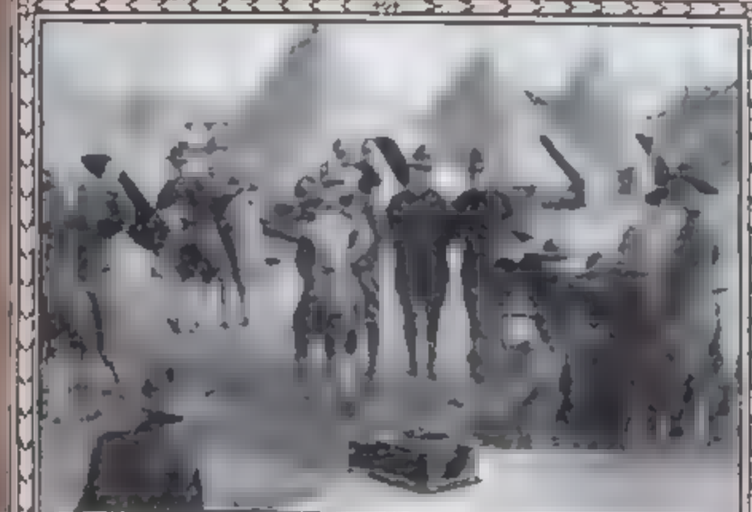
Wherever the soldiers and sailors of Uncle Sam and his Allies are gathered, there the Victrola is singing its song of courage. The Victrola is literally following the flag. Through the unseen power of music, it supplies and renews that vast human dynamo that is driving our war machine to its goal of glory.

Across the shadows of No Man's Land stand the embattled foes. But

Victor Talking Machine Co

The Victrola enlisted in

claware," entertaining
the Victrola.



A merry hour at Fort Jay, Governor's Island, New York.

Italian troops enjoy a Victrola concert on the snow-clad Alps.

e shall conquer!

there are more foes than these to be vanquished. In the stern work of war, fatigue, discouragement, hesitation are inevitably encountered. Bullets will not suffice in these battles of the soul. In these sore trials, music is the great physician. It satisfies the hunger of the mind, the thirst of the spirit, the deep and hidden yearning of the wearied soul for words of comfort that cannot be spoken and that only music can whisper.

In camp and trench, on transport and battleship, in hospital, church and cantonment, in the welfare houses of the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., and the Y. M. H. A., the Victrola is the unflagging, and often the *only*, source of music and entertainment. It is so portable that it can be taken anywhere and *unaided* it gives forth the music and laughter of the world's greatest artists. The Victrola is teaching wireless and French to our Army and Navy. Victrolas and Victor Records are day and night advancing the cause of freedom on the battlefields of the entire world.

Every Victrola in the service of Uncle Sam is a source of actual war strength. Every Victor Record at the front is a winged messenger of victory, doing its humble but by no means unimportant bit to vanquish the powers of darkness and make the world safe for democracy.

, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

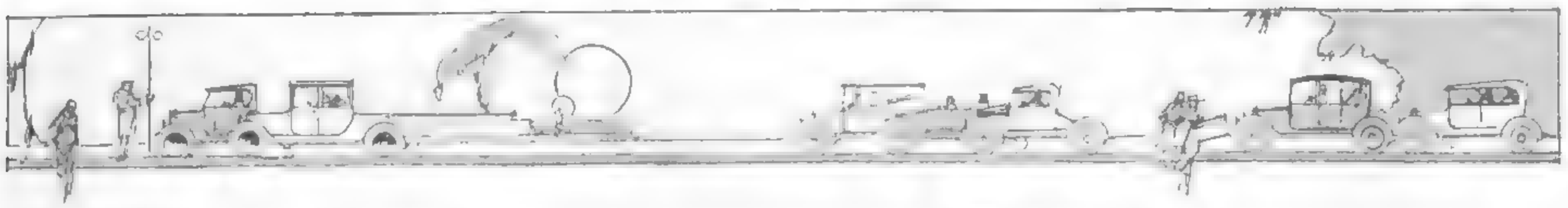
the War for Democracy

Listening to the Victrola at Camp Dix, New Jersey.

The Victrola helps wounded British sailors to "forget."

ways look for the famous
's Voice. It is on all
ing Machine Company.

In the Knights of Columbus hall, National Army Cantonment, Camp Meade, Maryland



How to keep your Ford engine running like new

Scientific lubrication protects working parts from wear

WHEN you crank up your Ford, does the engine run with snap and power, quietly and smoothly—or does it sputter, miss and buck?

If the latter is the case, it is more than likely that the trouble is not the fault of the engine but that improper lubrication is responsible.

The Ford engine is a wonderful piece of mechanism, compact and accurately made, but, like any other finely-adjusted machine, it requires absolutely correct lubrication to develop its fullest efficiency.

The special problem of Ford lubrication

Every car has its different lubricating problems. In the Ford the special problem arises from the exclusive and ingenious construction by which the disc clutch and transmission gears are enclosed with the engine.

In other makes of cars these three parts are separate and the oiling requirements of each are met by a different lubricant.

In the Ford, one oil must lubricate all three of these parts—the engine, transmission gears and the disc clutch.

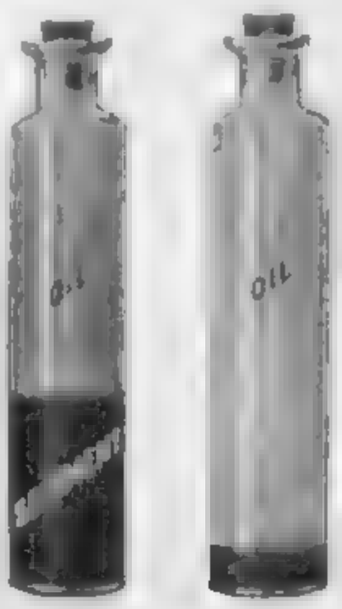
Faulty lubrication causes 90% of trouble

A careful analysis of the causes for trouble in the Ford engine shows that improper lubrication is to blame for 90% of them.

The most common results of faulty oiling are: bucking or jerky engine; carbon and fouled spark plugs; engine knocks; overheating and loose bearings.

The ideal lubricant for your Ford

Exhaustive scientific experiments and thousands of road tests have proved that Veedol Medium is the ideal lubricant for the Ford power plant.



The new famous Sediment Test showing sediment produced by engine heat in ordinary oil and how Veedol reduces sediment by 80%. The left hand bottle shows sediment from the right-hand bottle Veedol, both specimens taken after 500 miles of running

It is heavy enough for the engine and gears, yet light enough so that the clutch does not drag.

Ordinary oil breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine and the resulting black sediment causes rapid wear. That is why you cannot afford to buy ordinary oil at any price.

When figured by miles of service, and not by cost per gallon, Veedol proves much more economical than ordinary oils.

The average motor oil acts like water in a kettle. When water is subjected to intense heat it evaporates as steam. Under the terrific heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F.—ordinary oil evaporates very rapidly through the oil filler in the form of vapor.

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat and minimizes the consequent formation of sediment, but also reduces evaporation in your engine to a negligible quantity. You will get 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason.

Make this test for yourself

Drain the oil out of your crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run the engine *very slowly* for 30 seconds and then clean out all kerosene. Refill with Veedol and make a test run over a familiar road including steep hills and level straightaways.

You will find that your engine has acquired new power, hill-climbing ability and snappy pick-up. It will run more smoothly and quietly and will give greater gasoline mileage.

Buy Veedol today

Your dealer has Veedol in stock, or can get it for you. If he does not, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can supply you.

Send for this 80-page book on lubrication

The most complete book ever published on automobile lubrication, written by a prominent engineer, and used as text book by many schools and colleges. Describes and illustrates all types of lubrication systems; tells how to keep your car running like new at minimum expense. Also contains Veedol Lubrication Chart, showing correct grade of Veedol for every car, winter or summer. Send 10c for a copy. It may save you many dollars.

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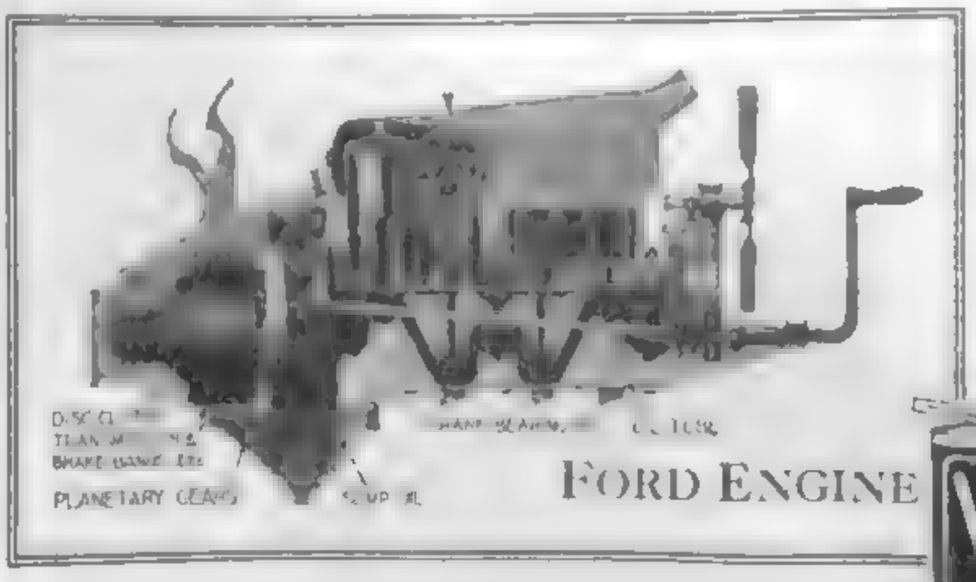
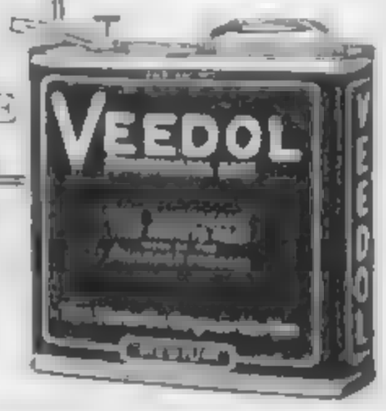


FORD ENGINE

In the ingenious design of the Ford power plant the three most important parts—the engine, transmission gears and disc clutch—are enclosed together. The oil in the sump must meet the different lubrication requirements of all three of these parts Veedol Medium is specially made to do this



TREASURE HOUSES OF MERCY

(Continued from Page 9)

Counsel of perfection—but how hard to attain! For humans create their works in their own image. Nevertheless, he kept on repeating it, as if it were a kind of magic talisman; and during those first weeks it was on his lips a hundred times: "We've got to keep things simple and we've got to keep them big." Thus they talked; and they reasoned and they planned. And they chalked out roughly a big valiant circle circumscribing their efforts—American Army, French Army, refugees, tuberculosis, canteens, hospitals, children, reconstruction work, reëducation; and then they allotted to each man his place. Of course there were square pegs in round holes in that first circle. There were holes that lacked pegs of any kind; they were just holes.

Then they landed. And after the tumult and the shouting died, and the welcomers had departed, and the leaders got down to their jobs, they discovered, bit by bit, the following things: That American business methods are about four speeds ahead of Continental methods; that life here is not regulated for business, but business is regulated for living; that there is no such word as hurry in the dictionary; that it requires a special act of Congress and the infinite patience of the Almighty to use the French telephone; that they hadn't left all of their kind critics on the other side of the water; that certain of them had bought the best seats on the grand stand and were already sitting up there waiting to see them fail; that conditions were both better and worse than had been foretold—in short, that they had ahead of them the biggest fight of their lives.

The sheer physical difficulties were enormous. And this particular part of the history is true, not only of the Red Cross but equally so of the Army. They had to begin at once to operate on a grand scale, and they were not only ignorant of the conditions and laws governing such operations, but, also, they had no plant, no personnel, no tools. They had to buy and they didn't know the market; they had no buyers, no warehouses in which to put the stuff after they bought it, and no means of transportation. And still they bought. They bought at random, in the dark, in answer to their immediate needs. They put a lawyer in charge of supplies until they could get hold of some broad-gauge merchants from home.

Overcoming Obstacles

They realized from the start that this was not going to be any little two-by-four retail trade, and yet the sheer size of the units of measurements stunned them. Not hundreds of yards of gauze, but millions. Not dozens of sweaters, but hundreds of thousands. Not two or three motor trucks for carriers, but hundreds. Not one single big warehouse, but scores of them, strung like beads on a chain throughout the land. "We've got to keep this thing simple, and we've got to keep it big," reiterated the leader, "or we'll be swamped inside of a week." So they commandeered some of the best merchants in America, men who could look a million-dollar contract in the eye without flinching. That was what they wanted; that was what they had to have if the organization was going to survive.

Meantime the plant went forward, fashioning general policies with one hand, so to speak, while with the other it dealt with immediate affairs. Starting any new project is always attended with a certain amount of difficulties. But in America, that paradise of the business man, where brains, labor and all the necessary physical properties can be acquired by merely speaking over the telephone, these difficulties are diminished to the irreducible minimum.

Thus, it is almost impossible to conceive the obstacles that beset the first steps of these business pioneers, who were striving to collect the elements of a great plant, which, even in time of peace, takes months to consolidate. They labored prodigiously. They worked far into the night to keep their desks clear, and arrived in the mornings before their stenographers; in fact, it was a joke in those early days that certain enthusiasts never went home at all—that they curled up in their sleeping bags under their desks right in the offices.

Nevertheless, it was rough swimming for the young organization. And it was at this particular juncture that the critics, those keen, watchful waiters, beholding its struggles, began to point the finger of scorn and to jeer derisively: "See how badly he swims! See him splash! All splash and no swim!"

Now the leaders of the Red Cross did not spring immaculate from the loins of perfection; they were fallible, like any other leaders of any other private or public institution. In truth, the organization did do a bit of splashing at the start. Perhaps the biggest difference between its chiefs and their critics lay in the fact that the former saw the goal toward which they were striving through heavy seas, while the critics saw only the splash.

Undoubtedly one of the most acute of the early irritations was the lack of competent stenographers who understood both French and English. One morning the chief of the transportation bureau had occasion to dictate a letter to his secretary asking the French Government to give him a thousand numbers for the matriculation of his cars. After the letter had been turned into French he glanced through it casually, noted that the figures were correct, took pains to have it duly countersigned at American Military Headquarters, and sent it off. In due course there arrived at his office three distinguished French officials, who smilingly said:

"We have come to thank the American Red Cross for the thousand cars it has just presented to the French Government. It's very handsome of you. We're badly in need of cars right now."

Delicate Discipline

"What!" gasped the dumfounded transportation head. "We—we didn't give you any thousand cars. We haven't got 'em to give!"

The visitors produced the letter. The uncomprehending, one-candle-power little French stenographer had unwittingly turned the whole business upside down and had presented a thousand cars to the French Government; and her employer had clinched the gift by an official visé from the American Army Headquarters! Accidents like that were multifold.

As the weeks rushed by more and more shiploads of helpers arrived, and the original band of twenty leaped up to a hundred, two hundred, five hundred, a thousand. Some of the square pegs began to be shifted into suitable holes. With growth no one person became absolutely indispensable. In an organization of this particular type, dependent largely on volunteer aid, with its ranks composed of intelligent men and women who have held honorable and important positions in private life, the danger is lest there shall be too many crowned heads. Discipline becomes a delicate matter; straightforward orders are apt to be resented; it is hard to can an incompetent volunteer.

Also, in any considerable aggregation of human atoms there are always some provice-sub-deputy lieutenants who aspire to be field marshals at least. This organization, being human, had a few such—not many, but one or two. And in those first difficult days, had not the leader been firm as well as kind, these minor troubles might have assumed major proportions.

It was the custom in those early weeks to hold directors' meetings every morning at nine o'clock, and a few members of the commission fell into the negligent habit of strolling in five, ten, fifteen minutes late. One morning, after waiting for several of these tardy ones to find their seats, their leader looked round the circle and slowly said:

"It's of no importance whether any particular member attends this conference or not. The Red Cross can manage to get along without him. But I'd like to call your attention to the fact that this meeting opens at nine o'clock. Any person who finds that hour too early may stay away."

Ensued a minute of tingling silence while several very pink-faced gentlemen stared assiduously at their boots. Needless to say, all tardiness ceased on the spot. And this driving force, this sense of captaincy, of making the whole organization answer like a ship to the helm, was the finest thing that could have happened to the Red Cross at this period of beginnings; for it fused her almost too intelligent parts together.

Upon another occasion there arose the question of delegating special powers to a member of the commission. Certain American ambulance men got into trouble, and this particular member wished to be given the power to countersign the decision the French Government had taken in the affair.

"No," said the leader firmly; "I cannot consent to delegate to any single individual such grave powers. The American Red Cross is the only court of justice in this country to which those ambulance men can appeal, and nobody shall sign away their rights until a thorough investigation has been made at a full meeting of the board." The member resigned for the good of the cause.

So passed the first months. The huge shadowy circle of activities the commission had sketched on board began to take on a firmer outline. Trained chiefs of bureaus arrived. And these experts, in turn, drew smaller circles, sent in budgets of needs and got their workers out into the field. Thus the organization, as such, began to emerge, a gigantic enterprise, of a type hitherto unknown on earth: idealistic in principle, yet practical in form; democratic in the source of its funds; plainly a Federal Government proposition, yet operating without government red tape, and with unpaid officials who still worked their heads off, with no thought of individual preferment or fame—in short, something new under the sun. The pessimist of Ecclesiastes was wrong!

The organization had a hand in the affairs of the American Army; the French Army; in the affairs, also, of the civilians, the refugees, the repatriates, the tuberculous, the mutilated, the children, the farmers in the destroyed villages of the devastated zones. Truly a vast edifice of mercy!

So much for the external features of the picture. But experts may expert and budgeteers make budgets until kingdom come, and unless there is some kinetic power to make those dreams come true, the whole outfit is no better than a dead automobile, with no gasoline in the tank. So, within the big outer structure, which the world sees, there is another inner structure of the Red Cross—the power house, so to speak, of the entire plant.

This inner structure is composed of the buying, the transportation and the warehouse departments. They compare exactly with the quartermaster's department of the Army. And thus, stripping off all external activities, the American Red Cross in France stands revealed as nothing more or less than an immense storekeeping concern—a country store at the crossroads, with a general stock in trade.

A Gigantic Department Store

Now a country store handles a diverse class of merchandise. There are farming implements, machinery, grain and hay, food, kitchen utensils, furniture, a department of men's and women's clothing; and even candy and toys for the children. It aims to supply the simpler wants of the countryside. So, also, does the Red Cross; but its clientèle is an entire nation, and two fighting armies besides.

Here are just a few of the articles of which it must carry a stock in its stores: Foods, wearing apparel of all types and descriptions, beds and bedding for hospital and civilian uses, hospital supplies, surgical dressings, surgical instruments and drugs of every kind, splints, furniture, farming machinery, lumber, portable sawmills and planing mills, portable engines, concrete mixers and rock crushers, gasoline tractors, cystoscopes, chloroform masks, scarifiers, nitrous-oxide gas plants, building materials, every kind of tinware for use in canteens and hospitals, china and glassware, phonographs, games for indoors and outdoors, smoking materials, libraries, field kitchens, kitchen trailers; portable X-ray machines for use in the field, fully equipped in automobiles; portable disinfecting outfits for men and clothes, consisting of several rooms, where men coming from the trenches, covered with filth and vermin, enter and remove their clothes, which are passed through a sterilizer while the men proceed to another room and are bathed with disinfectants and showered, finally passing, thoroughly cleansed, to a room where their

(Continued on Page 65)

Bouilliez

famous Belgian, principal baritone Covent Garden Opera, London, and Theatre Royal de la Monnaie, Brussels—another of the premier artists who make exclusive recordings for Gennett Art Tone Records

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"His singing is so fine, both in his gentler moments and at the height of passion, that one longs to hear more of it."

AUGUSTE BOUILLIEZ' smooth, rich, natural baritone has enchanted the select operatic audiences of Europe. He will enthral America this season. Hear his masterpieces:

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Hundreds of choice selections are recorded upon Gennett double-sided Records—("hill and dale" type, 150 lines per inch)—at 75c, $1, $1.25 and $1.50.

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How You Profit by

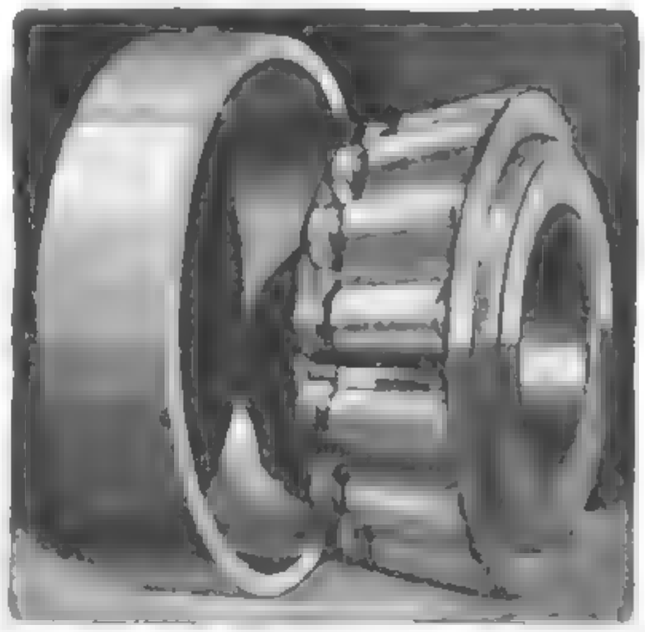
Starting with Right Principles

The bearings in your motor car must meet two fundamental requirements.

First, they must enable important moving parts to operate without the loss of power and rapid wear that would result from friction—the "rubbing" of one part on another.

Second, they must do this without being quickly worn out themselves by the heavy loads, bumps and vibration to which they are subjected by the car's motion.

The second requirement is hardest to fulfill, and it is here that the foundation of Timken Quality was securely laid, years ago, in a fundamentally correct design. The series of tapered rollers, revolving between a tapered cup and a tapered cone, assures maximum resistance to the "radial load" that pounds down with the weight of the car and up with the bumps of the road, and also to the "end thrust" that shoves the rollers end-on into the cup when the car turns or jolts from side to side.



"Timken-Made," from Steel to Shipment

Quality begins with the steel of which the bearing is made. Timken is the one Company manufacturing anti-friction bearings which establishes complete control of its raw material by making its own steel.

Timken is satisfied with nothing less than Timken-made steel, of that superior quality for which the Héroult Electric Furnace has become famous.

By making the steel in Timken furnaces, and testing in Timken laboratories the very materials of which the steel is made, Timken not only avoids delays in shipments, but makes sure that specifications are exactly followed. Timken *knows* the steel is right before the ingot is forged or the billet rolled into the bar.

Even the temperatures used in making Timken steel in the Héroult furnaces are precisely predetermined. What these furnaces are—how they work—why they produce better steel—are all interestingly told in the New International Encyclopedia, Page 382.

Finer than a Twelfth Part of a Hair

As Timken steel is wrought into cups, cones and rollers, every device is utilized to maintain the highest standard of accuracy. To such an extent is this carried that of the rollers in a finished bearing no one differs from its fellows in diameter by so much as the twelfth part of a human hair.

To make a Timken Roller Bearing requires thousands of operations and inspections, a completely equipped engineering staff, laboratory, steel plant, tube mill, carbonizing and hardening departments and machine shops.

It requires a multitude of gauges, testing machines, and delicate measuring instruments, including, for example, one which can measure an angular variation of less than an inch in two lines three miles long.

Another—the sorting machine shown at the right—automatically separates rollers into lots varying by only the twelfth part of a human hair. Its accuracy is typical of Timken manufacturing processes.

Thus accuracy in manufacture is added to quality of material.

TIMKEN

Control of Quality

The One Correct Bearing for You

Only one Timken Bearing—out of hundreds of different sizes—can be exactly correct for any given place in your particular make of car.

The work it has to do depends on the weight and size of the car, and many other details which may affect not only the size of the bearing, but the number and degree of taper of the rollers—though all Timken Bearings have the same principles of design, the same quality of materials and workmanship.

So Timken insists that the bearings for your car be selected only after every detail has been considered in conference by the engineers of the car builder and of the Timken organization.

Every recommendation made by Timken engineers is based on detailed and exact knowledge of all factors that concern power plant and running gear. Timken recommendations are never made until every detail of the car has been definitely determined.

Mounting Each Bearing Properly

If you, the car owner, are to get the full value of the painstaking care and accuracy devoted to the production of Timken Quality, you should be assured that your bearings are mounted in position with care and accuracy.

Here again Timken protects you, by coöperating with the car builder in order to make *sure* that the parts supporting the bearings are correctly designed and accurately made.

The wise and progressive car builder appreciates this cooperation, realizing the value of Timken experience with every type of installation in thousands of varying models of motor cars.

As a consequence of every-day Timken coöperation you, as a car user, are assured of the correct mounting so necessary to long bearing life. And whether the bearing goes into a pleasure car, commercial car, industrial truck or farm tractor the same carefully-set standards are followed. Every bearing is installed in the *exact* way that Timken experience *proves* is best for the user.

Passing on the Control to You

Has the control of Timken Quality reached its limit when the motor car at last leaves the dealer's show-room for active service?

No—still another safeguard is added. After following that quality through the Timken plant, through the car builder's factory and into the car itself, Timken has provided a way for you, the owner, to continue to control and indefinitely prolong Timken Quality—*for Timken Bearings are adjustable* to take up effects of wear.

When wear finally occurs, as it will in time to any rotating part, Timken Bearings can be restored to full efficiency by a simple and easy adjustment. With a part turn of a wrench you can wipe all the miles off the slate, and your Timken Bearings are ready to begin their long service all over again.

Inspection every five thousand miles or so serves to keep Timken Bearings in perfect working condition. This final step in Timken Quality control aids greatly in extending the life of the Timken Bearings in your car, even beyond the life of the car itself.

Two interesting booklets, "How Can I Tell?" and "The Care and Character of Bearings," will give you more details regarding the design, manufacture and care of motor car bearings, sent free, postpaid on request.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

BEARINGS

YOUR Red Cross is an all-American, largely volunteer organization, authorized by Congress, headed by President Wilson, audited by the War Department, enthusiastically approved by your Army, your Navy, and your Allies.

The work covers both military and civilian relief in every war-torn Allied country and full reports of all expenditures are continually being published, or are available through the Chapters.

It stands beside our boys in training here or "over there."

It watches beside the pillows of battle-broken men, and offers rest and sympathy to war-torn fighters on brief respite from the front.

It carries food and clothing to hungered mothers and little ones in ruined villages.

It helps rebuild the scattered pile of brick and stone they once called "Home."

It brings back to the hopeless mother's arms her long-lost child.

It helps care for the orphans of the men who died that civilization might live.

It helps care for the thousands that have fallen prey to dread tuberculosis.

It nobly represents in deeds of mercy, relief, and restoration the more than twenty million members that have made its great work possible.

Every cent of every dollar received for the Red Cross War Fund is spent for war relief. All administration costs, relief work for other than war purposes (such as the Halifax and Guatemala disasters) are taken care of out of membership dues, and the interest accruing from the banking of the War Fund has made available for war relief at least $1.02 for every $1 contributed.

This page contributed for the Winning of the War by the

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Contributed through Division of Advertising, United States Government Committee on Public Information.

(Continued from Page 61)

clothes are returned to them disinfected and dried. This particular piece of equipment alone costs fifty-nine thousand francs, and the Red Cross is installing them in the army camps and behind the trenches as fast as the need arises.

It is evident from a glance at the above list that a very specialized kind of intelligence was needed to handle the business of supplies. Like the quartermaster's department, it is a civilian job; a big, live, sixty-horse-power proposition. Realizing that upon the success of this department depends the success of every other department, a call went to America for men with merchandising experience on a large scale. In response, Stanley Field, of the Marshall Field Company, Chicago; James Douglas, of Douglas, Arizona, of the United Verde Copper Mine and founder of the Phelps, Dodge Company; William H. Brophy, his associate; and Charles Ghidden Osborne, a steel man, tendered their services. Field took over the entire problem of purchasing, Douglas and Brophy of warehouses; and Osborne of shipping and transportation. And then these major leaguers began to play ball.

"When I came over, last fall," said Mr Field, in a discussion of the problems of his particular department, "transportation, purchasing, insurance and stores were brought under a combined bureau of transportation and supplies. The existing organization in Paris was not prepared, either in personnel or equipment, to handle the large work this bureau had undertaken, any more than a local railroad would be able to swing the job of a trunk line. But late in September a group of men with large merchandizing experience arrived.

"At the start buying was a matter of guesswork. Purchases were made by each department without any central purchasing agency, and were stored for them individually. But the business quickly outgrew this method. Early in October budgets were prepared, approximately covering their expenditures for the ensuing six months. And now the buying against these budgets is being done wherever the goods are procurable at reasonable rates. We try, whenever possible, to buy in France, giving always the most careful consideration not to exhaust supplies and materials. And the fact that in some cases the goods are plentiful at the moment is not held to be a sufficient reason for making the purchase, if by so doing those stocks will be depleted later on."

Purchasing Difficulties

"War conditions, as everyone knows, have made it difficult to buy in France. Three years of steady conflict has drained all Europe of reserves and conveniences for work. It lacks men. There exists, also, a great shortage of rail transportation. The Red Cross entered the field at the end of these three years, at a period of decreased production, and of very much increased consumption, owing to the demands of the British and American armies. If its purchasing agents want to buy three tons of coal for a garage they must get a permit from the French War Department. If they want to buy beds in quantity they must get a permit allowing the French manufacturer to buy the materials to make the beds. Any purchases into which metal or lumber enters have to be approved by the proper French authorities in order to secure the necessary amounts of steel and lumber.

"In order to avoid competition and a consequent raising of prices, the American Army has established a war purchasing board in Paris, with which the Red Cross consults; and the same thing is done with the French military and civil authorities. To complete this coördination the chief of the Red Cross Purchasing Bureau is also a member of the Army Purchasing Board.

"After France, other near-by markets are considered; for our problem here is twofold—to avoid depleting the supplies of this country and to save tonnage across the Atlantic. In Europe the largest source of supplies is England. Accordingly, after I got my bureau here licked into reasonable shape, I took a trip to London to see what were the possibilities of buying over there. And I discovered that if the American Red Cross was to become a purchasing agent in England it must combat exactly the same extensive war restrictions which prevail in France. It would have to consider the fluctuations of the current market and the labor laws, as well as all the numerous limitations laid down by the government. A single contract might take weeks to negotiate and then fall through at the end.

"In addition we should have to install another complete plant to operate in that country—buyers, bureaus of clerks, bookkeepers, and so on, and storing and shipping systems. All of which, in turn, would entail a very signal increase of overhead expenditure. In short, viewed as a business proposition, the thing was not feasible if the Red Cross entered the market as an individual purchaser. The alternative was to have the British Red Cross do our buying for us, with a separate set of books. And that cut the Gordian knot at one clip; for the British Red Cross is as much at home in her market as we are in America. Knowing conditions she can make better contracts than we could make for ourselves, and after three years of war her machinery is at a fine point of practical efficiency. So that now all we have to do is to cable our wants; she does the rest.

"This hearty coöperation on the part of the British Red Cross has been of the greatest service to us already, for we can absolutely depend not only on an A-one class of merchandise but also on its speedy dispatch. Already we have bought thirty million francs' worth of goods out of that one market alone, and if the war continues our drafts will be much heavier.

"The size of our purchases would amaze any peacetime merchant of the olden days. For example, 10,000,000 yards of gauze and 5,000,000 rolls of absorbent cotton were ordered at one time. Aside from that, in a single one of our warehouses in Paris we have 7000 tons of foodstuffs, all of American origin. In the same group of warehouses are 7000 bedsteads, mattresses and pillows; about 350,000 blankets, 350,000 sheets and double that number of pillow slips. We carry about $350,000 worth of American shoes for men and half that amount of French shoes for women and children. Of men's, women's and children's suits and dresses we have an enormous stock; and we likewise keep a stock of underclothing that runs up into many hundreds of thousands of francs.

"We try to be forehanded in our buying, to establish minimum stocks in our stores, and to maintain those stocks well above the minimum, so that sudden requisitions may always be filled without delay. As an emergency branch of the Army we are likely to get a call at any hour for 10,000 sweaters, 20,000 pairs of socks, 5000 blankets or 1000 beds with mattresses, in fact, we've already received those very orders, and doubtless we'll be receiving them more and more as the war progresses and the Army gets into temporary tight corners with its shipping problem. That, I take it, is one of the big reasons the Red Cross is over here for—to ease up sudden unavoidable pressures wherever they may exist."

A Surgical Dressings Warehouse

Mending Broken Links

"There will always be broken links in the line of communication so long as we have an army operating three thousand miles from its base. And our business is to be on the spot and couple those broken links together with material of our own. Right now we have one hundred motor trucks working for the Army. We've helped them with food, with coal and all kinds of clothing supplies when their own stocks have been held up. For this reason we always carry a large reserve of military staples—socks, shirts, blankets, sweaters, and so on—for emergency demands.

"On account of the shortage of labor and ships we do our buying six months ahead of time. Thus, in summer we are ordering hundreds of thousands of heavy blankets, and in winter we buy thousands of bolts of mosquito netting against the summer pests. The other day there was laid on my desk an order from Berne, Switzerland, for 2000 pairs of socks for our American prisoners in Germany.

"'But, good Lord!' I exclaimed. 'We haven't got two thousand prisoners in Germany yet!' I wondered whether there had been a big offensive that had somehow got past me. One hasn't a great deal of time for the newspapers on this kind of job. It turned out that the socks were for American soldiers who might conceivably become German prisoners inside of a year. We were establishing a warehouse in Switzerland against such a contingency."

Afterward I visited a number of these warehouses. Now ordinarily a warehouse is not considered an object of romantic sentiment. There is no glamour about it. It does not capture the imagination or take the heart by storm. One does not weep or laugh over a warehouse and go away from it with the determination to be a finer and better soul. The fact is, a warehouse is about as stolid, lumpish, unemotional a work of man as can well be imagined.

Take the noun itself; you couldn't rime it with anything if you tried. And yet, as I went about those vast, gloomy, cavernous places, stacked to the roof, story on story, with every conceivable sort of merchandise on earth, representing millions of money and thousands of tons of stuff collected out of every quarter of the globe; and when I considered that all these stacks and boxes and bales and bags, each bearing its cryptic number and sign and ranged in serried rows with passages in between, had been bought with the freewill offering, gathered dollar by dollar, of a people as endlessly diverse as the very merchandise itself, and, like it, concentrated for the same goal—those warehouses suddenly

(Continued on Page 68

A Red Cross Donations and Gifts Warehouse

Introducing Mrs. Ida C. Bailey Allen

Specialist in Home Economics

BY special arrangement Mrs. Ida C. Bailey Allen, the famous food and cooking expert, will present a series of articles through our advertising in this and other publications.

Mrs. Allen will speak with authority concerning one of the most vital issues of the hour—the preparation and conservation of food. She will tell, in her own words, what she has done and what you can do with Borden's Evaporated Milk; and will give some of her very best recipes telling how to make economical dishes that are dainty and delicious.

Mrs. Allen has been a director and teacher of domestic science for years. She is practical. She solves the every day problems of the every day housewife.

In her capacity as an authority on foods and their preparation, Mrs. Allen has been a constant contributor to The Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, The Country Gentleman, Delineator, Forecast, Pictorial Review and many newspapers for years.

Mrs. Allen has lectured for The Westfield Domestic Science Schools and the Redpath Chautauqua and is at present engaged as domestic science expert for The Universal Film Company, spreading the gospel of food conservation through motion pictures.

She is the author of "Mrs. Allen's Cook Book" and is consulted from coast to coast as an authority on food problems. Her correspondence averages a thousand letters a month.

On the opposite page Mrs. Allen speaks for herself.

Borden's Evaporated Milk

"THE MILK THAT CUTS THE COST OF COOKING"

Mrs. Allen says — I use Borden's Evaporated Milk because I believe it to be the best, purest and most economical. The Borden system of protection begins in the country with the careful examination of the cows by graduate veterinarians. It includes the most elaborate care possible in handling the milk from the model sanitary dairies to the can on your pantry shelves. The name Borden is your guarantee of protection. Borden's Evaporated Milk solves the milk problem in cooking. Use it in every recipe that calls for milk.

Jessica C. Bailey Allen

"Write for our "Recipe Book"

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY 211 Borden Building, New York

Mrs. Allen's Recipe Contest

For the best recipe from each state and from Canada, calling for the use of Evaporated Milk, submitted before August 1st, 1918, the Borden Company will award a cash prize of $25.00. For the second and third best recipes, prizes of $10.00 each will be given. For every recipe accepted for publication $1.00 will be paid. In the event of ties for the first, second and third best recipes, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant

Remember, there will be a set of three prizes for every state in the union and a set for Canada. The prizes will be awarded by a committee of competent judges to be announced later. Each recipe will be graded on three points: 1, economy; 2, excellence of the finished dish; 3, form in which the recipe is submitted. Names of prize winners will be published as soon as it is possible to do so after the prizes have been awarded. Address Borden's Condensed Milk Company, 211 Borden Building, New York

(Continued from Page 65)

seemed to me the most thrilling and splendid symbols of America I had ever seen. The endless vistas of packing boxes, row on row and room on room, were a more convincing argument for victory than the most impassioned oratory I have ever heard. And the more I saw of them the more I admired their logic, the quiet sobriety of their speech.

In one warehouse, known as the warehouse of donations and gifts, I had another surprise. I had supposed that a hundred million dollars represented about all America had given to the Red Cross for this war. But that warehouse told a different tale. Here were private gifts, donated by individuals—crates of homemade jelly, thousands of knitted articles, sheets, exquisite table linen, gay crazy-patchwork silk coverlets—to cheer a sick soldier's heart. Once there arrived an entire carload of magnificent rosy-cheeked apples.

Some of these boxes bore simply the naïve legend: Major Murphy, Red Cross, Europe. And yet they arrived! Some of the gifts are worth thousands of dollars; some only a few cents. And yet it is this latter class, simple, homely, ingenious, wrought by hand, which brings a lump into the throat and makes one realize that America is solidly in this business with her millions of hearts. These are the real love gifts.

The warehouse system of the Red Cross in Europe begins properly in America, and the problem is all intertwined with the problem of transportation. For example, in the present congestion of shipping and with the wants of the army taking by right first place, Red Cross shipments must go in whatever space is left. There is in New York Harbor a little Red Cross lighter that plies among the big freighters and picks up extra tonnage space freed at the last hour. Perhaps some of the ship's regular cargo has been delayed. Then the Red Cross rushes out supplies to fill the extra hold space. This, to be sure, is excellent business, but it has its inconvenient side; for that ship may be sailing to any of eleven ports of France, from Marseilles on the south to Havre on the north.

There must, therefore, be at each of these points of contact a warehouse, motor trucks, stevedores, clerks—in short, a complete unit of organization to receive and store the goods. This constitutes the first group of warehouses, a circle drawn about the entire coast line of France. In Paris, the nucleus of the circle, is the second group, warehouses for the retail trade—that is, for any kind of mixed requisition, large or small; wholesale warehouses that deal only with wholesale quantities by the truck or camion load; warehouses for foods; warehouses given over exclusively to surgical supplies.

Then there are the third and fourth groups, up in the war zone; the third a circle of warehouses scattered through the various towns in the French and American areas, which are important transportation centers; and the fourth a circle drawn just behind the fighting lines and carrying emergency stores. These various circles, with Paris as the center, very competently cover the field.

Ready for Action

In 1917, when the Red Cross first arrived in France, the civilian problem naturally engaged its chief attention; for our Army was not yet in the field. But now, with our own soldiers over here running up into the hundreds of thousands, and with our shipping always in danger of a temporary eclipse from submarines, it seems self-evident that the Red Cross is bound to play an increasingly large and more important rôle in the direct military affairs of the nation. It has a more supple, because more modern, organization than the Army, and it is not fettered by congressional red tape.

How large a block of activities is going to be turned over to it in the billion-dollar job that looms before the Army the vicissitudes of the next six months will determine. Actual operation is the only real test of strength. Hitherto both the Army and the Red Cross have been largely engaged in preparation. Now they are going to see Action with a very large capital A. And so, if you query wonderingly, as I did, at the ten million dollars' worth of staples stored up in one warehouse alone, the reply of the superintendent takes on a deeper significance.

His reply to my question was this: "Well, you can't most always sometimes tell. These things may come in mighty handy some day. And you can't collect 'em in a hurry." That is the whole buying policy of the Red Cross in a nutshell.

Over in the street of the Green Road stands a warehouse I am going to describe, because it stands as a type of all the rest. Conceive a vast, rambling cab stable, built French fashion round a big central cobblestone court. Here goes on a continual clatter and rush of affairs—motor trucks driving in, motor trucks driving out, bales of stuff being piled on designated platforms, clerks hurrying about with inventories and bills of lading, permissionnaire stevedores staggering under huge loads. In this warehouse only retail goods are handled in broken lots. Requisitions come in, varying in size from a thermometer or a package of safety pins to mixed consignments valued at tens of thousands of dollars. So an enormous stock is always kept on hand.

I walked through scores of rooms piled ceiling-high with every type of merchandise, every implement of kitchen, house, farm and hospital that the mind of man could conceive; rooms filled with clothing, boots, shoes, sabots; rooms filled with foods, perishable and imperishable. And in the furniture department whole houses were stored away in portable sections. It was a stupendous, amazing array. The gleaming kitchen utensils in particular were so alluring that I caught myself looking for a clerk to ask the price of his new egg beaters! The only article I did not see in stock was the American cocktail shaker.

Presently in our pilgrimage we came upon a closed room whence issued the most delightful odor I have ever smelled in a foreign land; the kind of delicious, sizzling, savory breakfast odor purely indigenous to America and to be found nowhere of a morning in all the land of France.

The Double-Locked Room

"I know what's behind that locked door," I said. "It's ham—American-smoked breakfast ham!" My nose did not deceive me. My conductor flung the door wide open, remarking: "A pretty nice sight, eh?" And we both directed our gaze toward the ceiling, whence floated down that divine smell. There they hung, thousands upon thousands of them, a serried solid twilight grove of hams! I gazed upward wistfully, much as the fabled fox gazed upon the forbidden grapes hanging high. Only eaters of wartime Continental breakfasts can realize the bitter poignancy of my longing.

"Mr. Douglas," I began, "could you—would you—do you suppose you might loan me one of those hams, a very little one, for a while?"

I knew the Red Cross could not vend them or give them to a mere outsider; but I thought it might loan one to me, as a neighbor loans a cup of sugar to a friend. My conductor laughed.

"Yes—if you can produce a requisition from a hospital signed by the chief surgeon and countersigned by the Red Cross. Those hams are for our convalescent soldiers, whose appetites need coaxing. I double-lock this door," he added casually. I should think he would!

This warehouse employs about two hundred workmen, chiefly French and Belgian permissionnaires. In the beginning Moroccan labor was used; but it proved unsatisfactory. The gaunt dark figures, swathed in their dirty brown burnooses and rompers, melted indistinguishably into the far shadows of the warehouse. Or the superintendent would come upon whole coveys slumbering peacefully, draped against a wall. Their complexion and garments made a perfect camouflage.

The Moroccans are one of the minor tragedies of this war. The inhospitable, bleak northern climate has developed tuberculosis; their beloved kuskus—goat's meat and rice—is not to be had; the terrible roar of bombardment shatters their primitive nerves; and the complicated rules of civilized combat confuse their simple souls. So courageous and proud are they that at first they refused to cower to the ground under a shower of shells; they met them standing like braves.

In attack they never touch a wounded man, who is sacred; but, by the same token, they never make one. They always finish the job. And then they cut off the enemy's head and tie it up in a bandanna, as a tender souvenir of the occasion. As these souvenirs began to accumulate, the French Government interdicted the pleasing custom. And that is the explanation of the sad, yearning look in these strangers' dark eyes. Yes; this war is just one long tragedy for the Moroccans.

From the warehouse in Paris I made a trip to the French Front at S——; where a fresh division of Americans has gone into the trenches. A few miles behind the line is another Red Cross storage plant, a type of the field units. This time it was not a cab stable, but a convent—a convent from which the nuns had fled when the Germans upon the hill began sending shells down into the chapel. There is still a great gaping hole in the roof and the stone walls are pitted with shrapnel.

Here the civilian population, starting life afresh on their devastated farms, come for food, furniture and field tools; and here, also, the military authorities drop in with all kinds of emergency orders. Hitherto the stock in the war-zone warehouses has been largely civil in character, but from now on hospital and army requirements take precedence over everything.

So much for the purchasing and warehouse departments. A great storekeeping concern, however, must have not only goods, and houses to hold them, but also carriers to convey them to their destination. And thus one of the problems of the Red Cross was to build up an adequate transportation service. Here again they found a great shortage of materials. The French and the British had been three years before them on the ground, and had corralled not only the best warehouse sites but also the automobiles.

The Army and the Red Cross found themselves with the same hard nut to crack—namely, to get control of a large number of motor trucks and vehicles when none were to be had in the market. To buy in America meant a three-months handicap at least. The Red Cross ordered, nevertheless; and meantime it went on a still hunt through France and Italy and managed to pick up a few dozen cars.

Then another problem thrust up its head. Some of these cars were feeble sisters to begin with, secondhand, worn-out, broken-down; and the incessant rough usage they were put to discouraged them completely. They were constantly in the hospital for repairs. And there they had to stay a good portion of the time, for there were no spare parts in France. So tremendous had been the demand for machines that manufacturers had put all their spare parts into new cars and the old cars had to go without.

In addition there were other checks. Ordinarily alcohol is used when a radiator is frozen—but there was no alcohol; or glycerin—but there was no glycerin. Thus, to build up, operate and keep in order a plant of this description presented obstacles that nobody living in America can even faintly realize.

The Distributing System

Take, for example, the life history of a box of surgical dressings; trace its wanderings to its ultimate destination and you will find that the transportation department sticks to its side closer than any brother. First, the box is put aboard a steamer in New York Harbor. It arrives, and is dumped on the *quai* of any of eleven ports of France. It doesn't know beforehand where it is going to land, and neither does anybody else.

But the transportation department keeps a service at each port for just such contingencies. It is taken to the port warehouse—haul number one. Then it is put aboard a Paris train—haul number two. Arrived at Batignolles—one of the finest freight stations in the world—it may go, according to its contents, to any of five warehouses in Paris. Let us say it is allotted to Warehouse Number Five—haul number three. There, its contents standardized, it is repacked and transferred to the wholesale warehouse—haul number four. From there it may be shipped by train to some point in the war zone—two more hauls, five and six. And from the warehouse in the war zone it may be transferred by camion to the hospital at the Front—haul number seven.

In the beginning, this department started with three flivvers. Now it numbers seven hundred, and the list is constantly growing. Its park for the machines covers blocks of city ground. Its largest garage houses hundreds of automobiles. There is not a merchant firm in America that maintains so amply equipped a carrying service as does the Red Cross in Europe. Not only does it handle all its own materials, but it always has machines ready for the Army in an emergency.

"By the way," said a military potentate at Field Headquarters one day to a visiting Red Cross potentate, "could you people lend us two or three motor trucks for a while—until we can get some of ours up here? I spoke to your delegate about it this morning."

The Red Cross potentate looked over to his delegate assigned to that sector.

"Will you make a note of that?" he said.

The delegate grinned.

"The trucks have been on the job four hours already," he said. "I got the Army order at eight o'clock and sent them right over with their drivers."

In addition to its regular business the transportation department has recently taken on another service. This is the care of the wounded in the Paris air raids.

"Who gave you that job, anyhow?" someone asked the transportation chief, a young man who never knows when he has enough to do.

Gasoline Scarce

The chief of the bureau leaned over and spoke low in the other's ear.

"Nobody," said he. "I—took it!"

And it is a good job to take. Briefly it consists in Red Cross ambulances patrolling the streets from the moment the *alerte* sounds, and getting the victims of the bombs, explosions and fires to the hospital without delay. This service has been operating for about a month, and thus far the Americans have been first upon the spot in each instance. The President of France has spoken high praise of their valor and speed.

Certainly it is not pleasant to go streaking through darkened streets, with the sky full of strange fires, the air trembling with the thunder of explosions and the dull boom-boom of the anti-aircraft guns, and two-hundred-kilo torpedoes—the latest design—hurtling through the atmosphere with incalculable velocity, tearing through ten-story buildings as if they were cardboard and smashing concrete cellars to bits. But the ambulance men say they like it!

Sometimes peculiar requests come into the transportation department. The other day an army officer strolled in with the demand that two thousand pairs of running trunks, for exercise, be dispatched immediately by camion to his troops. The men wanted them for exercise, and they wanted them right away. The distance was only two hundred and eighty-four kilometers! And gasoline was worth slightly over its weight in gold!

I have said that the stores department contained every conceivable article on earth save a cocktail shaker. I was wrong. The buyers had neglected to lay in a stock of running trunks. The soldiers are going to get them, though. But they may have to trot in after them, for no gasoline is going to be wasted on such affairs. It takes a combination of an archangel and the three-headed dog Cerberus to be a successful chief of transportation.

One of the gravest problems is gasoline. This is a gasoline war. At present there is a great scarcity of this precious liquid. It cannot be had for love or money. It is distributed, so much to each area, and may be had only upon military requisition. But sometimes a run may be made upon the supply of a certain town, or even of a whole district, which will then go temporarily dry. Word comes in: "No essence in the region of X——." It is then manifest that no motors can be routed through that district during the shortage; for, before machines are sent out, their itineraries are routed and their return guaranteed.

Once two distinguished Americans got stuck in the region of V——, with no essence within a radius of ten miles. They said they were President Wilson and his secretary, traveling incog. But they might just as well have impersonated the Almighty, with Gabriel in attendance, for all the success they had. At length, after much search, they discovered a little Frenchwoman who used a few scant quarts of the precious stuff in her business. They offered to buy it for an extravagant sum. She refused. They doubled the amount. The little woman shook her head.

"You do not comprehend, messieurs," she said. "It is not money I must have for my business. It is essence. Can I feed twenty-franc notes into my machine? If you will promise to return the exact amount

(Concluded on Page 72)

"For handsome floors and easy housework – Korsho Rugs!"

Many a housewife is congratulating herself today that she has "discovered" the new Blabon Korsho rugs — so artistic, so easy to keep clean, so durable and yet so low in price!

In lustre and softness of appearance they closely resemble woven rugs. But unlike cheap woven rugs their beauty lives and retains its brightness. They have all the superior wearing qualities for which genuine Blabon Linoleums have been known for generations.

Blabon Korsho Rugs never require sweeping or beating. To clean them, you simply run over them with a damp cloth or mop. Their surface cannot possibly absorb dust or dirt; therefore they are the most sanitary rugs you could have. They fit snugly to the floor, always presenting a trim appearance — and dust or dirt cannot easily take refuge under them. Things that are likely to be spilled upon the floor will not stain or injure them in any way.

For home or summer cottage, Blabon Korsho Rugs make attractive, practical and economical floor-coverings. They are made in a wide range of designs and colorings to match most any decorative scheme, be it subtle and quiet, or bold and striking in character.

Twentieth century American women are using Blabon Linoleums throughout the house. Not only Blabon rugs, but Blabon Linoleums to cover the whole floor, in plain green, brown, and gray; or in any one of 357 different designs in all colors and combinations.

Be sure to ask your dealer for the genuine Blabon Linoleums, and in buying a rug take care to look for the name "Korsho Rugs," *positively always* stamped on the back.

Established 67 years **The George W Blabon Company** **Philadelphia**

Important Notice

As there are inferior floor-coverings nowadays that look like linoleum on the surface, but which are merely felt paper imitations, remember these two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum. First, look at the back and be sure it is burlap. Second, try to tear it. Imitations tear easily.

BLABON ART Linoleums

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC UTILITIES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Look for this trade-mark in the dealer's window

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse-keeping

What is Westinghouse-keeping?

It's housekeeping plus and minus.

Plus convenience, comfort, economy—minus drudgery and wasted effort.

For in Westinghouse-keeping, modern methods prevail, and electricity washes and irons the clothes, cooks the meals, does the sewing, washes the dishes, cleans the rugs and draperies, polishes the silverware, freezes the ice-cream and does various other tasks.

When the Westinghouse-keeper irons, she doesn't stand around a hot stove waiting for the irons to heat. She doesn't tramp from stove to ironing board and back every few minutes to replace a cool iron with a hot one.

She needs neither stove nor fire. She needs no more than one iron. For she uses a Westinghouse Electric Iron, that heats in a minute and stays hot till the current is turned off.

As with the ironing, so with those numerous other tasks that used to consume such a large part of her day.

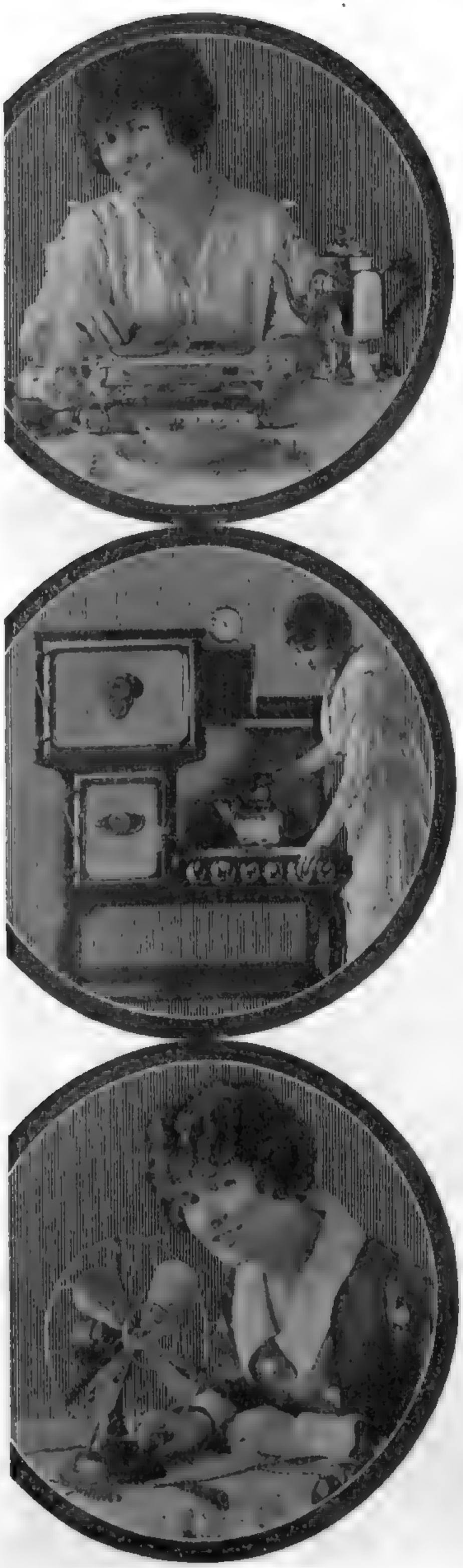
Westinghouse-keeping makes them easy.

Where to Buy Westinghouse Products

At electrical dealers, light and power companies, department and hardware stores.

Look for the Westinghouse trade-mark in the window.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.



In Westinghouse-keeping Breakfast is Cooked at the Table

Everything's always hot and handy. There's no tramping to and from the kitchen or no waiting to be served by your maid.

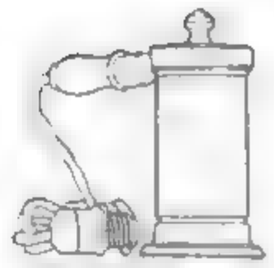
Westinghouse Toaster-Stove, Turnover Toaster and Percolator give breakfast a new meaning.

The Toaster-Stove fries eggs, ham or bacon, broils steak, makes griddle cakes, toasts bread—in short, does the work of a two-burner gas stove, quickly, cleanly, economically and conveniently.

The Turnover Toaster makes two pieces of toast at a time, and you can turn the hot bread without touching it.

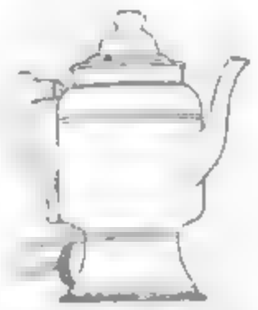
There is always enough toast—there never need be too much. It doesn't burn, because it's where you can see it. And, for the same reason, it's done just the way you like it.

The Percolator, besides being a great convenience, makes coffee that will delight you. The coffee can't boil. It doesn't get cold. You can turn off the heat when the strength is just right. And there's an automatic cut-out to prevent burning out the heating element, if you should ever forget to turn the current off.



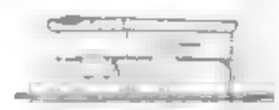
Milk-Warmer, $8.50

Heats baby's [illegible] and makes [illegible] delicious



Percolators, $8.00 to $13.00

Makes better coffee [illegible]



Toaster-Stove, $7.00

For a meal or a [illegible]

Dinner is Prepared Automatically on a Remarkable Range

It's a Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range, which enables you to be gone all day and find dinner ready to serve when you come home.

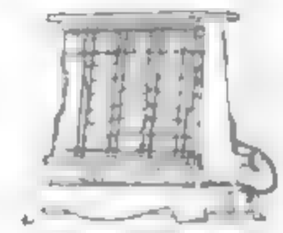
The automatic heat-control turns on the current at the hour you have set and turns it off when the oven temperature reaches the point you have indicated. Cooking then continues by stored heat, using no more electricity.

The food can't burn. All the natural juices are retained. Meats are more tender, bread, cakes and pies lighter and better baked, vegetables more juicy and succulent.

And the economy of cooking on a Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range is marked.

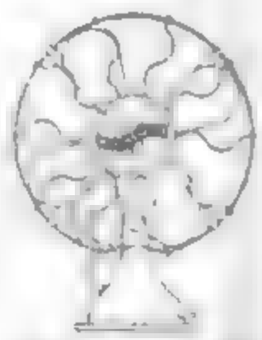
The heat-storage principle not only makes possible preparing an entire dinner at one time with little current, but it reduces shrinkage in food-weight. The saving in this respect is from 15 to 25 per cent or more over ordinary gas or coal ranges.

Complete automatic control is to be found only on Westinghouse Electric Ranges.



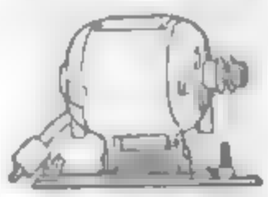
Turnover Toaster, $5.50

Toasts the toast and [illegible]



Fans, $10.00 to $32.50

Sizes and styles to [illegible]



Sew-Motor, $15.00

Runs any ordinary [illegible]

The First Warm Day is a Signal to Prepare for Summer

It wouldn't be Westinghouse-keeping, of course, if the first sign of summer failed to find a Westinghouse Electric Fan, or several of them, filling the house with fresh, cool breezes.

Hot weather's only a few days off. Better get *your* fan now and have the full use of it this season.

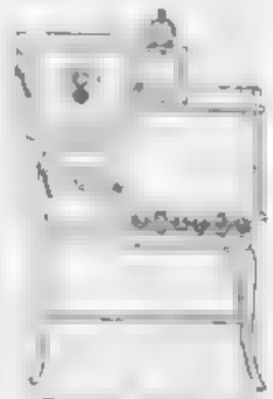
It will make the house a cool retreat when the sun beats down. It will help keep you up and doing by day and bring sleep at night. It will protect your health and your family's health. It will, in short, make such a vast difference in the home that you will wonder how you ever got along without it.

What's more, the cost of keeping cool with Westinghouse Electric Fans is surprisingly low, for they can be bought for as little as $10, and a Westinghouse Fan will last for many years.

At average current rates, an 8-inch fan will give five-hours' breeze for one cent.

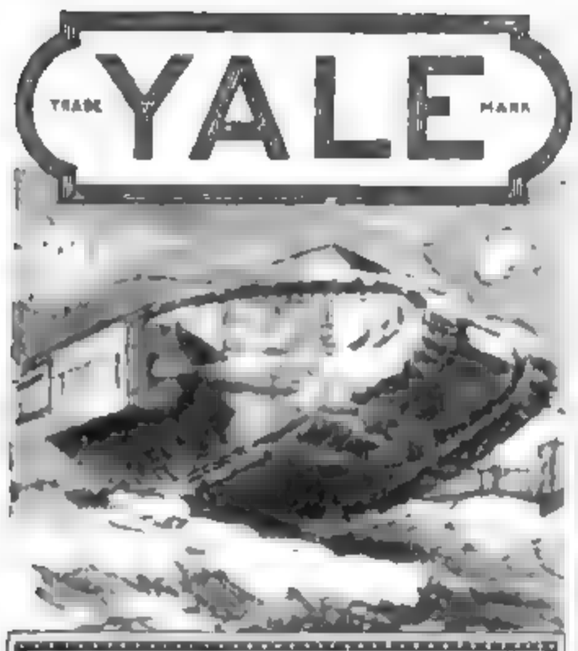
Irons, $4.00 to $6.50

Made in [illegible] and [illegible] sizes



Ranges, $86.50 to $262.00

Complete or semi-automatic control



"Yale"—
a duty for today

HOME protection is a vital duty for today.

And in protecting the home nothing ranks in importance to the *security* of its locks and builders' hardware.

If you have a doubtful lock on any door in your home—reinforce it with a Yale Cylinder Night Latch today. If your outbuildings lack real protection—put on Yale padlocks today

If your cupboards and chests and drawers are insecurely locked—secure them with Yale cabinet locks today.

Install Yale locks wherever you need a real lock—provide your family with the same dependable guards for life and property that have been serving the world for half a century.

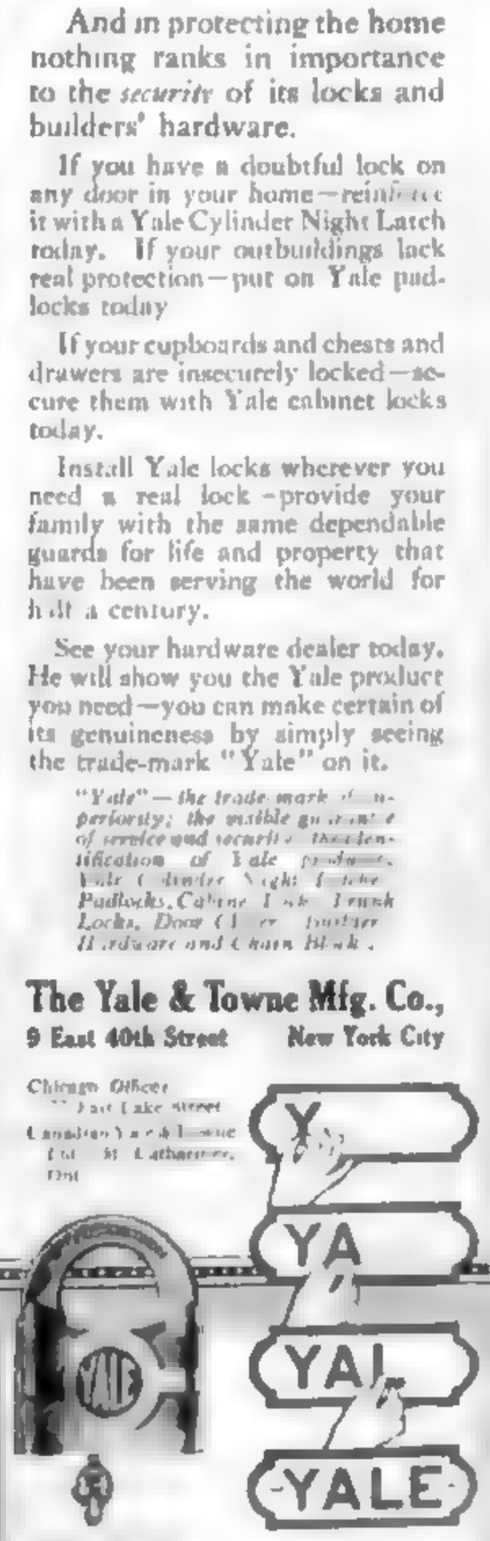
See your hardware dealer today. He will show you the Yale product you need—you can make certain of its genuineness by simply seeing the trade-mark "Yale" on it.

"Yale"—the trade-mark of superiority; the visible guarantee of service and security. Insist on identification of Yale products. Yale Cylinder Night Latches, Padlocks, Cabinet Locks, Trunk Locks, Door Closers, Builders' Hardware and Chain Blocks.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.,
9 East 40th Street New York City

Chicago Office
[illegible] Lake Street

Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.



Yale Padlocks. Sizes ¾ inch to 3½ inches. At prices to fit every purse and purpose.

Yale Cylinder Night Latches. Unpickable deadlocking

Yale Door Closer. Master of the door. Closes and controls the door. Silent and never failing

(Concluded from Page 68)

I will lend you enough to take you to the next town." And that was what was done

But the outside world does not know of these vital problems; nor does it greatly care. If a car is not instantly forthcoming there is something rotten in the state of Denmark. This is true of personal transportation even more than of freight. There, indeed, the department meets its greatest trials. Everybody who comes to France from America wants to go to the Front. They all arrive with letters of recommendation from some high political panjandrum, begging the Red Cross to look after the distinguished citizens and show them every consideration.

And the trouble is they really are distinguished citizens! They are too distinguished for any use. There was one such who arrived on a certain morning and demanded to see the whole battle Front from the seat of a limousine. Now it chanced that at about the same time there arrived a second distinguished gentleman, who also wanted to view the battle Front and from practically the same position.

Influential Nuisances

It was arranged that the two eminences should travel in the same conveyance. But here a complication arose. Eminence Number One detested Eminence Number Two. He made a scene. He vowed he would not travel with that conceited fellow. He wanted a car all to himself or he would go right home and tell President Wilson about it. The President, it appeared, was his "warm, personal friend." The transportation department authorities were polite but firm. They regretted there was but one car available. Either he could travel in company with a companion or stay at home.

He went. And the Red Cross delegate who accompanied them on the trip had a hard but hilarious time. He reported that the two Eminences would not speak to each other in the car. They would not eat at the same table. They sulked like naughty children. Each ostentatiously and contemptuously pretended that the other did not exist. And as the journey progressed the temperature in that car dropped lower and lower, and finally became so frigid that the Red Cross delegate said he was forced to make frequent stops and get down and swing his arms.

Viewed singly, such an episode is merely absurd; but when the visitors come over in hordes they constitute a real nuisance. Recently a party arrived from America with an itinerary that resembled a pre-war tour: Two days in Paris and environs; three days for the entire battle Front; a forenoon at such a factory; the afternoon at an aviation camp; sundown drill with the marines; perfect automobile connections. One would have fancied from the itinerary that he was in Detroit!

The young secretary of the party presented it with smiling aplomb. The chief of transportation looked it over with grim pleasure. It was too complete for anything—that nice little futile card. Not one shining minute had been wasted.

"I'll see what can be done," he said gently; "but it's out of the question to get you started to-morrow, as your itinerary indicates. You'll have to wait."

"How long?"

"Two or three days anyhow—maybe more."

"But can't you realize," cried the young secretary, "that our time over here is all scheduled down to the very last tick? We've so much to see and just so much time to see it in. We've got to get out of here to-morrow!"

"Go by train."

The secretary threw up his hands.

"And have this one trip alone take three weeks!"

"All right. Let it!" returned the chief with brutal sang-froid.

"'Twould ruin the whole itinerary. Why, in three weeks' time we plan to have seen everything—everything, you understand—and be on our way home! We're going to lecture and write and preach about the war all over America. I don't think you understand the importance of our mission—of the whole subject of propaganda. Let me explain ——" He talked on vehemently, voluminously, telling over and over how important, how distinguished his party was; and wound up finally: "Now, then, can't you stretch a point and get us out of here to-morrow—seeing it's a special case?"

"No," replied the transportation man wearily; "I can't." He looked at the young secretary's cranium, wondered whether it was ivory clear through, decided to take a chance, and began: "It's all a matter of gasoline ——"

"Oh, yes," broke in the other; "we know all about that over in the States. But you don't understand. This is no common or garden party you're asked to take round. This party consists ——"

"Yes, yes. You've already explained very clearly. It's a party of distinguished Americans, with powerful political affiliations, who could make things very nasty for us if we refused. They are on an important propaganda mission. All that I immediately concede. And I'm going to help you all I can. But will you answer one question?"

"Yes; glad to."

"Suppose there wasn't enough gasoline to haul soldiers, together with their food and guns, and also, at the same time, to haul noncombatant propagandists. Suppose you had to haul one group at the expense of the other. To which group would you give the preference—if you wanted to win the war?"

"Huh? Why, I—I ——"

"Suppose," continued the chief inflexibly, "you were sitting here in my chair, and an urgent call came in to send out a party of nurses and surgical supplies to a point not easily reachable by train. And suppose, at the same time, a call came in to send out a party of eminent propagandists to various points reachable by train, but consuming more time. To which would you give the preference—if you really wanted to win the war?"

The Gasoline Hogs

"Why, I suppose —— But look here! There shouldn't be any shortage in a well-regulated organization of this size."

"There's always a shortage. In this particular instance there's another reason why your party can't leave town to-morrow. Your schedule says"—he picked up the card—"that you desire to inspect points X——, Y—— and Z—— in the French war zone. But just at the moment there's a dearth of essence round Y——. So, if we sent you out we couldn't guarantee your return. You'd get stuck at Y ——. But go back to your people and say I'll have them out of here as soon as I possibly can."

The propaganda man left the office with a busted itinerary and a glimmer of realities in his brain; and he reported to his colleagues the lamentable state of affairs. And the great man who constituted the nucleus of the party roared and fussed and fumed:

"Pish! Pooh! Tommyrot! No gasoline! No management—that's what's the matter! You needn't tell me! I notice that Bishop W—— got out of here last week all right. Must have had a stand-in! They're playing favorites. Well, no use wasting breath on little two-by-four smart-Aleck subordinates. We'll go right after the head man of the tribe. No gasoline, hey? Just you wait until they hear from me!"

They heard. He wrote an indignant, pompous letter to the leader of the organization, complaining of his treatment. That letter was read aloud at the next directors' meeting and the transportation chief was asked what he had done to render the distinguished citizen so peevish.

And he explained. He was not so deeply grieved as he might have been had this not been the nth time he had been condemned to blazes for conditions no mortal can control. He is not an overpopular man with the public. But he doesn't care. He's not going to run for President.

If the above true episode were an isolated case it would not be worth recording. Unfortunately it is not isolated. Scores of unnecessary noncombatants are arriving weekly in France. Serious, intelligent, honorable, but ignorant citizens come over here and think the conditions are identical with those that prevail in Chicago or Baltimore. They think they may skylark all over the battle fronts in a limousine, consume gasoline by the gallon, see the sights, arrest the regular program of busy war workers, mess up the order of the day for the soldiers who are forced to stand for hours in dinky little exhibition drills, and multiply labor for employees who have to wrest passes from a reluctant and fast-becoming-enraged French Government.

This invasion of noncombatant visitors is fast becoming a menace. With their importunities and their numbers they are tying up the pass system in a hard knot. Each succeeding week the French Government puts up—it is forced to in self-defense—some new and higher barrage to keep these invaders out of important war areas.

The Red Cross Spirit

One fortnight these inspectors—for thus they are camouflaged on the passes—inspected the little town of X——, in the French war zone, thirty-one times! Now thirty-one inspections inside a fortnight is, as Bret Harte said, "coming it strong." The French officials began to sit up and take notice. *Sacré mille cochons!* What was the matter with the little town of X——, anyhow, that it must be inspected thirty-one times? Up went another barrage.

Of course they were right. But the result is, officers with legal—and urgent—business have to pass that barrage just the same as the guilty ones, and progress is impeded thereby. The barrage, to be effective, should start from Washington. And it cannot start too soon!

This, as I said, is a true story. And its moral is this: Honorable, distinguished citizens of America—lawyers, preachers, lecturers, philanthropists-at-large, congressmen, *et al.*, be sure, before you reserve your berths for Europe, that the obligation which compels you to travel is morally irresistible. If it isn't stay at home and read the war news.

If, however, the obligation will stand the acid test of conscience, and you must come, don't insist on using gasoline, so that the soldiers are forced to march those long weary miles to and from their *repos* stations and the first-line trenches—as they're now compelled to do from lack of essence—but take the train. Just buy a ticket and take the little ole train!

With its warehouses, its buying and transporting systems in excellent shape, the Red Cross in Europe stands ready for whatever emergency the next six months may bring. It has found itself. It sees clear-eyed its job.

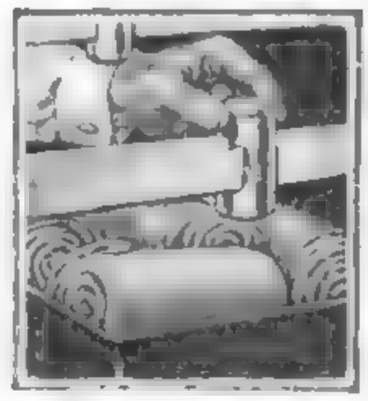
When the Arabic sank, and its commander went down with it, he was asked afterward what were his sharpest impressions during that trying time.

"Well," he replied, "there were two things that impressed me strongly. As you know I went down with my ship and came up again. And while I was swimming round in the water among the débris I heard, not far away, English voices from a raft, laughing and shouting in unison. I listened. And what they were shouting was this:

"'Are we downhearted? No!'

"That was the first thing which impressed me. The second one was this: I was up on deck until the ship went down. And every time I rang my engine room I got a reply. To the very last minute, when the water covered us, my men down there below were on their job!"

That, in a word, is the spirit of the Red Cross to-day in France.



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EXTRA TESTED means ***extra*** miles to the many thousand users of Racine Country Road and Racine Multi-Mile Cord tires. It is to you who have not yet formed your friendship for these tires that this message is directed—you who, perhaps, do not know of the ***extra*** miles and ***extra*** value in

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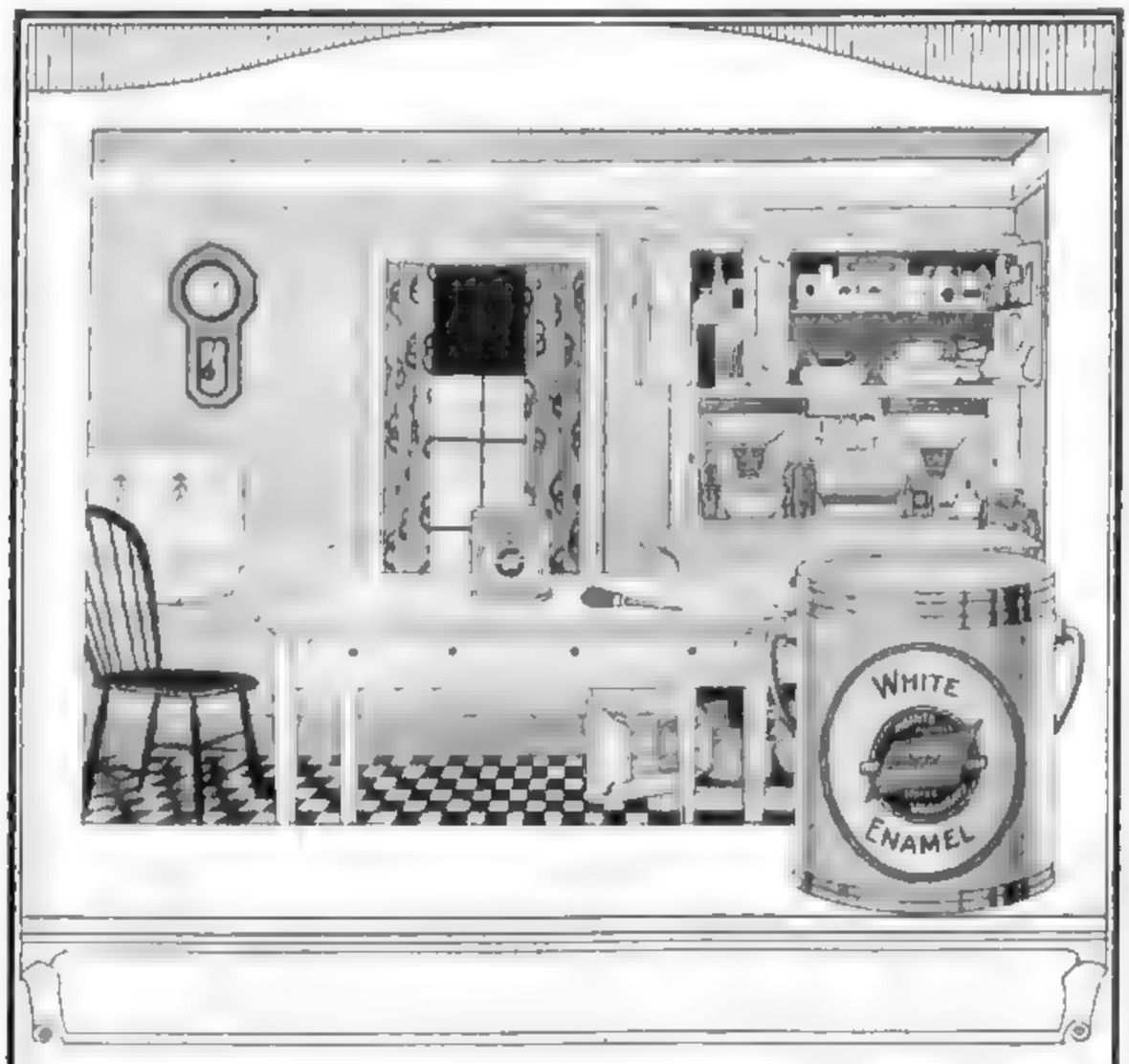

Make your kitchen sparkle like the spring sunshine!

In summer, of all times, how important it is to have the kitchen bright and clean! Such refreshing newness when the refrigerator has been "dressed" inside and out; and the stove and boiler have been "cheered-up"; and the hardworked kitchen table made all fresh; and the sink, and service buckets, and garbage can, and floor and walls—like new pins with Acme Quality Paints and Finishes. *They save the cost of new things!*

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Every room in your home likely contains some needed article that would be so much brighter and last so much longer if refinished with Acme paint! Realize how many usable things there are "upstairs" that could be put back into real service with Acme Quality Paints and Finishes, *thus saving the cost of new!*

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Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; and, a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Tricks of the Hunter's Trade

DID you ever hear how the gauges of the shotgun were originally established? It was a matter determined in all likelihood before the principle of rifling a barrel was discovered. Smooth bores sometimes shot round bullets. If ten of these bullets weighed a pound then the gun was called a 10-gauge gun. Twelve bullets to the pound made a 12-gauge, and so on. The old squirrel rifle of frontier days usually shot a ball of a hundred to the pound.

Do you know how to take good care of your shotgun or of your rifle? If the latter is one of the modern small bores it is something of a chore to clean it. Of course you ought to clean it from the breech and not from the muzzle, if you are to preserve its accurate shooting qualities. You cannot get a small-bore rifle clean to-day, when we use nitro powders, unless you employ high-power ammonia. Use a great many rags, until they come out clean. Then put on a very fine light oil. When you lay away your shotgun rub the metal in beef tallow if you have not any of the heavy mineral oils. Soak a flannel rag full of melted beef tallow and keep it round your gun; it is handy to have, for it seems to keep out rust.

How about your rifle sights? Do you retain on your rifle the old high-sided buckhorn sight with which your rifle perhaps was provided when you bought it? The sights on grandpa's rifle lay very low and close to the barrel. He did not intend to shoot at a range much over a hundred yards. To-day, with our high-power rifles, we can shoot three hundred yards or even farther, without much change of the elevation of our sights. Therefore, we too, if we like, can keep our sights pretty close to the barrel—more especially the hind sight. A very successful deer hunter who wrote in a time just before the high-power modern rifle, always cut off the sides of his rifle sight and left it a mere flat bar with a shallow notch in the middle—very much the same sight that grandpa used. It is a good trick to remember when you buy your rifle sights, for the flat bar is purchasable as well as the buckhorn type. With such a sight you can get a full view of your game over the top of the rear sight. There is a little hollow cut out in the front part of the bar sight which prevents the refraction of light just as well as the tall sides of the buckhorn sight. Therefore you may discard the latter.

The best material for the front sight of a rifle to-day is considered to be gold or an alloy of gold and copper. This is even better than ivory. If, however, you are caught afield with the ordinary commercial sight and have trouble with a dazzling light on snow, take a match, and with it smoke your front sight. You can even smoke the rear sight a little if you like. This will make them stand out perfectly sharp and without any of the dazzling glitter that makes accurate shooting so difficult otherwise.

No doubt you have studied something about the speeds of ducks, and have pondered the question of the proper lead in wing shooting. No one really can tell you how far to lead a bird in order to make a successful shot, for as a matter of fact no two men lead alike, and no one man perhaps can tell any other just how far he does hold ahead of a crossing bird. Since, however, the usual rule is that a missed bird is a case where you have shot behind, it may be wise to accentuate the necessity for a good lead by going over a few of the figures that now and again have been offered on this subject.

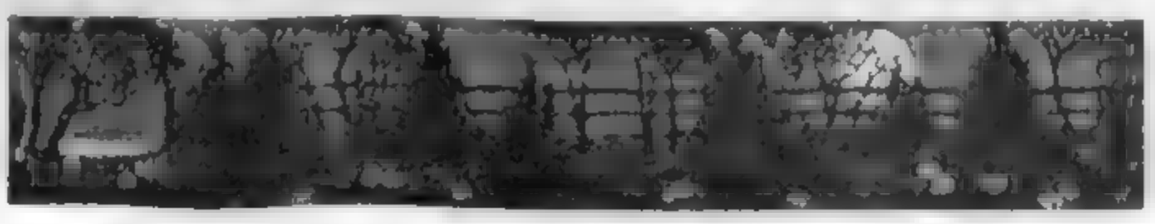
Say we give our shot charge at 40 yards a velocity of 800 feet a second—of course the velocity in modern loads is much greater than this. If we assume the mean velocity at 40 yards to be 800 feet per second—which may be the case with small shot—the time of flight will be .15. If the bird is flying 60 miles an hour it goes 88 feet in the same second, or 13.2 feet in .15 second. If the mean velocity of shot be 1000 feet per second, the time of flight may be computed as .12 second, and the distance gone by the bird 10.56 feet. Dealing in these very rough estimates, as given by an old authority, therefore, it is plain to see that we should hold 10 to 15 feet ahead of a duck of average speed in flight—that is, in shooting ranges of 35 to 40 yards. When you consider that many ducks fly faster than 60 miles an hour, especially on pass shooting, and that their distance is much more than 40 yards, you begin to see how necessary it is to go well ahead of your bird if you wish to hit him with the center of the charge.

As a matter of fact, however, you cannot figure out for yourself mathematically the distance ahead which you ought to hold to make a successful shot. It is a well-known fact among practical wing shots that the distance of your lead is modified very largely by the swing of your gun. Though it may be scientifically impossible to cut down the lead by keeping the muzzle of your gun in motion, it certainly is possible in actual shooting. If you swing with your bird you don't have to lead him so far; any shooter will tell you this. Indeed, some of the best market shooters will tell you that they very rarely lead a duck beyond the point of his bill. Perhaps they do lead him more than they think. None the less, it is absolutely true that no man can tell another how much to lead or how much he does lead himself.

This brings into notice that strange question of individual nerve reflexes which make up the personal equation—a factor in sport that is almost as little understood and almost as little figured out as that other interesting problem of the master eye in sport, of which not even very many oculists know much. Your personal equation—the speed of your own nerve reflexes—therefore, must have everything to do with the determination for your case of the distance ahead necessary if you are to shoot center on a passing bird. The main thing, however, is to remember that your shot are flying at one speed, the bird flying at another, and that the composite of these two speeds, their coincidence at a certain point, is a necessity if you are to kill clean. To be sure, most of us kill seventy-five per cent of our birds—or at least knock down seventy-five per cent of our birds—with that portion of the load which is outside of the center. Usually it is back of the center on fast-flying birds.

Are there bats in your garret? If so, use sulphur. Are there rats in your cellar? If so, take a barrel and stretch a piece of wrapping paper tight across the top. Make two cuts at right angles, converging at the center and running back well toward the edge. Stick on a piece of cheese or so. Fix a runway or path of board so that the rats or mice can get up on top of the barrel. When they drop on top of your barrel they will fall through the paper. You will have thoughtfully provided water for them in the barrel. A very old trap, but good.

Do you own a duck preserve? There are many tricks about the duck preserve of to-day provided by the laws of different states, said laws having been sometimes made by different persons who wanted to sell ducks upon the open market. Not long ago a gentleman who owned a duck preserve was fined fifteen thousand dollars because his steward had trapped and sold a lot of wild ducks instead of the domesticated species of formerly wild ducks which under the law he was entitled to market. Most of these laws require a tag of identification on the wild duck, just as in these days we are obliged to tag the venison which we bring home from another state. All of which shows that times are narrowing down.



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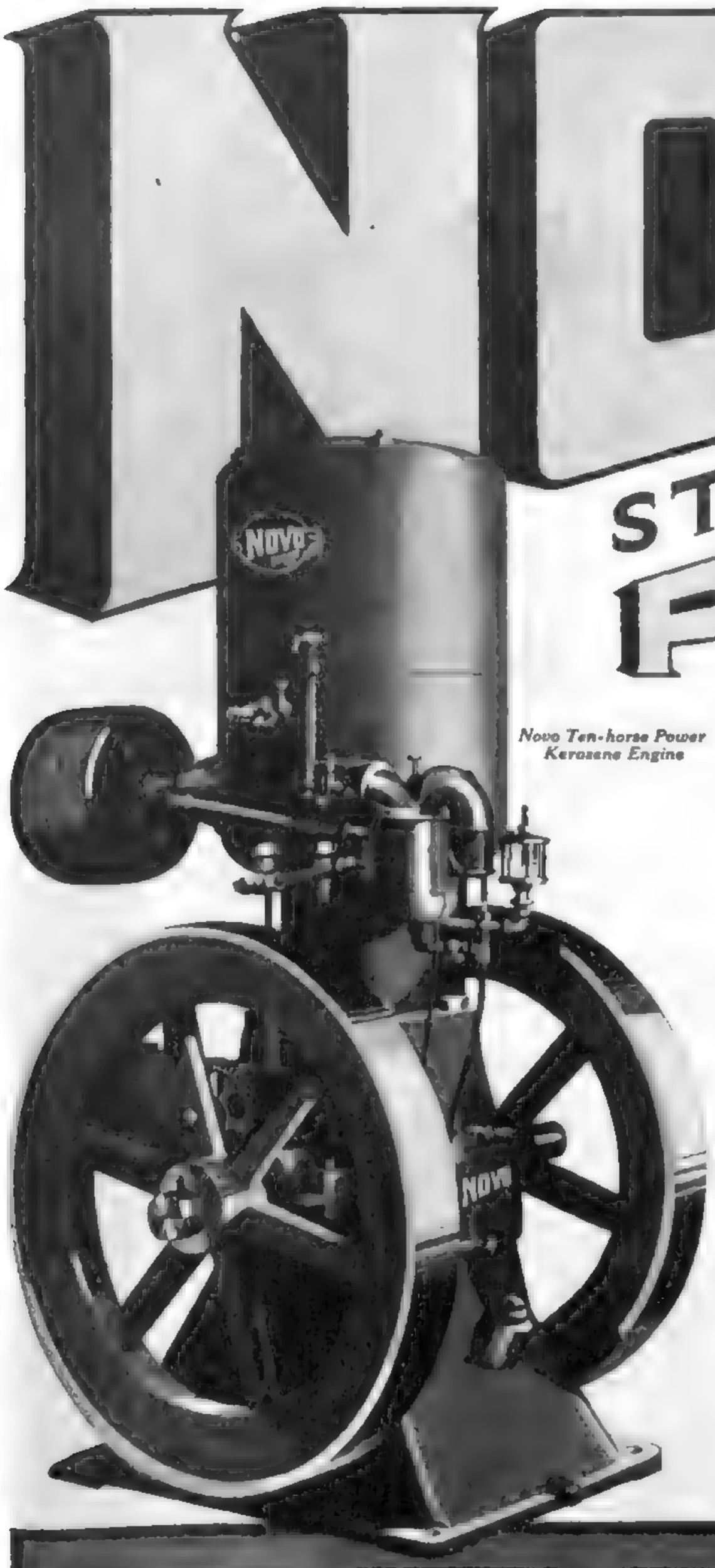

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Fig. 172—Type DH Double Drum Hoist

Fig. 14139—Type U High Pressure Pumping Outfit

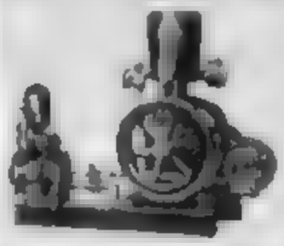


Fig. 276—Imperial Portable Air Compressor Outfit

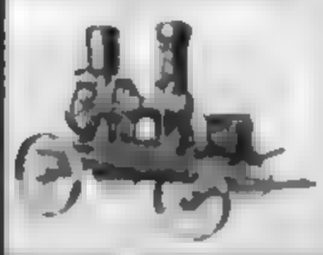
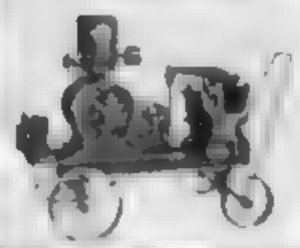


Fig. 342—Novo Saw Rig

Fig. 335—Diaphragm Pumping Outfit



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OSGOOD LENS

CRAVATH LONG DISTANCE TYPE

THE THREE ZONES OF WARFARE

(Concluded from Page 8)

cereals for ourselves, simply as an act of consideration for those whose sufferings and sacrifices have been so much greater than ours.

Americans must form a new concept of saving. To save means to keep money instead of expending it for commodities or desires. In the national sense our saving means the difference between the gross income of the nation and the cost of living and upkeep.

We must save for three reasons:

Savings are required for investment in war bonds. The national savings in 1914 were not more than five billion dollars; in 1917 our savings had risen to perhaps twelve billions. At the rate that war bonds are being issued that is not nearly enough; we must save more perseveringly.

We must save because when we use less of commodities we set productive capital and energy free for direct war work.

We must save because we must reserve commodities for export, in order that we may buy in foreign markets indispensable raw materials and pay for them with commodities instead of with gold or securities.

The third zone is the zone of supernormal effort. When a third or half of the working energy of a nation is diverted to the carrying on of war, including all industries directly and indirectly contributory thereto, the standard of life and the output of industry will be seriously lowered if the work output of each civilian remains at the normal. If a nation diverts one-third of its labor to military purposes the remaining two-thirds will not be able to maintain the standard of life; this will fall to two-thirds unless the work output be increased by one-half.

As a matter of wartime experience we must produce *more and* use less—not produce more *or* use less; and to produce more implies supernormal exertion. The work output can be increased by calling into labor all men and women who are not engaged in work. It can be augmented by lengthening hours and increasing intensity of application. We have six, eight and ten hour workdays, dependent upon occupation, sex, age and class; and for the different occupations we know by statistical data that the efficiency varies all the way from forty to eighty per cent. It is rarely found in any occupation that one hundred workmen produce the work of one hundred man-value men.

Production Must Increase

When a nation is compelled, in order to maintain proper standards of living and at the same time support the industries necessary to the carrying on of a war, to enter the zone of the supernormal it means that all able-bodied men and women must work. The efficiency of each working group must be raised to the maximum; each workman must increase his work output daily. This forcing must be done carefully and under supervision in order that the health of the nation may be safeguarded; but it must be done. That efficiency in organization must keep pace with increase in work output goes without saying.

When this sense of the need of supernormal effort enters into our people we shall hear less of the length of the workday. If American farmers could see the women of France working in the fields there would be less talk of scarcity of farm labor. The injunction that all able-bodied men and women should work involves not only the reconstruction of industries but reconstruction of the household. Domestic service with our Allies has been reduced drastically in order that large numbers of women might be set free for industries and other occupations. In many instances the housewife can take on a certain amount of work of an industrial or clerical character in addition to the duties of her home. It becomes improper for a home to house an idle woman. Men of the so-called leisure classes must engage in work of productive nature. The vacations of older school children are to be used for purposes of appropriate industry. It means increased work output with all classes.

The degree to which this can be safely pushed is difficult of statistical statement but I am sure that no one who has analyzed the work output of the Allies will doubt that, reduced to the individual, it is from thirty-five to fifty per cent above normal. Only in this way is it possible to carry on the conduct of the war. With the second draft already announced the number of men withdrawn from civilian occupations in the United States and devoted directly or indirectly to military service in an active or industrial sense will by midsummer equal 12,000,000, which is one-third of the men in the country listed as engaged in gainful occupations.

Just as the total energy turnover in the work sense is increased, so the total production in the commercial sense is increased; it is merely the direction of production that is altered. Business does not let up in wartime; it is speeded up in wartime, but the directions differ from the normal. In such a reconstruction of society industries of nonessential nature are reduced to a low figure; but if this is done according to efficient surveys it is possible to effect translocation of energy with little loss to either employer or employed.

No Room for Spectators

But if losses occur that is simply a part of war losses. Since it is the duty of labor to work harder so it is the duty of capital to work for lower returns. All the energy devoted to military output is loss in the ultimate material sense. The only justification for such loss in the material sense is gain in the spiritual sense for the individual and for society.

Many Americans are, or were, constitutionally pacifists. Cannot the pacifist, bowing to the judgment of the nation, lead his retired life of unobstructing passivity? Must he save for war, work for war? Certainly he must; he could not follow his pre-war life if he chose. One cannot withdraw from the public weal or woe. Americans in Samoa and Alaska, missionaries in Africa and in China, can only eat and wear what the War Trade Board decrees. Passivity is slacking, in effect; slacking is enmity, in result. Whoever is not with us actively is against us—there is no middle ground.

It is the duty of the hour for every American to do his part in the military program of his country, to undertake individual reconstruction of his daily life in order that it may conform to the best value as a military unit, and to exert such increased consecration of his mental and physical forces as will enable the requirements of the state to be met.

Compared with peace, war represents a gigantic contest in effort; it is necessary for all men and women to undergo training and be prepared for feats of exertion. In ordinary university life a few men train for athletic contests and the majority sit on the bleachers. In a great war no one should sit on the bleachers—there are no spectators in France. Millions of Americans are as yet merely spectators—patriotic, loyal, intense spectators, but still spectators. The word of the President has been spoken; the deed of the people is due.

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"RESTGOOD"

SANITARY CURLED HAIR MATTRESS

YOUR own hand pressed on a Wilson "Restgood" Mattress, tells you that here at last is the *real* mattress. Compare a "Restgood" with any mattress you have ever known, and you will decide in its favor right away. And when you sleep on a "Restgood" you will appreciate the value in the name.

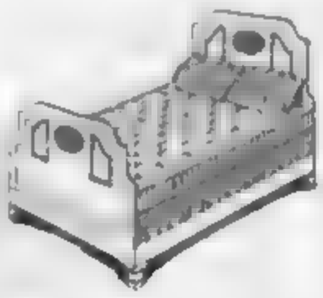
The "Restgood" is a superior mattress, superior in every way to mattresses made of any other materials, regardless of the quality. Curled hair, such as is used in the "Restgood," is universally acknowledged the perfect filling for mattresses and upholstery.

The "Restgood" weighs forty pounds and contains all new, sanitary curled hair of the finest quality incased in a cover of heavy, best quality material in a great number of stripes and art fabrics. It is finished with triple stitched sides and Imperial roll edge. The latter features add greatly to the appearance, wearing qualities and the durability of the mattress.

Investigate the "Restgood" line of mattresses, box springs and pillows. A dealer near your home should be ready to show them to you, but if he cannot, write us and we will send you complete information.

A Bed for Dolly

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover postage and packing and we will send prepaid a beautiful art board cut-out doll bed in full color. Address Dept. S 6



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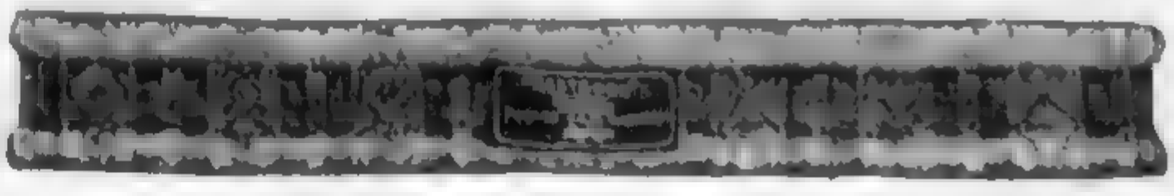


Mark These 10 Other Cars

See How Saxon "Six" Surpasses Them

THESE ten cars range in price from $1000 to $1400. Saxon "Six" is the lowest-priced "six" in the world. Yet in downright value and quality Saxon "Six" out-classes them all.

Here is the proof. It is evidence that cannot be denied. Check off one by one the 11 important features of Saxon "Six." Here they are:

Continental "6" motor,
Timken axles,
Timken bearings,
Fedders radiator,
Stromberg carburetor,
Spiral bevel gear,
Warner steering gear,
Remy ignition,
Exide storage battery,
Semi-floating axle,
Wagner 2-unit starting and lighting system.

These are features whose superiority cannot be questioned.

You will find them on twenty cars costing from $2000 to $10,000.

But will you find them on these ten other cars that cost within $300 or $400 of Saxon "Six"? That is the vital point.

Here is how the ten stand: Only one has as many as four of these 11 features. One has three of these features. Two can show only two. Three have but one. And three cannot list a single one of them.

That is a real comparison. It proves as nothing else could prove that Saxon "Six" stands alone in its price-class for downright quality.

It is *the car for you* because it is the biggest value at less than $1400. Buy it now. Don't wait.

(337)

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

THE TROOP TRAIN

Continued from Page 13

When he first secreted himself in the thicket on the eastern bank no one had yet appeared upon the scene of action. Neither Bauerle nor Kurz was visible, though it is possible that they, too, had concealed themselves and were merely waiting. Curly had a full view of the opposite bank of the creek; he had a full view of the little bridge that crossed it.

There was nothing of import to be seen. The job had been well done—the two men had not left a single trace. And yet Curly Casterline well knew that within a hundred feet or so from where he crouched, somewhere under the loose dry sand in the other bank of the stream, there was secreted a switch box; knew that heavily insulated wires were lying at the bottom of the rivulet; knew that at the foundations of the bridge there nestled pounds of dynamite. Across the way from him an old dilapidated rowboat had been dragged up on the bank.

There was the distant whistle of an approaching train. Curly Casterline's grip tightened upon his police revolver. Then something happened. Two men forced their way through the brush on the western bank. Each had a fish net in his hand. Bound round their feet were wrappings of old burlap—a poor way to avoid wet feet, but a good way to avoid the imprint of incriminating footsteps in wet earth. These two men, fish nets in hand, stepped close to the water's edge. They became silently active; rapidly they scooped up water in their closely woven nets, after the manner of men who sought minnows for bait.

Kurz, thus busily engaged, strode through the shallow water toward the old rowboat. He seized it by the stern and pushed it forcibly into the stream, as though he intended to take a row. Then he spoke to Bauerle.

"Keep your fish net in your hands," he said. "If anybody comes we must stall them off. This thing must go through."

"No one will come," said Bauerle.

He joined Kurz and began digging with his hands at the sand that had lain underneath the boat. He lifted his head and listened.

"She comes pretty soon," he said.

Kurz leaned forward and brushed the sand away from a plunger handle.

"Listen," he commanded: "No matter what happens, that handle must be pulled. I'll pull it. If I'm dropped you pull it. But not till I give the word. We've got to wait until the locomotive ——"

Curly lost the rest. Both men talked in English. Kurz repeated his instructions twice—Curly couldn't hear all of the instructions. Bauerle nodded as though in complete understanding.

There was the loud shriek of a near-by locomotive. Curly Casterline threw his gun into full cock.

"The infernal scoundrels!" he whispered to himself, nerving himself by his whisper. "Suppose I was on that train!"

Kurz was crouching over the switch box. Suddenly he stretched one muscular hand toward the plunger handle. There was a spurt of flame from the eastern bank—a sudden bark. Curly Casterline's gun had spoken. Kurz—his fingers already on the plunger handle—dropped to the earth with a bullet in his brain. Bauerle drew back, but saw, knew what had happened; knew what he had to do. With one terrific forward lunge, he caught at the handle Kurz's lifeless hand touched. There was another sharp report. Bauerle, without a groan, dropped lifeless by the side of Kurz.

An instant later a train of cars bearing eleven hundred uniformed men—bound from the west coast to the east—thundered safely over the little bridge. It flew past at top speed. But while Curly Casterline, rigid with shock, still watched and waited, he heard the sudden grinding application of the air brakes of the train. The train was slowing down. It didn't stop, however, for after a moment it picked up speed again. Curly Casterline, gun still in hand, bounded toward the railroad track to see what had happened, was happening. As he swarmed up the steep bank two men came running from the direction of the train. They were not army men; they wore civilian clothes.

Curly Casterline climbed up to the track and met them halfway. The gun he held in his hand was still faintly smoking. As he came toward them they hesitated; but for an instant only. Both drew guns, leveled them surely, and then came on. Curly lowered his revolver. Meeting them, he surrendered it.

"What's up?" they demanded. "We saw something and dropped off. What's happened, boy?"

Each man seized him by an arm and hurried him along.

"I've just killed two men," returned Curly. As they plunged down the bank near the bridge Curly kicked at the loose dirt with his foot. "There's a mine laid in here somewhere," he told them.

One of the two men kept Curly covered. The other scanned the bank and scanned the creek. Then he dropped to his knees and dug away with his hands like mad.

"Quick," exclaimed the other man—"before these guys get to us!"

"What guys?" queried his companion.

"Bunch of 'em coming down the track."

For the moment they released Curly and the three of them dug away the earth. They were rewarded almost instantly. A small nail keg had been buried in the sand. It contained sticks of dynamite. Each of the two men disengaged a stick and thrust it into his pocket. They carried the keg gingerly to the water and rolled it into the creek. Gingerly they removed the detonating apparatus. Clutching it, they plunged into the creek and followed the submerged wires to the switch, dragging the wires after them as they waded.

They were secret-service operatives collecting evidence; they were getting plenty of evidence.

They were examining the switch box when the crowd of villagers swarmed down from the tracks, with Baudenistel, the village constable, in the lead. He pressed forward, his hand upon his gun. His nickel badge was pinned to his suspender.

"Vas should this be?" he queried with an air of authority.

The two secret-service men from the troop train were bending over the body of Kurz, engaged in searching it. Curly Casterline, unarmed, was standing guard over the body of Bauerle.

"Vas iss?" persisted Baudenistel with a show of excitement.

His followers, coming in double-quick, crowded close behind him. One of the secret-service men sprang to his feet.

"Wait till I finish this job!" he exclaimed.

He strode to the half-buried switch box, bent down, and pulled the plunger. As he did so he watched carefully the faces and actions of the men about him. With one accord, they glanced toward the little bridge—watched and waited for results. There were none. The operative winked at Curly.

"I thought so," he whispered; "the whole bunch were in on this."

"Vas iss?" insisted the fiery little constable.

"I'll tell you vas iss," said the second operative, rising from Kurz's body and approaching Baudenistel: "These two dead men here they tried to wreck that train which just went through; a train with over a thousand soldiers on it. That's vas iss! We're government operatives; we're in charge here. Now you know it all."

"Who killed these men?" demanded Baudenistel.

"I did," said Curly Casterline.

There arose a murmur of surprise from the crowd. Baudenistel regarded Curly with attention.

"You, too, are a government operative—eh?" he queried.

"No," returned Curly.

"Just plain everyday man?"

"Yes."

"Never mind that," said one of the operatives. "The point is whether any of you know these dead men here."

Curly started to answer, but the constable got there first.

"Yes," he said reluctantly; "this here is Bauerle—he owns this farm. This other man I do not know. He iss a stranger—yes. Maybe," he added swiftly—"maybe Bauerle killed this stranger. Maybe," he went on, glancing suspiciously toward Curly, "this stranger who killed Bauerle and that stranger who lies dead, they might be cahoots together—eh?"

"Bauerle had no gun," returned the operative, "and his hand still clutched the plunger when we found him. You needn't worry about that. This is our job. We know."

Baudenistel drew himself up to his full height.

"I am in authority here," he exclaimed. "You will desist from this search of these bodies. You will desist from everything. There has been murder done."

"There would have been," returned one of the operatives, "if it hadn't been for this young chap here. As it is ——"

"As it iss," repeated Baudenistel, "there has been murder done. These two respectable men—they have been killed. You will desist. I am in charge. I place this young murderer under arrest."

Grimly he drew his gun and cocked it. The secret-service operatives smiled. One of them took from his pocket the revolver Curly had surrendered to him. He started with surprise.

"Belongs to a bull," he said, tapping the revolver.

"Sparrow cop," blushed Curly; "used to be one once."

"Show me," said the operative.

In half a dozen sentences Curly related the history of his brief career.

"That goes," returned the operative. He cocked the revolver and handed it to Curly. "I'll take a chance on you, sparrow cop," he said in very loud distinct tones. "We've got a rum bunch to deal with and you'll take your cue from me. You understand?"

He drew his own gun and cocked it; his companion did the same.

"Now," said the first operative, swinging back to the constable, "which is it to be—the constable of this village or Uncle Sam?" He thrust his face into the face of the constable. "You interfere with me," he went on in a strident tone, "and all hell can't drag you back from Leavenworth! You get me?"

Baudenistel never winced.

"I get you that murder has been done," he returned slowly, "and all hell cannot keep the law of this here state from taking its course. This iss a county matter; it iss a matter for the state. Two men have been shot down. I am in charge."

The operative thought about it. He stepped up to Curly.

"So far as you're concerned, old man," he whispered, "the guy is right; but I finish my job first."

He gave brief directions to Curly and his lieutenant. Then he put up his gun and touched the constable on the shoulder.

"Come over to the farmhouse," he said; "we'll telephone the sheriff."

They got the sheriff on the wire.

"Yeh—this here is Lindig. Yeh—I'm the sheriff. What should it be?"

The operative explained the circumstances. Lindig acquiesced.

"I'll be almost ready yet in two shakes of a lamb's tail," he returned. "How about it? Is Baudenistel there?"

Baudenistel took the wire. He said little, but listened for a long, long while. Finally he shook his head; it was a discouraged disappointed shake.

"No. *Nein*," he said. And then he added: "Oh, yeh; this here troop train—she got through all right. Yeh. Gute! Yeh—come to the house; that's it."

While waiting for the sheriff the operative commenced an exhaustive search of the premises. He did so under strong protest from the constable.

"It's all right, old boy," the operative told Baudenistel; "you've got your rights and I've got mine. I'll keep within mine—you keep within yours. Remember Leavenworth, my friend."

The search lasted fully two hours. The government man had hardly finished when they heard the toot of an auto horn down the narrow lane. Inside half a minute the sheriff was with them.

"I'm Lindig," he said to the operative.

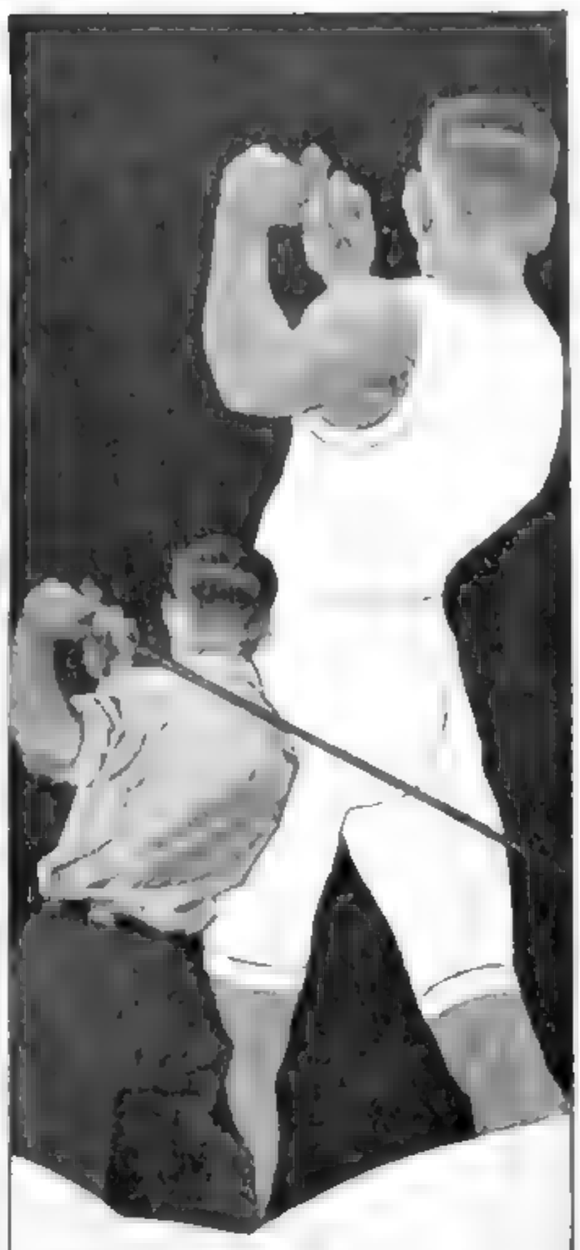
"I go by number – not by name," smiled the other man.

"What's all this about?" queried the sheriff.

"One minute," returned the operative; "we'll go down by the creek and see."

He made the round of the house, fastened all the windows and locked all the doors. On the outer door he tacked a notice hastily scribbled on one of Bauerle's letterheads. The house was sealed. They leaped into the sheriff's big dusty machine and rode down the narrow lane to the creek. The constable pointed to Curly.

(Continued on Page 81)



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A New Sedan for The Hudson Super-Six

THE Sedan is another popular type that was introduced by Hudson.

It is natural, therefore, that this new model should be an advance over the cars of similar type which have preceded it and which are now its contemporaries.

Those who have used Sedan bodies know there is much more than the mere appeal they make to the eye and to the comfort of the passenger. There is the vital question of sturdiness.

A body of its type with its permanent roof, if not properly designed and constructed, is apt to give endless annoyance. Such has been the experience of thousands who have had cars designed by those who did not know how to meet the various stresses which are responsible for squeaks, sagging roofs and the general breaking up of the bodies.

Then, too, not every chassis is suitable for carrying a Sedan body. Sturdiness of frame and power of motor are very essential.

These are things the inexperienced buyer is not likely to think about. They are important to know. You may make a mistake and get a car that is not suitable to carry a Sedan body.

Important That Car Stay in Adjustment

The best repairmen and mechanics are now in the army. They are needed to repair its motors. You either must have a car that does not require such frequent service attention or else put up with much inconvenience.

All motorists are familiar with Super-Six records for endurance. Every test showed ways to further increase Super-Six endurance. There are fifty thousand Super-Sixes in service. All that was learned from them has been put into the New Hudson Super-Six.

Ask any Super-Six owner about the service he is getting. Let what you can learn about it in your neighborhood determine if it is the best car for you to buy.

If the Sedan does not interest you, you will find a body you will like among the ten different types we are building this year.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Note the roominess of the Hudson Super-Six Sedan. There is the open airiness of a summer porch or the complete protection of the conservatory. Two doors on either side permit of easy access to front and rear seats.

The seating arrangement comfortably provides for five persons. Auxiliary seats fold out of the way when not wanted, and give comfortable accommodation for two additional passengers.

(Continued from Page 79)

"There iss your man, sheriff!" he exclaimed. "He volunteers it that he has killed these two men lying here."

Lindig, without a word, leaped from his car, strode to Curly, snatched the gun from his hand, jerked him forcibly toward the car, and thrust him into a seat.

"Who's this here bonehead what lets him keep this here gun?" he yelled. The secret-service man started to explain, but Lindig didn't listen to explanations. He swung back to Curly. "You're charged with murder—double murder!" he cried. "Anything you say will be used against you."

The operative chuckled.

"Good Lord, man," he exclaimed; "the boy's proud of it—or if he ain't he ought to be! That's flat. Double murder! You've got another guess."

"I don't know nothing but my duty," roared the sheriff; "my duty—I know that very well. I take my prisoner to the county jail."

He drove off with his prisoner. The crowd waited for the coroner to come. The two secret-service men wended their way slowly back to the farmhouse, lugging between them the apparatus and the wires that Bauerle and Kurz had so cunningly buried at the creek.

Half an hour before suppertime Mina drove up in the car of a friend—Curly, somehow, had missed connections. She left her friend's car at the intersection of the road with the little lane leading to the house. She waved her hand at the receding car. Then she tripped blithely up the lane. She started—stopped. A crowd was clustered in the dooryard. She knew most of them; so she came on, wondering. No one moved to meet her. There were no women there. As she approached they fell back, leaving a wide path for her. When she reached the porch the front door opened; a strange man came out of the house and strode toward her. He was one of the operatives. In a low voice he explained who and what he was. He held the door open for her to enter.

"Don't tell him nothing!" yelled a voice from the crowd.

Wondering, shrinking back, the girl, without question, obeyed the stranger. Inside, she started for the big living room; its door was closed. Another man stood silently beside it. Her conductor drew her back.

"Let's try the kitchen," he suggested; "we can talk better there."

That night Lindig, the sheriff, rounded up Kleinfeldt, the prosecutor, and together the two men had a talk with Curly Casterline. What the operatives had said of Curly was quite true; he had nothing to conceal. He told them all he knew. The prosecutor took his statement down with pen and ink, and had Curly sign it. While he was writing it out there was a long-distance call on the wire. It was for the sheriff. The United States District Attorney was speaking from a distant town. He informed the sheriff curtly that the Government would hold the sheriff responsible for the safe-keeping of Karl Casterline, a witness needed in connection with the Bauerle-Kurz investigation. The sheriff listened and winked at the prosecutor.

"I keep him safe; you may rest assured of that!" he yelled over the wire. "I have a strong jail, built for strong-arm murderers of every kind. Sure, I keep him safe. Don't worry about that."

The sheriff led Curly back to his cell, opened the door, and with a sudden thrust dashed Curly violently against the wall. Curly was stunned for an instant, but made a quick recover; he was back at the sheriff, with clenched fists and blazing eyes. The sheriff covered him with a gun.

"Come on!" exclaimed the sheriff.

Curly immediately cooled off.

"So that's the game!" he said.

Without a word he dropped his arms, retreated to his cot and slumped down upon it, watching the sheriff out of the corner of his eye. The sheriff charged upon him and slapped his face. It made Curly's blood boil—that slap; but he kept his peace. The sheriff, in a final burst of real or pretended rage, clutched Curly's thick head of hair and ground his face sharply against the rough brick wall. Then he strode out and locked the door behind him.

"You threaten me again," he yelled fiercely, "I give you more and worse what you don't want! Understand?"

Curly was silent. He knew too well there was a game afoot, one that he declined to play. He was wise. For two days he was made the sheriff's butt; but he submitted to it. His eyes were blacked, his nose nearly broken, one arm almost dislocated; but Curly Casterline kept his temper and kept his hands to himself.

On the third day something happened. Mina paid a visit to the sheriff. There was a deep glow in her eyes; her face was as pale as death.

"I want," she told the sheriff, "to see the man who killed my uncle."

The sheriff understood; the girl was wild with grief.

"Ah, my dear, my dear," cried Lindig—"and I could not get to the funeral—no! This here strike down the line I had to quell. You see how it all was. And my friend Bauerle, he was being buried—yes; and I could not be with him."

"I want to see the man who killed him," persisted Mina.

The sheriff drew her to a corner of the room.

"Listen, Miss Mina," he whispered. "Look; here is a small pistol I have just taken from my desk. This man who killed my good friend is a fierce man."

"He won't touch me," proceeded Mina. "I want to see him alone."

She fastened her glance upon the small revolver.

"You should take this with you, little Mina," went on the sheriff. He bent his face close to hers. His air was insinuating but fatherly. "Listen," he continued. "Listen, Mina. This man, he iss a murderer—a bad, fierce murderer. He has kiled your guardian and my friend—my good friend Bauerle. You haf the right to see him alone. You take this gun," he whispered, placing a hand upon her arm to engage her attention the better. "You take this gun. You get me? And, no matter what happens, remember, no harm can come to you—not in this county; not in this state; not in all the wide world. No matter what happens to him, or how it happens, or when it happens, this man that kills your guardian in so much cold blood—he gets what he deserves. Yes; you shall see him alone—I fix all that. And"—he glanced at her meaningly—"this gun iss so you shall not be afraid."

She took the gun and followed him, hiding it in the folds of her dress. The sheriff led her into a tiny waiting room that once had been a cell, disappeared for an instant, and brought Curly Casterline, bruised and disfigured, into her presence.

"I leave you here alone," said Lindig. "If you need help there will be a guard near by. You call."

He closed the door behind him. He gave the guard particular instructions: there was to be no interference unless the girl should call for help. No matter what happened, if she did not call for help nothing was to be done. When she came out she was to be left free to go home. No matter what happened, that was understood.

Sheriff Lindig left the jail and went down the street to see the prosecutor. He told him all about it.

"You are some smart man, Lindig!" said the prosecutor. "If she only does the trick—why, that's the best way out; shuts his mouth forever, no matter what happens to her."

"We should care what happens to her!" smiled the sheriff genially. "She iss only the ward of a bungler. Let it happen—yes."

Back in the county jail, Mina waited until the door had closed behind the sheriff. Then she threw herself into Curly's arms—did it unashamed.

"Oh, you are a good man, Curly Casterline!" she whispered. "You are such a good, strong man! You—it is you who have saved my uncle."

Curly held her off, staring at her.

"Saved him!" he echoed. "I killed him! It was me. I killed him; I didn't save him, Mina."

"Yes," she whispered back fiercely; "you saved him from doing what he started out to do. Saved him from killing more as a thousand men! You did all that—and more. You broke up more conspiracies. I only know what I have heard—what is talked about in Breslau. They found papers on that Kurz—and many papers in our house. But that matters not to me now. My uncle, he is dead—yes. But, no matter what he meant to do, he didn't do it. He hasn't got blood, not many deaths, upon his hands. You saved him from all that. You are good and strong, my Curly."

Suddenly she became aware of the bruises on his face.

"Who did it?" she demanded fiercely.

He laughed and turned it off.

"Rough stuff," he told her. "I don't mind it; only I can't hit back. If I did they'd kill me."

Already she had placed the sheriff's small revolver on the table. Now she drew a larger one from her breast. She handed this to Curly.

"You put this away," she whispered. "You keep this in your cell. If they try to kill you, kill them back! I shall tell these secret-service men about you. They will watch. Only—it is that you must live—for me."

It was her turn now to hold him off. She did it successfully, for she had something else to say. She suddenly produced a packet of bills.

"I found this tucked away," she exclaimed, "where my uncle, he had hid it. It is money—blood money. In our house hiding place I found it. I shall use it to save you. I shall get the best lawyer in the state. I shall get Reinhardt; he always wins."

"Who?" demanded Curly.

"Reinhardt; he always wins, and he will do anything for money."

Curly nodded.

"I don't like his name; but what you say goes. Only"—a sudden wave of homesickness surged over him—"back home there's a crackajack named McIlvaine."

Mina nodded.

"We shall get him, too; with the blood money we shall pay them all."

For another swift instant she yielded to his embrace, holding her white, tired, scared little face against his. Then she left him. After an interval the guard entered. Curly pointed to the little pistol the girl had placed upon the table.

"There's a gun she left," said Curly. Unsearched, he was marched back to his cell.

A month later Curly Casterline was tried for double murder. McIlvaine was there; it wasn't every day he was slapped in the face with retainers of the size Mina had sent him by wire.

"There's nothing to this case," McIlvaine confided to Reinhardt, Curly's local counsel.

Reinhardt acquiesced, yawned widely, introduced McIlvaine to the Court, moved his admission *pro hac vice*, leaned back on two legs of his chair, and let McIlvaine try the case.

"We got to keep the Germans off this jury," whispered McIlvaine to Reinhardt.

Reinhardt smiled.

"Swell chance!" he said. "Look at the jury list. Go as far as you like. I wish you luck."

McIlvaine cast his eye up and down a printed list of about one hundred and twenty names. Then he looked at Reinhardt.

"Did you make a motion for a change of venue?" he queried.

Reinhardt yawned again.

"Made all the motions," he returned. "They were all denied. They usually are."

"Well," mused McIlvaine, "no matter. This case'll never get to the jury, anyway—that's sure."

"Go as far as you like," repeated Reinhardt with a smile.

It will be recalled that Curly Casterline had called McIlvaine a crackajack. It will be recalled further that, back home, McIlvaine was not only a lawyer, he was a district leader. A man may be a crackajack district leader and not a crackajack lawyer. McIlvaine was a crackajack district leader, there was no doubt about that. As for the rest ——

The state put in its evidence. It was brief. Baudenistel and one or two besides took the witness stand. Then the sheriff, fortified with Curly's signed statement, took the stand and read it. The state rested.

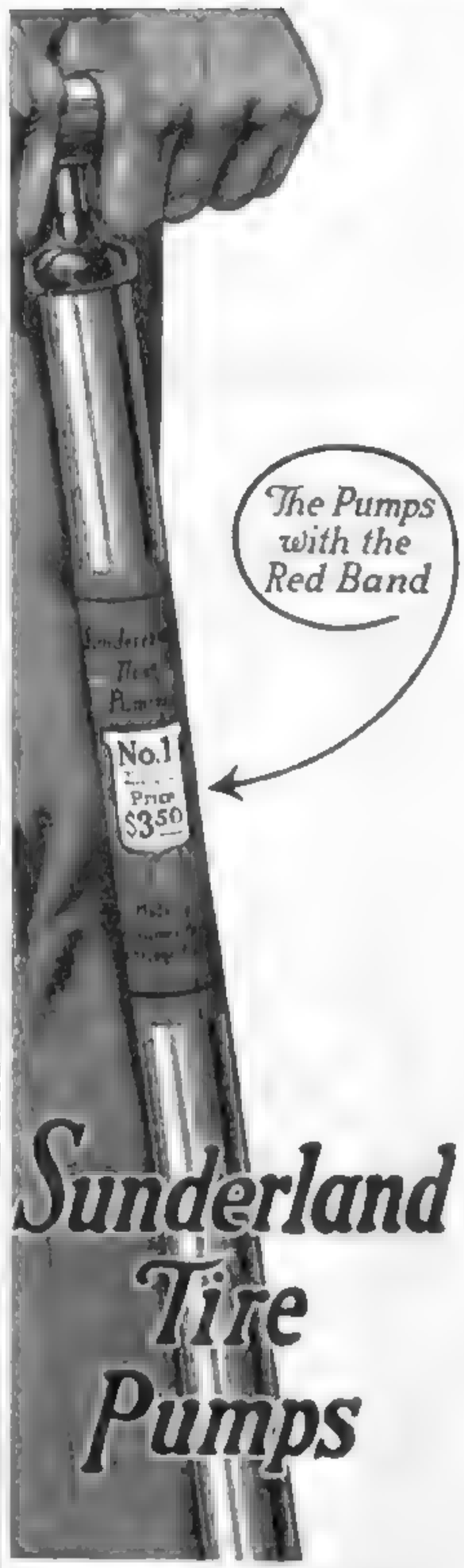
McIlvaine rose and moved, as a matter of form, for a dismissal. As a matter of form, his motion was denied. He put in his evidence swiftly and without objection from the prosecutor. When the last of the two secret-service operatives had left the stand McIlvaine glanced at the Court in triumph.

"Now, if Your Honor pleases," he said, "I move for a direction in favor of the defendant, Casterline."

The judge nodded.

"I'll be glad to hear you," he returned.

"There's nothing to it," proceeded McIlvaine, somewhat set back by the necessity of arguing a perfectly simple proposition—"nothing at all! Of course Casterline killed



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Room with detached bath	$2, $2 50 and $3
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Double room	$5 to $8
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Two persons	$5 to $8
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Chicago's Finest Hotel

these two men. But the killing was justified beyond all question. The lives of more than a thousand American soldiers were at stake. Homicide, if you will; but justifiable!"

The Court was willing to listen.

"How justifiable?" he queried.

"Great Scott!" cried McIlvaine. "What more do you want? These men were murderers—wholesale murderers. He stopped them. He had to do it with a bullet; there wasn't any other way. He was a citizen; they were alien enemies, or traitors at the worst. It was his duty as a citizen ——"

"Ah," interrupted the Court, "his duty as a citizen. Let's look at it. What was his duty as a citizen? Let's go back a bit. It's in evidence that he heard the two men in conspiracy some days before the crime. He was a citizen; he had his duty as a citizen to perform. That duty was either to take the men into custody or to complain to the authorities. At that point he did neither."

"Oh, at that point," conceded McIlvaine; "yes. But ——"

"But," went on the Court, "on the day of the crime he still was nothing but a citizen. He had his rights as a citizen. A citizen has the right to make arrests. He can take the law into his own hands by making an arrest. He usually doesn't do it. He usually complains to the authorities. But he has the right to arrest. I'll waive the point for the present as to whether he can arrest before or after the commission of a crime. Usually only after it has been committed, and then only when it is committed in his presence—that's the rule, isn't it, counselor?"

"Well ——" stammered McIlvaine, who didn't know what the rule was.

"Now," went on the Court, taking the bit in his teeth, "at the most, Casterline could have arrested these two men then and there. At the very best, that was the extent of his right. He didn't do it."

"If he had shown himself—if he had uttered one word," returned McIlvaine, "eleven hundred men would have gone to their deaths."

The Court waved the suggestion aside.

"In one set of circumstances only," he proceeded, "would this defendant have been justified in taking the lives of these two men. We'll say he had the right of arrest. If they resisted arrest, then he could force arrest. If they still resisted, so that his own life was in danger, then and only then he could have shot in self-defense. He didn't arrest; he didn't attempt to take the culprits into custody; they didn't resist; they didn't even threaten him."

"Do you mean," cried McIlvaine, "that a citizen cannot prevent a massacre?"

"He can use every lawful means," returned the Court. "Your client took a short cut. He made a mistake. He's got to suffer for it. The law would have punished these two men; the defendant is not the law—he did not invoke the law. What he actually did was curious. Days before he acted he heard the details of the conspiracy. He tells us that, he tells us he made up his mind to frustrate it single-handed. He tells us he was cunning about it—cool about it; that he made his plans. He made up his mind there was only one thing to be done. He procured his weapon, armed himself with it, lay in wait. He thought it all out in advance. It happened as he planned. It's for the jury to say; but, between you and me, counselor, why isn't your man guilty of willful, premeditated murder—of murder in the first degree?"

Under McIlvaine's strenuous objection the case went to the jury. The jury promptly convicted Casterline of murder in the first degree. The Court directed the defendant to rise.

"Under ordinary circumstances," announced the Court, "I would delay pronouncing sentence. This case, however, is unusual. Has counsel anything to say as to why sentence should not be pronounced immediately?"

McIlvaine, with the yawning Reinhardt supporting him, mumbled a plea for more time. The plea was insufficient in the eye of the Court. He bent his glance upon the defendant.

"Casterline," he said, "you've had a fair trial. You've been convicted of willful, deliberate, premeditated murder—murder in the first degree. There's no doubt about the facts; you admit them—you boast of them yourself. You made a fatal mistake. You took the law into your own hands, at your own risk. You are sentenced to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, according to the statute in such case made and provided. The execution shall take place, at some day and hour in the discretion of the sheriff, during the week beginning the fifteenth day of this month. I'll hear motions. Take the prisoner away."

McIlvaine, with a transcript of the testimony in his hand, went to the state capital and saw the governor. The governor listened to him carefully; then he shook his head.

"Have you got money enough to print a case?" he queried.

McIlvaine had.

"I think then," said the governor, "that you'd better take this case up on appeal. I decline to act."

McIlvaine appealed; he really thought he had strong legal ground for reversal. The execution was stayed by the appeal and Curly Casterline remained immured in jail. But no longer was he maltreated; the law would maltreat him soon enough. The sheriff and the prosecutor soon learned of the governor's determination not to interfere. They thought they understood; the governor was an American and bore an American name, but at the same time he had the reputation of being a first-class politician. He would always need votes.

The Court of Appeals was composed of judges—not mere men. They, also, bore American names. They were not politicians. That court only shook its head.

"We find no error in the charge of the trial court," it said—a bit sadly, it is true; "no error in this conviction. The trial court's ruling on the motion was unquestionably sound. Ample remedy is afforded by the law for the punishment of conspirators; they are entitled to a fair trial before a duly constituted court. The defendant was not such a court; yet he condemned these men to death. He had certain rights as a citizen—no more. He may be a hero; he has committed willful, deliberate, premeditated murder none the less. As a matter of law, the conviction in the first degree must stand. The case is not for this court; it becomes now one for the exercise of executive clemency. With that exercise we have nothing in any wise to do."

McIlvaine went back to the governor. The governor read the court's opinion; then he got Sheriff Lindig on the wire.

"This Lindig?" he queried.

It was.

"Herman," said the governor familiarly, "bring your man Casterline down on the two-o'clock to-day. I want to talk to him. I've promised his counsel I'll grant a personal interview before that sentence goes into effect."

"Right," said the sheriff. "I'll have him there."

At half past two Curly Casterline entered the governor's presence. With Curly were Lindig, the sheriff, and Kleinfeldt, the county prosecutor. With the governor were the United States District Attorney and two men in army uniform. The sheriff relinquished his charge and started, politely, to leave the room.

"Don't go," cried the governor sharply. "Sit down." He looked at Curly.

"Are you Casterline?" he queried. Curly was. "You sit down," snapped the governor.

"Herman," said the governor, "did you ever hear of the Dred Scott Case? No! Well, Dred Scott was a poor unfortunate runaway nigger who once set this whole country by the heels. It's history—American history, Herman. I'd advise you to look it up."

He turned to Casterline.

"Young man," said the governor to Curly, "by the way the patriotic American press has been standing on its hind legs and howling about you, I was afraid they'd pull the statehouse down round my ears. A couple of months ago I declined to pardon you. I've been getting merry hell ever since. My exact purpose in declining was to raise this merry hell. If I had pardoned you there would have been no talk. As it is, the Casterline Case is the most famous case—it's a byword in every home from Maine to Texas.

"I'm a lawyer, Casterline. I want to say now to the people and the press of this country that there never has been any doubt about the law governing this case. Such law is elementary and should be well understood. The prisoner was admittedly guilty of murder in the first degree. The law prescribes the penalty. Notwithstanding that, this man saved the lives of eleven hundred soldiers whose ultimate destination is the Front. The judge who tried this case was correct in his law; the Court of Appeals was correct. But, at that, no decent jury would ever have convicted him; no decent judge would have sentenced him to death."

The governor paused and glanced at the United States District Attorney and the uniformed officers who were sitting with him.

"Two months ago," he went on, "we talked it over. It was agreed that if the facts in the Casterline Case could be understood by every man and boy in the country the message would get over hard. The pill was a sensation-coated pill; it slipped down as easily as the last end of a gumdrop. The Casterline Case woke up the people to a realization of what was going on and what they were up against, and what to do about it.

"You talk about the Front. For us the Front is here. For us the war is here. What can be done about it? Casterline, the American citizen, as a citizen, can't go up and down like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. He can't take the places of judge and jury; he can't do those things as a citizen—not as a citizen. As a man enrolled for home defense, he can be assigned to duty; he can wage war on this side of the Atlantic; he can take his orders, and under his orders he can shoot—and shoot to kill."

He nodded once more toward the men in uniform.

"Casterline," he went on, "I've got a line on you from some folks back East. They tell me you're afraid of nothing on God's earth. I hope that's true; for you landed in one of the hottest of hotbeds this country is cursed with. That nest of spies and traitors in which you were living will be run to earth; and you are asked to help. You'll help with a revolver, Casterline; and you'll begin with such men as Kleinfeldt and Herman Lindig there. You'll begin with them; under orders you will shoot—and shoot to kill."

Drunk with glory, Curly Casterline reeled from the statehouse; and—with his pardon clutched tightly in his hand—he dashed into the Mansion House and took the stairs three at a bound. He tiptoed to Room 33, on the third floor, and tapped lightly on the door.

"What is it?" cried a plaintive little voice—a voice full of hysteria and tears.

Curly dashed open the door and caught Mina in his arms.

"Little Mina! Little wife!" he cried. "Look here!"

He showed her his pardon; he showered her with kisses. As a citizen, he possessed the right to do this to his heart's content. They had been married in the jail the day before.

"Is it all over?" she demanded. "Are you free? What else have you to do?"

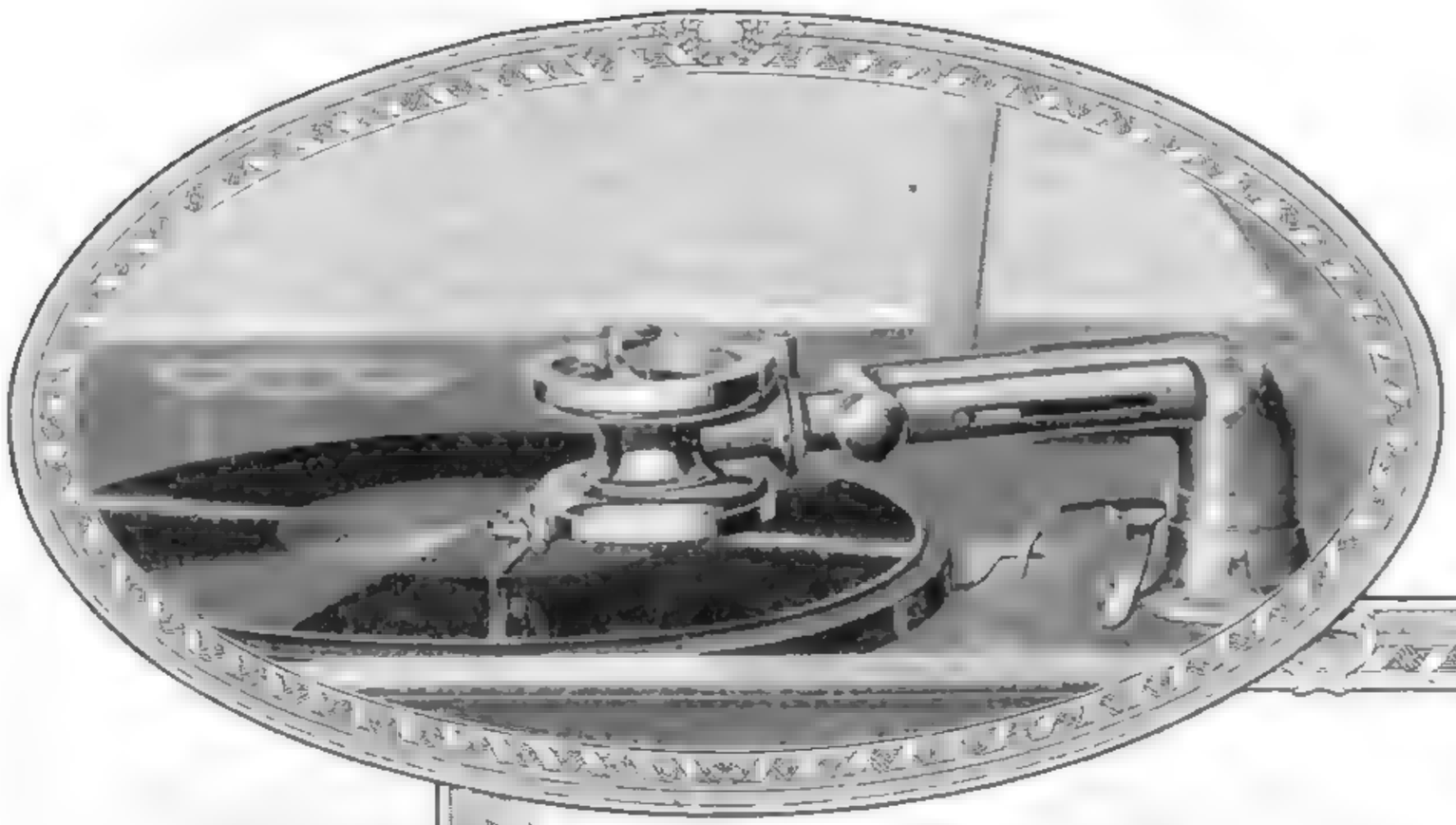
Curly nodded.

"I've got to see some army men in about an hour," he said.

"And after that?" she persisted.

Curly choked.

"Well, I don't know," he faltered, trembling for the second time in his young life and clinging tightly to his bride. "I don't know. I suppose, we're just—sort of—on our honeymoon."



THE ULTONA—a unique feature of The new Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Here The Ultona is in position for playing a Pathé Record. The Ultona is adapted, very simply, to play all records, whatever make, and play them at their best. Only The Brunswick has this wonderful feature.

Old vs. New

Which Type of Phonograph Do You Choose?

THE choice is now distinct. When you buy, it is one or the other—old type or new. Of the old, there are many. So far the instrument that has attained the coveted new standards is The Brunswick.

And this is due to The Brunswick Method of Reproduction.

The New Brunswick forsakes old crudities. It is not limited to playing one make of record. It discards metal in tone amplification. And thus new standards are created, with Brunswick leading the way.

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Only The Brunswick

Until the coming of The Brunswick, each phonograph had its own chief attractions. None had them all.

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Some folks said all phonographs were alike—all good. And that the records depended upon luck for their tone.

But The Brunswick has gained its nation-wide fame by combining all the better features and discarding the troublesome. And so it is called "All Phonographs in One."

The new Brunswick Method of Reproduction sets higher standards. Never before have records been played so faithfully.

"Phenomenal"—The Verdict

The new Brunswicks came out in April. Now thousands know them. All over the country. And these thousands will tell you that there is no phonograph like The Brunswick.

They will speak of The Ultona, and The Brunswick Tone Amplifier, two features of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction.

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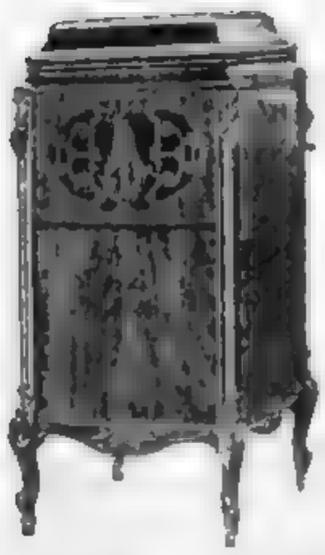
Your Ear Will Decide

No one can afford now to even think of buying a phonograph without first considering The Super-Brunswick. You'll surely want this new-type—not only because it plays *all* records, but because of its superior tone.

Ask a Brunswick dealer to show you his new models, and to explain The Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Have your favorite records played, noting the simplicity of The Ultona.



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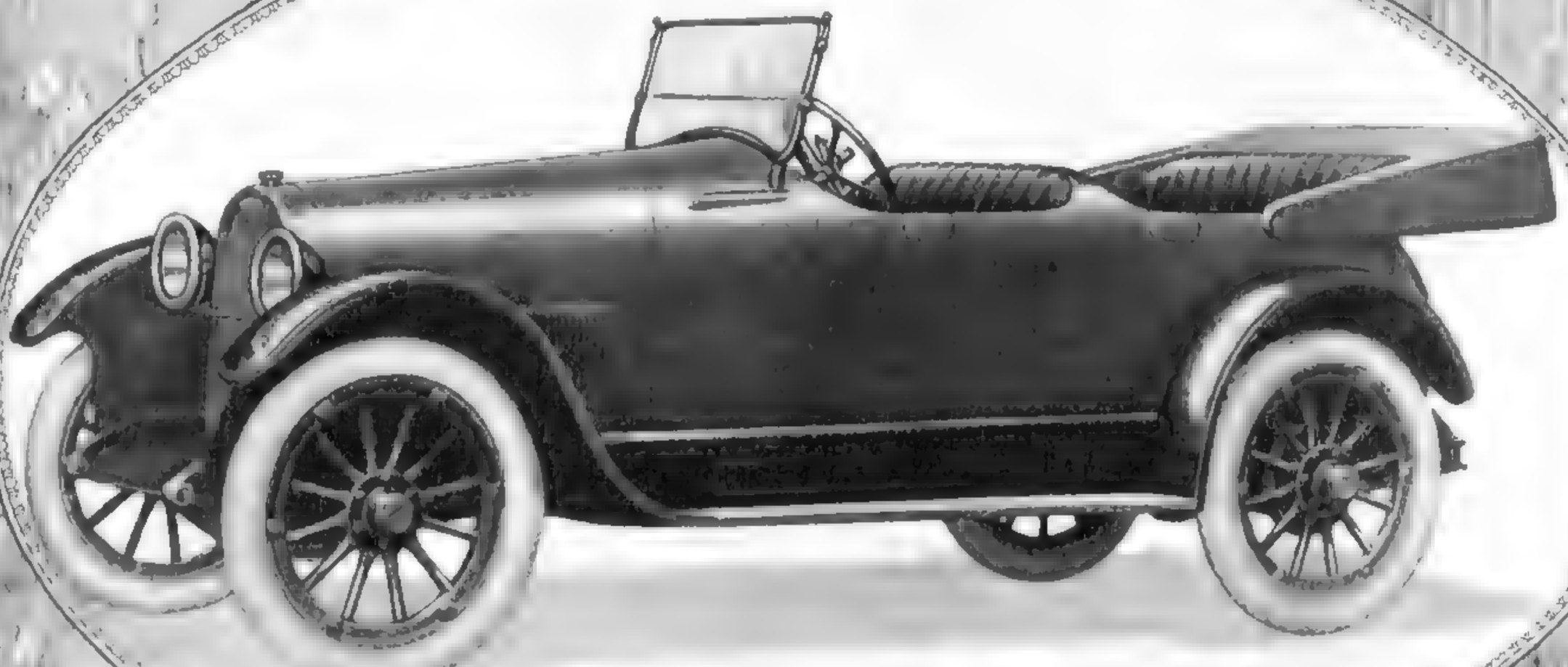

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—you would pay a much higher price for Empire cars. But the builders of the Empire were prepared—fortified by the advance buying of materials against the onslaught of restricted deliveries and prohibitive prices.

And now you can share in the savings and extra quality insured to Empire owners through the forethought of the great Empire organization.

From the six-cylinder Empire-Continental engine through every mechanical detail—from the rich, genuine Spanish leather upholstery through every feature of appointment and convenience — the new Empire gives you extra quality and extra value which can be duplicated under present conditions only at much higher prices.

Not only do you save initial cost when you join the great, ever-increasing family of Empire owners—but you take the first step toward saving upkeep and operation expense which has marked the Empire as—"the most economical form of transportation you can purchase."

The Empire is furnished in both Four and Six Cylinder Models with various body types to meet every motoring requirement. Increasing sales are making it impossible to guarantee a continuation of present prices, as it is impossible to duplicate these values after material stocks are exhausted. It will pay you to see the Empire — now. Write for the new Empire Folder.

DEALERS: Open territory on Empire means a big opportunity waiting. If Empire is not represented in your town—write or wire today.

Model 70A — 6-Cylinder, Five Passenger Touring, 120 in. Wheelbase — $1345

Model 73 — 6-Cylinder, Four Pass., Four Door, 120 in. Wheelbase — $1360

Model 51 — 4-Cylinder, Two Passenger Roadster, Wire Wheels — $1165

Model 50 — 4-Cylinder, Five Passenger Touring, 115 in. Wheelbase — $1125

Empire Automobile Co. (Established 1908) Indianapolis, U.S.A.

SHOOTING STARS

(Continued from Page 15)

It was a narrow escape, but it gave me a breathing spell in which to look round for the remainder of my patrol. They were nowhere to be seen. Later I learned that when they were coming down to me more enemy machines had popped out of the clouds and there had been a sort of general mêlée. The machine that got on my tail seemed to have dropped out of the clear sky above. In all it turned out there were about ten of the enemy to six of us.

It was my luck to be mixed up singlehanded with three of the Huns. Under the circumstances wisdom seemed to me the better part of valor, and I climbed as speedily as I could, eventually managing to get clear of their range. Then looking round I saw a fight going on about a mile farther east. It was a matter of thirty seconds to fly into this, and there I found two of my machines in a go at four or five of the enemy. We fought for fifteen minutes or more without either side gaining an advantage. During all this time, however, we were steadily being driven by the gale farther and farther into German territory, and were rapidly losing height as well. We figured at this time we must be fully fifteen miles behind the Hun lines.

We had circled and dived and fought our way down to about four thousand feet when suddenly, about half a mile away, I saw one of our patrol fighting for his life with two of the enemy. I broke off the futile engagement we were in and flew to the lone pilot's assistance. My two pilots also broke away from the Germans and followed me as I headed over to help him. At the same moment he succeeded in escaping from the two attacking Huns, and we joined up again in a formation of four machines. At this time we were as low as twenty-five hundred feet, but by careful flying and using the clouds to hide in we managed to evade all the enemy flyers who came swirling after us.

Safety in a Cloud

The moment we headed for home, however, all the Archies in the neighborhood opened fire on us. We were flying straight into the teeth of the fifty-mile gale and were making very little headway against it. This slow pace made us an easy mark for the guns, and meant that we had to do a lot of dodging. We darted from one cloud to another, using them as much as possible for protection. It was again the old instinct of taking cover or digging in.

Reaching the aërodrome we were very much crestfallen. The battle had not been a success and two of our patrol, two of our most intimate friends, had not returned. Later that night, about eleven o'clock, we had word that one of the missing machines had landed on our side of the lines with the pilot badly wounded.

Next morning we heard the particulars of a wonderful piece of work done by this gallant boy. He was only eighteen, and had been in France but three weeks. The British Flying Corps is filled with boys of that age—with spirits of daring beyond all compare, and with courage so self-effacing as to be a continual inspiration to their older brothers in the service.

In the early part of the fight this boy had been hit by an explosive bullet which, entering him from behind, had pierced his stomach and exploded there. His machine had been pretty badly shot about and the engine had been damaged, resulting in a great loss of efficiency. Mortally wounded as he was, however, he fought for ten or fifteen minutes with his opponents and then succeeded in escaping. Dazed from pain and loss of blood he flew vaguely in a westerly direction. He had no idea where he was, but when the antiaircraft guns ceased to fire he glided down and landed in a field. Stepping out of his machine he attempted to walk, but had moved scarcely forty steps when he fell in a faint. He was hurried to hospital and given the tenderest care, but next morning he died, leaving behind a brave record for his brief career in the flying service.

Another Hun Brought Down

The pilot who did not return was reported missing for about two months, and then we heard he had been killed outright, shot dead in the air. Upon looking back on this fight now, in the light of my later experience, I wonder that any of us got out of it alive. Every circumstance was against us, and the formation we ran into was made up of the best Hun pilots then in the air. They fought under as favorable conditions as they could have wished, and one can only wonder how they missed completely wiping us out.

Next day there were only four of us left in my patrol, but we were assigned to escort and protect six other machines that were going over to get photographs of some German positions about ten miles behind the front-line trenches. I had my patrol flying about a thousand feet above the photography machines when I saw six enemy single-seater scouts climbing to swoop down upon them. At the same time there were two other enemy machines coming from above to engage us.

Diving toward the photography machines I managed to frighten off two of the boches; then looking back I saw one of my pilots being attacked by one of the two higher Germans who had made for us. This boy, who is now a prisoner of war, had been a schoolmate of mine before the war. Forgetting everything else I turned back to his assistance. The Hun who was after him did not see me coming. I did not fire until I had approached within one hundred yards. Then I let go.

The Hun was evidently surprised. He turned and saw me, but it was too late now. I was on his tail—just above and a little behind him—and at fifty yards I fired a second burst of twenty rounds. This time I saw the bullets go home. As was the case with the first machine I brought down, this one also flopped over on its back, then got into a spin and went headlong to the earth, where it crashed, a hopeless wreck.

I rejoined the photography machines, which unfortunately in the meantime had lost one of their number. We brought the five home safely—and the photographs were a huge success.

It was a German boast at this time that their retreat from the Somme had upset the offensive plans of the British and French for months to come. How untrue this was they were soon to know. We Canadians knew that the first big push of the spring was to come at Vimy Ridge, where the Canadian Corps had been holding the line grimly the entire winter through. It had been a trying ordeal for our men, who were almost at the foot of the ridge, with the Germans everywhere above them.

During all the long cold months of winter the old boche had been looking down on us, pelting the infantry in the trenches with all manner of bombs and trench mortar shells and making life generally uncomfortable. During all this time, however,

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So with all folks—men and women.

The basis is a dish of Quaker Oats with garnishings. Then a dish of fruit and a cup of some hot drink.

The oat is the supreme food. In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound—twice as much as round steak, more than twice as much as eggs.

It is the recognized food for growth. It is rich in minerals. All needed elements are in it and in the right proportions. It has a wondrous flavor.

At this writing, Quaker Oats costs but one-seventh what meats or eggs cost—on the average—for the same nutrition.

Seven abundant meals can thus be served at the cost of one average meat meal.

Reduce the cost of living by using more Quaker Oats. Make it the entire breakfast. Mix it with your flour foods. A multiplied cost can buy no such nutrition, no such delights, without it.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

In Quaker Oats you get all the oat nutrition, plus exquisite flavor. And without extra price.

They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. By discarding the small, inferior grains we get but ten pounds from a bushel.

All oat foods are doubly welcome when you make them with Quaker Oats.

13c and 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1¼ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, [illegible] tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

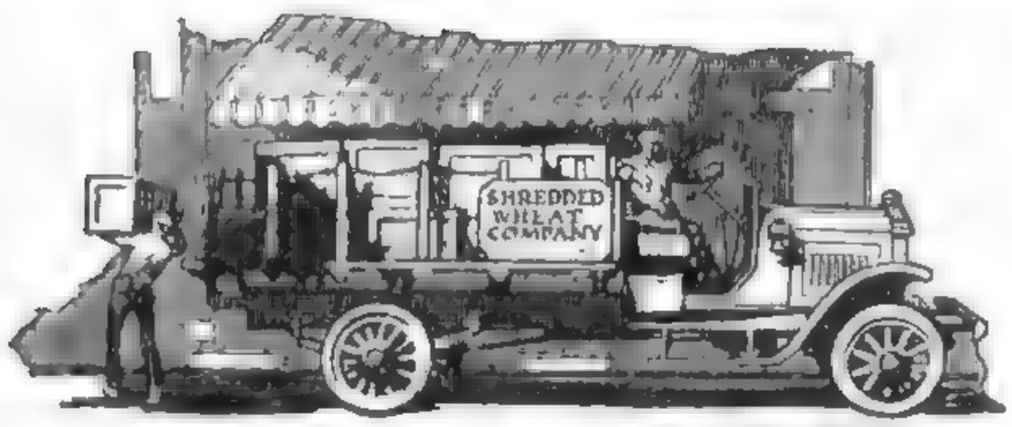
Quaker Oats Sweetbits
The Oat Macaroon

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
2½ cups Quaker Oats uncooked
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

1913



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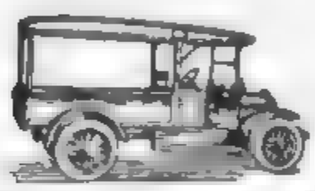
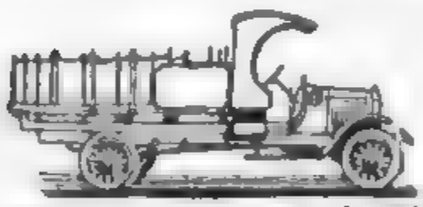
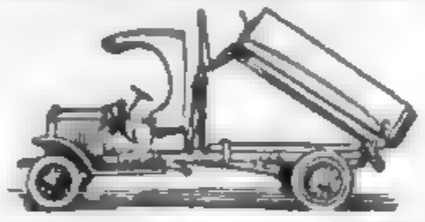


Model 6-B, ¾ ton chassis $850

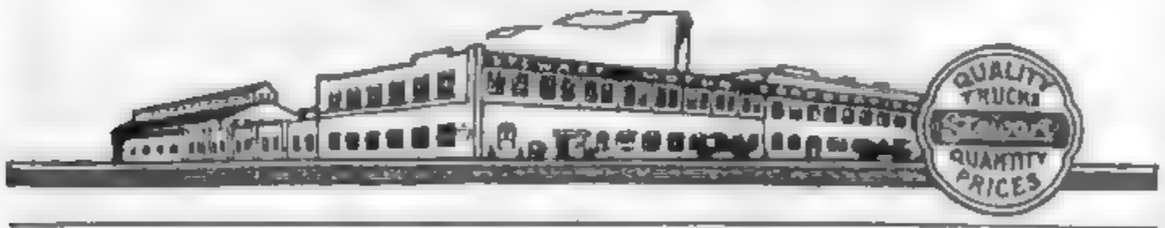
Model 8, 1 ton chassis $1395



Model 9, 1½ ton chassis $1750



Model 7, 2 ton chassis $2295



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Iron Clad

and in spite of the fact that the Germans had direct observation both of our lines and of the country back of them we had succeeded in massing a hitherto unheard-of number of guns and great forces of reserves for the initial attack of the new fighting season.

About the first of April we heard the first rumors of the approaching storm. The British artillery was tuning up all along the line, the greatest fire being concentrated in the neighborhood of Arras and the Vimy Ridge, running north from that quaint old cathedral city. It was the beginning of that great tumult of artillery which eventually was practically to blow the top off the ridge and the Germans with it.

Our machines had been operating with the guns, ranging them on the German lines and the villages where the enemy troops were quartered in the rear. There had been much careful registering also of the German battery positions, so that when the time came for our troops to go over, the British and Canadian artillery could pour such a torrent of shells on the German guns as to keep them safely silent during the infantry attack.

At last came the orders for our part in another phase of the show. It was up to us to clear the air during the last days of battle preparation. We did not want any more prying eyes looking down upon us from the clouds—it was bad enough to have to submit to the ground observation from the German-held ridges. We were already accustomed to fighting the enemy aëroplanes over their own ground and thus keeping them as far as possible from our lines, but now we were assigned to a new job. It was attacking the enemy observation balloons. They flew in the same places almost every day, well back of the enemy lines, but the observers in them, equipped with splendid telescopes, could leisurely look far into our lines and note everything that was going on. We proposed to put out these enemy eyes.

We called the big elongated gas bags "sausages," and the French did likewise—"saucisses." They floated in the air at anywhere from eight hundred to three thousand feet above the ground, and were held captive by cables. These cables were attached to some special kind of windlasses which could pull the balloons down in an incredibly short space of time. Sometimes they would disappear as if by witchcraft.

The Sausage Hunt

Wherever the sausages flew they were protected from aëroplane attack by heavy batteries of antiaircraft guns, and also by what we came to know as "flaming onions." These flaming onions appear to consist of about ten balls of fire and are shot from some kind of rocket gun. You can see them coming all the way from the ground, and they travel just too fast to make it possible to dodge them. I have never had an onion come within two hundred feet of me, but the effect of these balls of fire reaching for you is most terrifying—especially the first time you have the pleasure of making their acquaintance.

Our instructions were not only to drive the enemy balloons down but to set fire to and destroy them. This is done by diving on them from above and firing some incendiary missile at them; not by dropping bombs, as one so often hears in London.

The British attack at Arras and Vimy was set for April ninth, Easter Monday. On the fifth of April we started after the sausages. The weather at this time was very changeable, chilling snow squalls being intermingled with flashes of brilliant warm sunshine. It was cloudy and misty the day our balloon attacks began, and the sausages were not visible from our side of the lines.

I was assigned to do in a particularly annoying sausage that used to fly persistently in the same place day after day. It was one of the sausages with a queer-shaped head, looking for all the world like a real flying pig—*sans* feet.

Any new sort of hunting always appealed to me strongly, and I was eager for the chase when I crossed into enemy territory in search of my particular game. I flew expectantly in the direction where the balloon usually inhabited the air, but it was nowhere to be seen. I circled down close to the ground to be sure it was not on duty, and immediately found myself in the midst of a terrific fire from all manner of guns. Something told me to hurry away from there, and I did. The quickest shelter available was a rather dark and forbidding cloud, but I made for it with all my might, climbing as fast as my little single-seater would take me.

What a relief it was to be lost in that friendly mist! Continuing to climb I rose at last into the sunshine and then headed for home. My balloon had not been up, but my first experience as a sausage hunter had not been the pleasantest form of amusement, and I was inclined not to like it very much. Later on I met with some success against the balloons, but the sport, though exciting, was not to be compared with fighting another aëroplane.

The weather cleared late in the afternoon of the fifth, and for the first time in my flying career I had the privilege of going out alone in search of a fight. There was not an enemy machine in the air, however, and I returned with nothing to report.

At the Battle of Arras

Next morning bright and early I was again out on my own in search of adventure. I had been flying over the lines for more than half an hour when suddenly I spied an enemy machine about a mile over in Hunland, and some distance above me. In these days I no longer had any misgivings as to whether a machine was friend or foe—I had learned to sense the enemy. Our greatest difficulty at the time was drawing the Huns into a close combat. I set out to see what sort of fighting material this particular pilot of the iron crosses was made of. Keeping him always within view I climbed to nearly fifteen thousand feet, and from that point of vantage dived upon him. I waited until my plunge had carried me to within one hundred and fifty yards of him before opening fire. I had gotten in a burst of probably twenty rounds when my gun jammed. The Hun saw me and dived away as fast as he could go. I dived after him, tinkering with the gun all the time, and finally getting it clear, fired another burst at one hundred yards. This drove him into a still deeper dive but he flattened out again, and this time I gave him a burst at fifty yards. His machine evidently was damaged by my fire, for he now dived vertically toward the ground, keeping control, however, and landing safely in a field.

This fight gave me a new resolve—to devote more time to target practice. I should have destroyed this Hun, but poor shooting had enabled him to escape. Going home I spent an hour that day practicing at a square target on the ground. Thereafter I gave as much time as possible to shooting practice; and to the accuracy I acquired in this way I feel I owe most of my successes. Aëroplane target practice is not without its dangers. The target on the ground is just about the size of the vital spots you aim at in fighting. You have to dive steeply at this and there is very little margin of safety.

April sixth and seventh were memorable days in the flying corps. The public, knowing nothing of the approaching attack which was to go down in history as the Battle of Arras, was distinctly shocked when the British communiqués for these two days frankly admitted the loss of twenty-eight of our machines. We considered this a small price to pay for the amount of work accomplished and the number of machines engaged, coupled with the fact that all of our work was done within the German lines. In the two days that we lost twenty-eight machines we had accounted for fifteen

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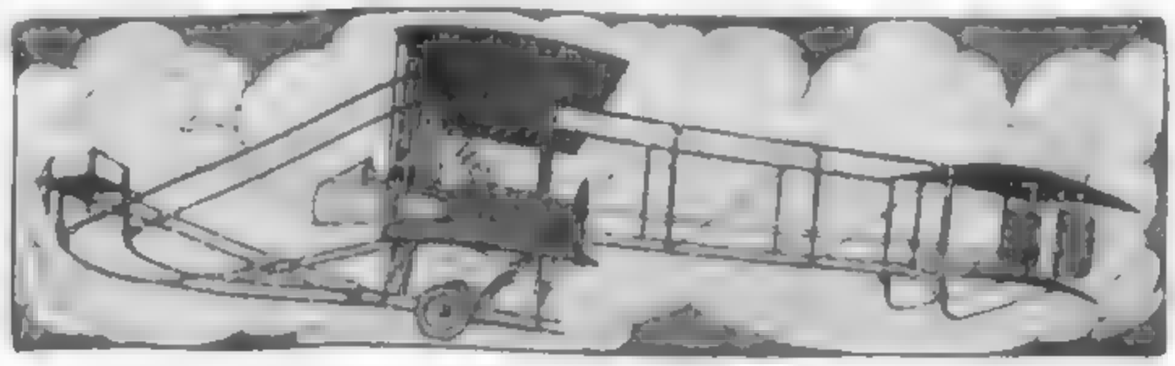

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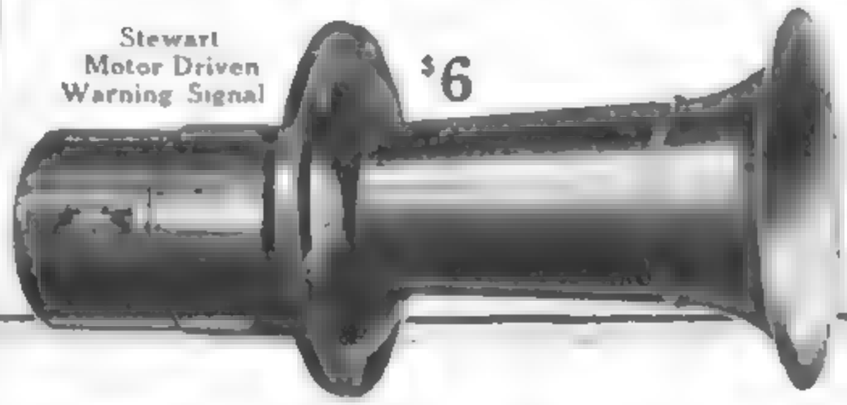

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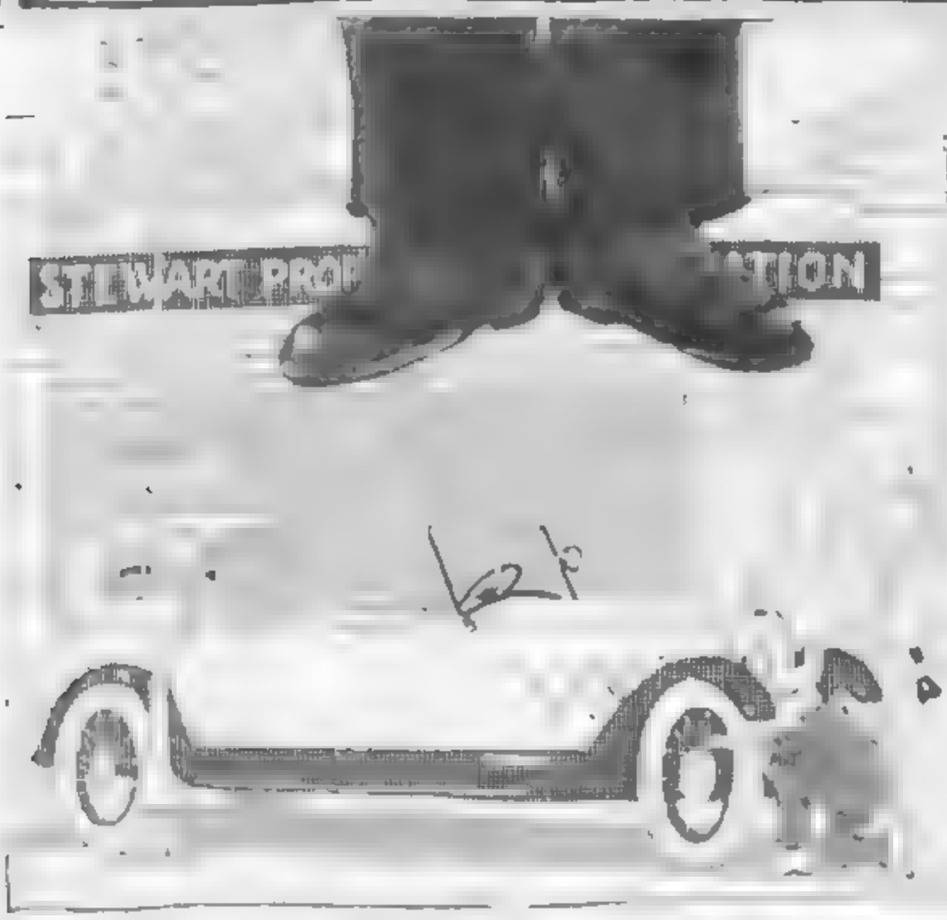

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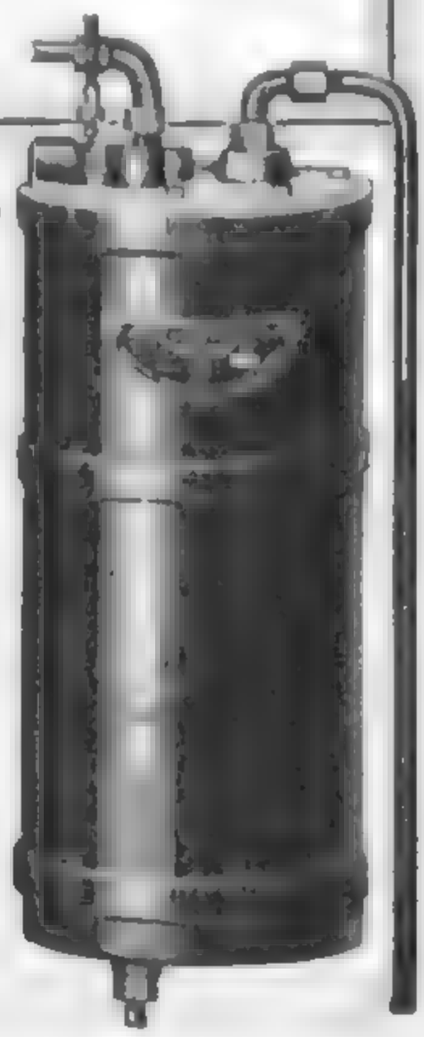

"Lafayette, Here We Are"

Through remote French villages resounds the unaccustomed tramp of American soldiers. But a little while ago and these men were in the quiet of their homes in a peaceful country. Today, in a strange land, they are facing the world's bloodiest struggle.

From our shores to the battlefields of France are thousands of miles which must be bridged with ceaseless supplies to our troops. Every day calls for action here, no less than there. Cooperate! Sacrifice! These are the watchwords sent over the land by the Government.

Pershing at the tomb of America's old time friend months ago reported, with true soldier eloquence, "Lafayette, here we are." And it is for us of the great American democracy to rally all our might to the support of our army and our allies.

In this national effort the Bell System has served with every other essential industry in order that communication, manufacture and transportation may be kept at the peak of efficiency to provide the munitions, ordnance and supplies so urgently needed.

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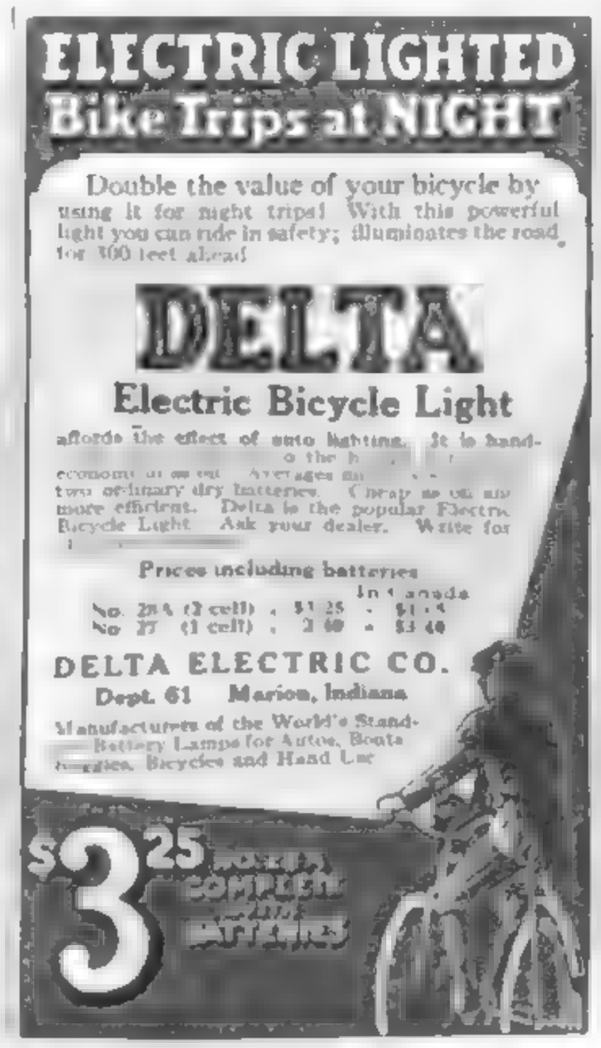
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COMPLETE

Concluded from Page 86

Germans who were actually seen to crash, and thirty-one driven down damaged, many of which must have met a similar fate.

The British do not officially announce a hostile machine destroyed without strict verification. When you are fighting a formation of twenty or more Huns in a general mêlée and one begins a downward spin there is seldom time to disengage yourself and watch the machine complete its fatal plunge. You may be morally certain the Hun was entirely out of control and nothing could save him, but unless someone saw the crash credit is given only for a machine driven down. The Royal Flying Corps is absolutely unperturbed when its losses on any one day exceed those of the enemy, for we philosophically regard this as the penalty necessarily entailed by our acting always on the offensive in the air.

Technically the Germans seldom gave a machine "missing," for the fighting is practically always over their territory, and every one of their machines driven down can be accounted for, even if it is totally destroyed. Many of our losses are due wholly to the fact that we have to carry on over Germany territory. Any slight accident or injury that compels a descent in Hunland naturally means the total loss of the British machine. But such a loss does not involve a German victory in combat; it is merely a misfortune for us. If the machine could only have reached our side of the lines it might have been repaired in half an hour. The public often forgets these things when reading of British machines that fail to return.

Every class of our machines was now engaged in the preparations for the big offensive. The bombing squadrons were out by day and by night. They would fly over the lines with only the stars to guide them and drop tons of high explosives wherever it was considered that the resulting damage would have a crippling effect upon the defensive power of the German machine. Our photographers were busy during every hour of sunlight and our artillery observing machines were keeping long hours in company with the guns, carrying on the preliminary bombardments.

My own experiences on the seventh of April brought me my first decoration—the Military Cross. The thrills were all condensed into a period of two minutes for me. In that time I was fortunate enough to shoot down an enemy machine and destroy the sausage I had started for two days before. This should have been excitement enough, but I added to it by coming within fifteen feet of being taken a German prisoner and becoming an unwilling guest of the Huns for the "duration."

After the Sausage Again

I was ordered after my particular balloon and had climbed to about five thousand feet before heading for the lines. On my way there I had to pass over one of our own observation balloons. I don't know what it was that attracted my attention, but looking down I saw what appeared to be two men descending in parachutes. A moment later the balloon below me burst into flames. I saw the enemy machine that had set it on fire engaged with some of ours, but as I had definite orders to proceed straight to the lines and destroy the hostile balloon that had been allotted to me I was unable to join in the fighting.

Just about this time an amusing incident was in progress at our aërodrome. A colonel of the corps was telephoning my squadron commander, informing him that one of our balloons had just been destroyed.

"Well, if it is any consolation, young Bishop, of my squadron, has just gone over to get one of theirs," replied my commander.

"Good God," said the colonel, "I hope he has not made a mistake in the balloon and set ours on fire!"

At this moment I was serenely sailing over the enemy trenches keeping a sharp lookout for some sign of my own balloon. After flying five miles over the lines I discovered it and circled round as a preliminary to diving down upon it. But just then I heard the rattle of machine guns directly behind me and saw bullet holes appear as if by magic in the wings of my machine. I pulled back as if to loop, sending the nose of my machine straight up into the air. As I did so the enemy scout shot by underneath me. I stood on my tail for a moment or two, then let the machine drop back, put her nose down and dived after the Hun, opening fire straight behind him at very close range. He continued to dive away with increasing speed, and later was reported to have crashed just under where the combat had taken place. This victory I put down entirely to luck. The man flew directly in line with my gun and it would have been impossible to miss him.

I proceeded now to dive for the balloon, but having had so much warning it had been pulled down to the ground. I would have been justified in going home when I saw this, for our orders were not to go under one thousand feet after the sausages. But I was just a bit peevish with this particular balloon, and to a certain extent my blood was up. So I decided to attack the ungainly monster in its bed. I dived straight for it and when about five hundred feet from the ground I opened fire.

Nothing happened. So I continued to dive and fire rapid bursts until I was only fifty feet above the bag. Still there was no sign of its catching fire. I then turned my machine gun on the balloon crew, who were working frantically on the ground. They scattered and ran all about the field. Meantime a flaming-onion battery was attempting to pelt me.

A Narrow Squeak

This was all very exciting, but suddenly with a feeling of faintness I realized that my engine had failed. I thought that again, as during my first fight, the engine had oiled up from the steep diving I had done. It seemed but a moment before that I was coming down at a speed that must have been nearly two hundred miles an hour. But I had lost it all in turning my machine upon the people on the ground.

There was no doubt in my mind this time as to just where I was, and there appeared no alternative but to land and give myself up. Underneath me was a large open field with a single tree in it. I glided down, intending to strike the tree with one wing just at the moment of landing, thus damaging the machine so it would be of little use to the Huns, without injuring myself.

I was within fifteen feet of the ground, absolutely sick at heart with the uselessness of it all, my thoughts having turned to home and the worry they would all feel when I was reported in the list of the missing, when without warning one of my nine cylinders gave a kick. Then a second one miraculously came to life, and in another moment the old engine—the best old engine in all the world—had picked up with a roar on all the nine cylinders. Once again the whole world changed for me. In less time than it takes to tell it I was tearing away for home at a hundred miles an hour.

My greatest safety from attack now lay in keeping close to the ground, and this I did. The Archies cannot fire when you are so close to earth, and few pilots would have risked a dive at me at the altitude that I maintained. The machine guns on the ground rattled rather spitefully several times, but worried me not at all. I had had my narrow squeak for this day and nothing could stop me now.

I even had time to glance back over my shoulder—and there, to my great joy, I saw a cloud of smoke and flames rising from my erstwhile *bête noire*, the sausage. We afterward learned it was completely destroyed.

It was a strange thing to be skimming along just above the ground in enemy territory. From time to time I would come on groups of Huns who would attempt to fire on me with rifles and pistols, but I would dart at them and they would immediately scatter and run for cover. I flew so low that when I would come to a clump of trees I would have to pull my nose straight up toward the sky and "zoom" over them. Most of the Germans were so startled to see me right in their midst, as it were, they either forgot to fire or fired so badly as to insure my absolute safety. Crossing the three lines of German trenches was not so comfortable, but by zigzagging I negotiated them safely and climbed away to our aërodrome. There I found that no bullets had passed very close to me, though my wing tips were fairly perforated.

That evening I was delighted to get congratulations not only from my colonel but from my brigadier as well, supplemented later by a wire from the general commanding the flying corps. This I proudly sent home the same evening in a letter.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Bishop. The next will appear in an early issue.

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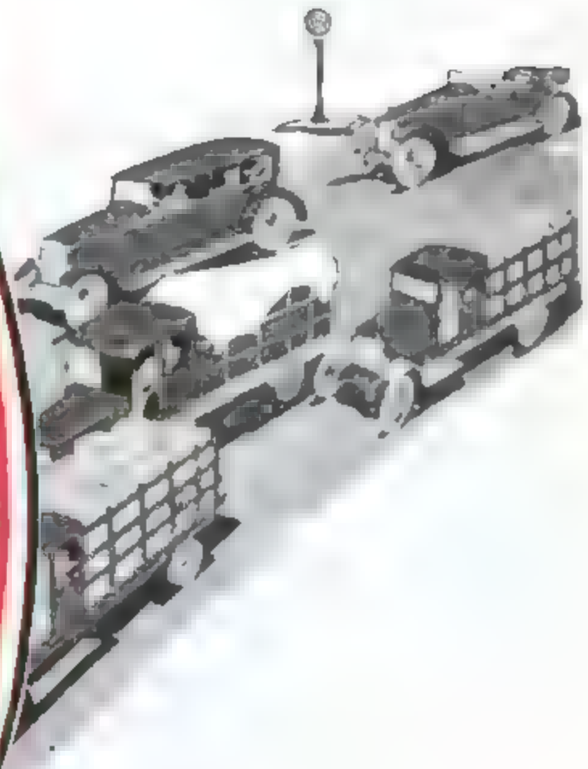

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Not merely the mark of endurance, nor of economy, nor of special features of design—but rather the mark of *all* that a motor should be.

A motor that embodies neither the untried nor the spectacular, but the result of the process of evolution, the Continental represents the world's best engineering thought refined and perfected by fifteen years of patient endeavor.

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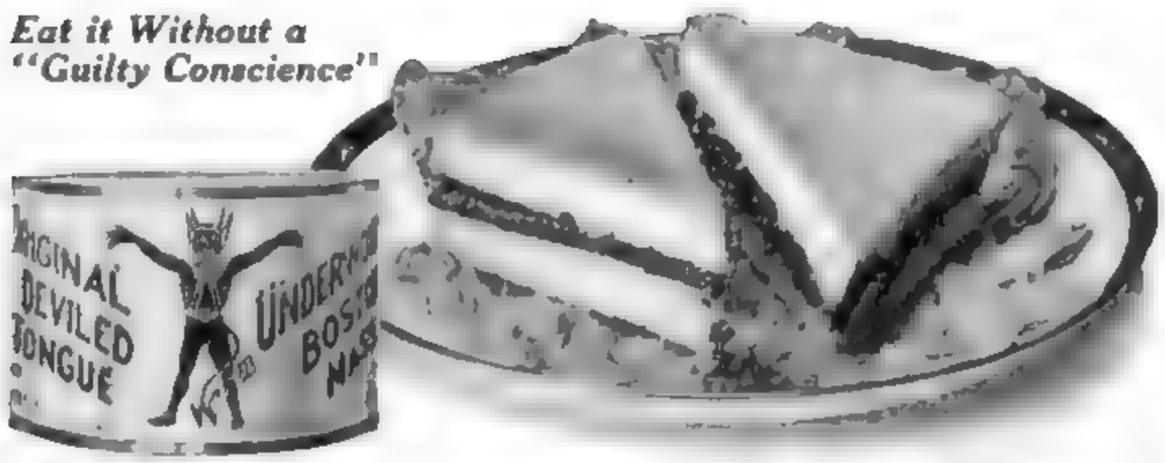

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DOING IT BY DEPUTY

(Continued from Page 17)

"How do you act?" asked Eddie wisely; and Joseph couldn't answer that very well.

"I get you," Eddie said, nevertheless. "Listen, you old mutt! If there's any little cutie in a bunch that I want to cop out, she's the one I give the glassy eye. I don't see her a-tall—not for quite a while; and then—bingo! When the right time comes I'm Johnny-on-the-spot; but until then I get her to wondering if her hat ain't on wrong side to or something. Understand? Stall. Don't make your work too coarse; get me? You don't wanna insult her; but just when she can't think what you find so attractive about those other girls is plenty soon for you to notice that she's on earth. That's my dope. I know 'em. They all want what they're afraid some other girl is going to get. You get busy with the others and see what happens."

"But there aren't any others," Joseph explained. "At least, there's no others that I could—except her friend. But I don't think much of her friend. She's kind of—flip."

"She'll do," said Eddie. "Buzz the friend."

"I can't think of anything to say to her."

"Say it without thinking."

It was excellent advice, and Joseph, following it, saw what happened. He was in the parlor with Millicent and she was doing her best to keep the silence broken when Miss Pospeshell happened to come in, humming a little tune, and happened to see them.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said. "I didn't know there was anybody in here," and with that she was withdrawing when Joseph, with extraordinary boldness and in very persuasive accents said: "Oh, don't go!"

"I'm afraid I'm intruding," said Miss Pospeshell diffidently. But she sat down at once before Joseph had time to say that she couldn't possibly intrude. He told her that, though.

"That's awf'ly sweet of you," declared Miss Pospeshell, coughing elaborately behind her finger tips and glancing at Millicent, who bit her underlip and looked at her shoe with great intentness. "I'm afraid you don't mean it, though," Miss Pospeshell went on.

"Oh, don't I, though!" Joseph felt that he was getting on beautifully, and went to greater lengths. "That's a swell little dress you've got on," he remarked.

Millicent's blue eyes widened. Her friend simpered effectively and opined that Joseph was kidding her. "He's a great kidder; ain't he, Milly?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Millicent drawled. "I suppose he is."

"Honest!" said Joseph. He remembered what Eddie had mendaciously told elderly Miss Gridden at the supper table two days before, and in a burst made his great effort. "It goes well with your eyes," he asserted; and then: "You've got nice eyes."

It was too bad that he spoiled it a little by blushing and quavering on the last words; but how could he help blushing? Nice eyes! He couldn't even have told their color up to that instant, and they were not nice eyes; no nicer than old Miss Glidden's. What made the lie worse was knowing that the nicest eyes in the world—Millicent's blue eyes—were on him as he spoke. And now he could never tell her how wonderful he thought they were!

"Oh, no! He wouldn't kid anybody!" said Miss Pospeshell archly. "Now just you listen, Milly. What do you think of my nose, Mr. Moxey?"

Joseph thought that it had been poked where it had no business to be, but recollecting Eddie's dope he said it was some swell little nose, which was unfortunate, because Miss Pospeshell promptly said that it was owing to a cold in the head that she had recently caught.

"Why don't you say something, Milly?" she proceeded to inquire. "Great weather we are having, is it not? It is not!"

"Mr. Moxey had just been telling me so," replied Millicent cruelly, and then rising hastily as if struck by sudden remembrance of something or other she said "Oh!" and then "Excuse me, please," and immediately left the room. Thereupon Joseph realized that he had come to the end of his complimentary string; and being barred from the topic of the weather he had an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour with Miss Pospeshell before he escaped.

But, if you asked Eddie, Joseph had done pretty well at that. "Sure! You got her going all right, all right. Want a diagram? Well, what do you suppose she faded for? Sore, of course! And you take it from me there was a hair-pulling when the two of 'em got together. Little Myrtle —— Oh, I forgot; that ain't her name. What is her name?"

"Miss Wiman."

"That what you call her?"

"Certainly!"

"Well, don't! There's plenty of things you can call a girl that she'll like better than what she's got printed on her calling card. Call her 'Redhead!' You told me her hair was red, didn't you?"

"I didn't," said Joseph with some heat. "I said it was like —— You know damn well what I said. Anyway I wouldn't call any young lady that. It's no way."

"Keep cool, old top," said Eddie apologetically. "I didn't mean any harm. Only I want you to get the right dope on this. I know 'em. You let 'em think you're scared of 'em and you can't handle 'em a-tall. Forget the Miss part anyway. I'm just telling you this because I want you to get in right. If you wasn't a friend of mine——"

"I'm a crank," Joseph interrupted penitently. "I know you're trying to do me a kindness, and I appreciate it. I guess you're right, too, and I'll do the way you say—only I don't think I could call her Redhead."

"The big idea is to show her you're a live wire," said Eddie.

"I'll do that li'l thing," said Joseph firmly; at which expression Eddie signified approval. "You're coming on," he said.

As an expert electrician Joseph knew that live wires poorly insulated are likely to shock people, but he neglected to apply his knowledge, and entering the Midwestern Building the next morning he overtook Millicent and addressed her as Little Bright-Eyes. Millicent, who was walking briskly to the elevator, stopped abruptly and tottered.

"Well!" she exclaimed.

The monosyllable was absolutely withering. "I—I beg your pardon," Joseph stammered.

"I—should—think—you—would!"

"I guess that was pretty fresh," he admitted humbly.

Crestfallen he followed her into the elevator. When they got out at the office floor Joseph said, "You'll excuse me, won't you, Miss Wiman? I didn't mean ——"

"Don't get the 'didn't mean' habit, Mr. Moxey," said Miss Wiman primly; "it's as bad as meaning all right; and goodness knows that crowds the limit. I'll excuse you, though."

She opened the office door, but turned and smiled at him before she entered; and because of that Joseph proceeded down the corridor to the drafting room feeling considerably better for the moment. Later he reflected that the smile was bestowed out of the kindness of Miss Wiman's heart, and that his disrespect must have deeply wounded her and lowered him in her opinion. Later still he thought that after all the young lady's indignation might have been assumed, and almost regretted the apology. Live wire! He had acted as if his current was shut off at the power house!

Eddie confirmed that opinion. "You got away from the barrier in good shape, but you made a bum finish," said Eddie, whose patience and sympathetic kindness were inexhaustible. Joseph appreciated him more and more. A friend all right, and a good one! Now and then Joseph gave him a little good advice in turn, which he took with gay derision.

But he liked to drop in on old Joey. "And you take it from me that old bird is a wiz with the juice; and he's got books up in his room—books he reads right along—that it would give you or me brain-fag to make the titles on the backs of 'em." Thus Eddie. "Sure! You can tie to old Joey. Me for him!"

Moreover Eddie never leaked a drop about old Joey's soft spot. When you come to think of it, that was remarkable. He took all the interest of a specialist in old Joey's case. And when he went with old Joey to call on this Jane of his it was in a spirit of pure helpfulness and indeed of self-sacrifice, because he expected to be bored stiff; and he had a mental picture of Miss Wiman that was by no means flattering.

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

Joseph had made another call on Miss Wiman, who had received him rather coldly and expressed regret that Miss Pospeshell was out, so that he would be denied the pleasure of her society.

"She'll be real sorry. She went to a movie. Taylor Holmes. She thinks you look so much like Taylor Holmes. You're bigger, of course, and altogether different style, but he's wearing a suit just exactly like yours."

Joseph stirred uncomfortably at her careful regard of the green mixture. She had looked at it with the same enigmatic expression more than once before. He was trying to get courage to ask her if she liked it when she spoke again.

"It goes well with your eyes," she said.

He made a desperate effort to recover from that and say something worthy of a live wire, but Millicent didn't wait long enough.

"You aren't a movie fan, though; are you, Mr. Moxey?"

"No," replied Joseph; and then got his inspiration. "Me for vaudeville," he said. "Something real doing in a vaudeville: singing and dancing, jokes. You seen the show they've got at King's Bolero? Great! I was there with a friend of mine the other night. Little supper at Heidler's after. One great time! I'd be ashamed to tell you when we got home. You ought to know that friend of mine. Nothing slow about him. We're great pals."

Millicent looked at him in the same way that she had looked at his clothes. "It's nice to travel in swift company," she remarked reflectively. "Have you known him long?"

Joseph mentioned the approximate date of his acquaintance.

"I'll bet he isn't one of these tongue-tied boys."

"Eddie Gillespie? Indeed he isn't!"

"And a classy dresser?"

"Why, yes. Have you ——"

"And the girls all crazy about him?"

"He's mighty popular with them. I guess you must have met him sometime."

"Oh, no," said Millicent. "But you said you were great pals, and birds of a feather flock together, as the saying is. Why don't you smoke a cigarette?"

"I don't smoke cigarettes," Joseph replied. "I don't smoke much; only a pipe at night just before bedtime."

"You mean to say you've got a regular bedtime?" Millicent inquired.

"Yes," Joseph answered. "At least—er—when I'm not out with the bunch."

"De-ah me!" drawled Millicent. "Well, I suppose you little Loop hounds have to curl up on a cushion once in a while. One can't do all one's sleeping in working hours, can one? One is liable to be disturbed by some noisy boss, isn't one?—and get a jolt. Say, I think you'd better be making up for some of that lost sleep now, if you aren't dated up with the bunch. I think I shall retire early myself."

Dull as Joseph was he could always take a hint. He made up mighty little sleep, though, and when Eddie got back somewhere along in the G. M. period he found Joseph still sitting up.

"It's like this," said Joseph despondently: "At first—when we first got acquainted—she seemed—well, I thought she kind of liked me. I kind of thought she did, though—she laughed at me; but anyway she didn't jab me the way she's been doing lately. I'm kind of—up in the air. I know I'm not—she's not —— Well, I'm losing ground. The more I go there the worse it is. Gee!"

"Lay offa her," Eddie counseled.

"What chance would I have if I did that?"

"How about the friend?"

"I can't. I did try, but—anyway she's got steady company. No, sir, I've tried everything you told me, but it's no use."

"Quit her cold then. There are others."

"There ain't," said Joseph; and looking at him Eddie knew he was telling the truth about that. Looking at him Eddie felt a warm wave of sympathy flooding his soul and overcoming his drowsiness and a certain muzziness induced by the two or three that he had imbibed in the course of the evening.

"Listen, old top!" said Eddie. "You take me along next time. I'll give her the once-over, get a line on the trouble and wise you right. Leave it to Eddie."

When you introduce the good old scout to the finest kind of a fellow the result is usually disappointing. That goes double when you try to get the salt of the earth to mix with the sweetest ever. Ain't it the truth? But there are exceptions, and the glow of satisfaction that is experienced when the exception happens is enhanced by all the previous anxiety. It was one of the happiest periods in Joseph's life when he saw how Eddie and Millicent took to each other. He had never known Eddie to be so gay and gallant, so voluble and witty. A friend to be proud of! Millicent was a wonder of beauty and charm, gracious, radiant, sparkling, quick as a flash, cute as a kitten! Say! Oh, man!

Back and forth they tossed the tinseled ball of banter with never a muff or fumble and with gleeful bursts of laughter at each exchange—once the little formalities were over. Blokey Williams and Ethelyn St. Clair weren't nearly so good that night at King's Bolero—no better, anyway! Joseph listened admiringly for the most part, but now and then he put in, and they were more than kind—generous—in their appreciation of what he said. More than once they went out of their way to include him, and they appealed to him every little while. Some swell time!

"Come again, Mr. Gillespie," said Millicent, giving him the high hand at parting. "I suppose I've got to tell you that." Gee! but her eyes danced.

"Wrong!" said Eddie. "You don't have to. And if you ain't at home you'll find me sitting on the doorstep when you get back—me and Joe. Won't she, Joe?"

Joseph beamed and nodded.

When they were well out of hearing Joseph blurted out the question that Eddie was expecting: "Well, what do you think of her?"

Eddie stopped to light his cigarette and consumed three matches in the operation. "Some girl," he answered. "I don't blame you." But he spoke without the least fervor. He might have been talking about Miss Pospeshell. Joseph felt the inadequacy of the comment.

"Where was the rest of the crowd?" asked Eddie presently.

"What do you mean—what rest?"

"The other boys. You ain't the only moth round the candle, are you?"

"I—I guess so," said Joseph. "I haven't seen any other callers, if that's what you mean."

Eddie whistled a bar of no particular tune. "She ought to get a good job with the street-car company making up the schedules for the rush hours," he said.

Joseph asked him why, but he only laughed, and when they reached the boarding house he declined Joseph's invitation to "come into my room a while. I want to know what you think."

"I'm all in," he said. "Me for the arms of Murphy now; but I'll put my mighty brain on the proposition and let you know when I get it doped out. You leave it to Eddie. G' night!"

He ran lightly and noiselessly up the one flight of stairs to his own room, but once there he seemed in no hurry for Murphy. One of the first things he did was snap on the light over his mirror and survey himself smilingly for a moment or two, smoothing that little C. C. mustache, and then bending forward with sudden anxiety to inspect what he feared was a pimple but what proved to be a spot on the glass. With a final brilliant smile he turned away. "Mamma!" he ejaculated; and then: "A queen!" And there was no want of fervor in his tone.

More ejaculations as he lounged, coatless, in his big chair, with his feet elevated to the top of the bed rail, and contemplated the drifting smoke wreaths. "Whadda you know! . . . That poor old boob! . . . Can you beat it? . . . Talk about your pippins!"

But he became more serious presently and his smile faded and he frowned as he muttered, "Well, he saw her first anyway, and he's a good scout. . . . I guess it's up to me to boost his game. . . . Sure I will!"

If Eddie had seemed indifferent to Millicent's charms the young woman was evidently taken by Eddie's winning ways and didn't mind saying so. On the following morning Joseph lingered by the cigar stand in the Midwestern vestibule until she came, and got a chance to speak to her a moment on the upper floor.

"What do I think of him? I think he's perfectly splendid. I've got a case on him. Don't you tell him I said so, though. Just tell him I said —— Never mind; don't you

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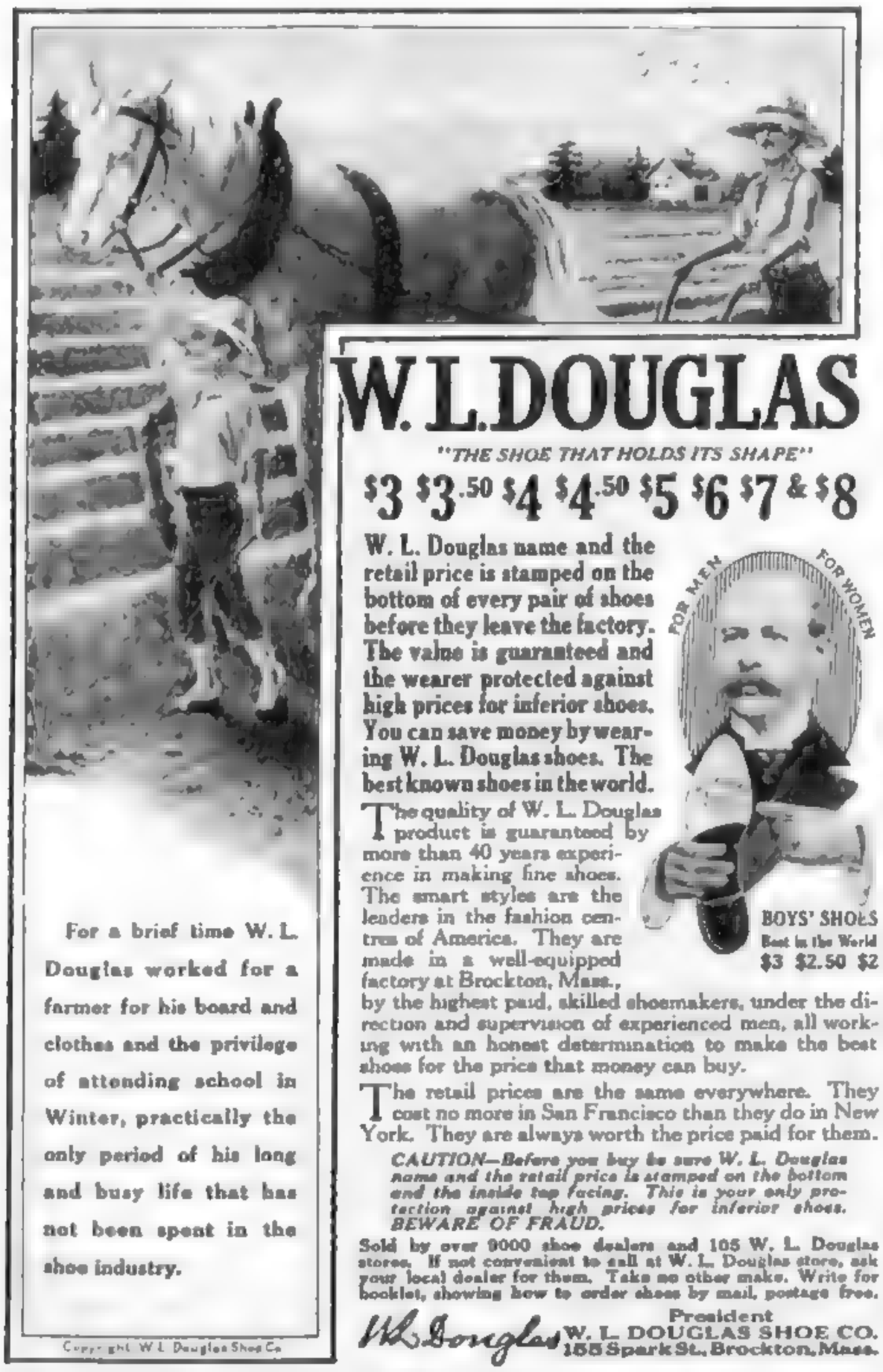

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tell him anything. Did he say anything about me?"

"He said you were some girl," Joseph told her. "He said he didn't ——"

"Didn't what?"

"I guess I can't tell you that," said Joseph; and as some more of the girls came up just then Miss Wiman joined them and left him.

Well, he was glad that she liked Eddie, anyway. It would have been mighty funny if she hadn't. "Gee!" thought Joseph; "if I could only talk the way he did—and had the style he's got, and his way of acting as if the other person was just what he'd always been looking for and was tickled to death to find!" But when he thought of Millicent's pink cheeks and shining blue eyes and the way the gas light had fallen on that wonderful hair of hers —— Well, it was darned funny that Eddie hadn't been more impressed.

However, it seemed that Eddie really did think that she was something unusual. He admitted that he did when he had his little talk with Joseph that evening.

"You sure know how to pick 'em, old top," he said admiringly. "Just about as pretty as they come in those sizes—what? And she's right there with the flossy patter. Well, Joey, I've been thinking it all over and under and on all sides, and putting one thing with another and figuring the discount I've come to the conclusion that you're all right if you handle the proposition the right way."

"What do you figure is the right way, now you've seen her?" inquired Joseph anxiously.

"I haven't got to her part of it yet," Eddie acknowledged. "Most generally I can take a slant at 'em and call the turn right away, but little Myrtle—I mean Miss Wiman ain't so easy. You can't size that little lady up like you could most of 'em. She's different; get me? I'd want to be better acquainted before I made the chart. Maybe if I saw her again —— I guess I could take another evening off—if you want me to. Your judgment may be as good as mine, though; maybe better."

"I haven't got any judgment at all," Joseph protested. "I'd take it as the biggest kind of a favor if you'd see her again. Suppose we go the day after to-morrow. Would you?"

"We-ell," Eddie consented. "Only listen: You let me go alone. If you ain't there she'll be more natural; get me? If I was guessing at all on what I've seen so far, I'd say you'd been rushing her a little too hard. Maybe not, but anyway I think I'd better see her alone. I want this to go right."

"You know best," Joseph acquiesced. "And I certainly appreciate this, old man. I guess maybe you're right about me going too often, but it's kind of hard for me to keep away."

"Sure, I know," said Eddie sympathetically.

Miss Wiman, it appeared, was an exceedingly complex sort of a young woman, even more difficult to understand than Eddie had imagined. The more Eddie saw of her the more he realized the importance of getting her right and the folly of rushing her. He explained that to Joseph.

"It doesn't matter about me," he said. "If she gets sore because I make some break there's no harm done; I can stand it. But it's different with you. You don't want to go up there and fall all over your feet at this stage of the game, when you can just as well wait a while till I can wise you. Now, ain't that sense?"

"I suppose it is," Joseph conceded unhappily. "But won't she think I'm sore about something—after I've been going there right along?"

"It won't hurt anything if she does," said Eddie. "Keep her guessing a while. And listen; while you're staying away I'm not knocking you, believe me. It ain't no anvil chorus when I start in on a cozy little chat about Joey; get that? I couldn't do that if you was there, could I? But say, if you think you can swing this better by me keeping out ——"

"Gee, no!" Joseph hastened to assure him. "I should say not! But I'm putting you to a heap of trouble, Eddie."

"I'm glad to do anything I can," said Eddie. "I want to help you, you poor old fish."

And Eddie did want to help him. Certainly he did! Ab-solutely! If it wasn't for helping him he would back out of that alley too quick. Sure! And let the mutt spill the beans. The rummy would do that anyway sooner or later. A little queen like that, up-and-coming, wasn't going to tie up with a dead one; and old Joey—good old scout and all that, but not a chance. Too bad! "Still," concluded Eddie, "it's up to me to give him the right dope on this. I'd be a yellow dog if I threw a friend down."

So he pursued his study of Millicent and he told her what a good old scout Joey was. Nothing small about him but his feet. Millicent giggled at that. "That's right, all right," said Eddie. "Say, I want to tell you about one time I took him out, and when it came eleven o'clock ——

"But he's all right. You always know right where to find him—like the hydrant on the corner of the street. That's right too. A hydrant comes in mighty handy when you want to put out a fire or sump'n—once it gets started. I'm strong for Joey. Good old Joey!"

"I should think you'd get him started if anybody could." And Millicent laughed. "If he's hitching his sled to your wagon he must be speeding some."

"If his rope don't slip I'll have him hitting up quite a gait yet," said Eddie complacently. "Say, what's the matter with you and me touching a few of the high spots here and there somewhere else some other place, sister? I like this room because you're in it, but why stay when there's a way out and the cars running regular?"

Millicent said that her eyes were weak and the bright lights hurt them, but she was willing to sit out on the steps. The evenings were getting pretty sultry by that time and the parlor was stuffy, sure enough. So they went out on the steps and Eddie did what he could for old Joey in the way of psychological investigation and experiment until a comparatively late hour. It was not so much a gay session, but intensely interesting, and toward the end of it Eddie became quite confidential about himself.

Joseph was waiting for him back on the dump and Eddie made a brief report, still advising the anxious inquirer to lay low. But when Eddie got to his own room he seemed disturbed in spirit.

"I gotta quit this," he murmured. "Gotta quit this. This ain't according to Hoyle. Not sporting, Eddie. Saw off, boy, saw off!" And after walking the floor until the boarder in the room below rapped a sharp reminder of the hour: "By jinks! this is the last time!" But as he threw back the cover of his bed he sighed, "Oh, baby doll! Oh, baby doll!"

Milly just had a grand time. She told Joseph so. Joseph was laying low according to instructions, but once in a while he lingered at the cigar stand. Milly and Miss Pospeshell came in together, but Miss Pospeshell had walked on and squeezed into the elevator.

"So did I," said Joseph.

"You look it," Milly returned.

"That's all right," Joseph quoted Eddie. "What are we here for if it ain't to have a good time when we can?"

"Ain't you the wild reckless thing, though!" Milly jeered. "Do you know Christine's mad at you because you don't come up to the house any more?"

Christine was Miss Pospeshell.

"Honest?" asked Joseph, greatly surprised.

Milly laughed and entered the elevator, which rapidly filled so that there was no chance for further conversation. When they met again, nearly a week later, Milly was barely polite to him. He was altogether at a loss to account for that at first. Then he conceded it was natural enough. She meant to be kind to him, but he had presumed on her kindness. He had pestered her and she had been thankful when he let up, and didn't want to encourage him to start in again. Maybe she guessed from something that Eddie might have let slip that a little encouragement was likely to bring the trouble on again. Yes, Eddie's friendly zeal might have induced him to say a little too much. But Eddie hadn't seen Miss Wiman for some days—had he? He talked as if he hadn't—as if he had been prevented, but meant to "to-morrow or next night." They had been busy at the store fixing for the midsummer sacrifice sale and —— Did Eddie say he was working "nights" or "after hours"?

A horrible doubt suddenly seized Joseph and startled him, but he threw it off with instinctive disgust. He was ashamed of himself—humiliated by the touch of disloyal suspicion. Eddie was a little flighty,

(Continued on Page 97)

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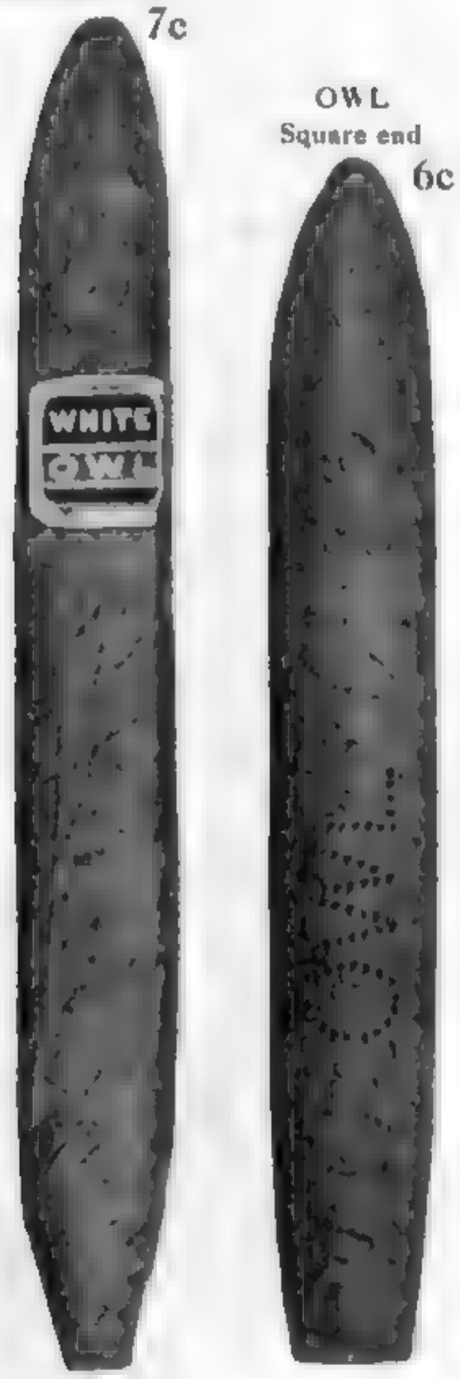

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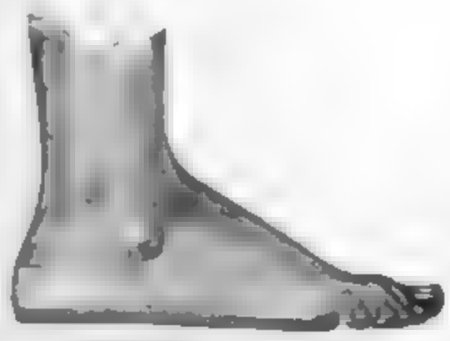
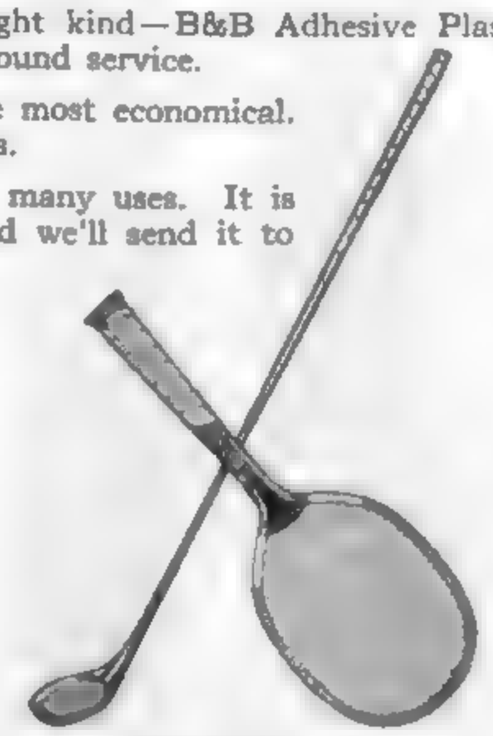
Wrap electric wires or wire connections with it.



PREVENTS CHAFING
Apply to hands or heels where rub comes. It saves blisters.



A PERFECT GRIP
Both a mender and a grip. It sticks like glued-on canvas.

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.* **Chicago and New York**

(Continued from Page 94)

but square as a die. Still the pain of the stab rankled and throbbed in Joseph's bosom, added to the dull ache of diminishing hope. Altogether he was in a state of mind when he encountered Eddie that evening.

Eddie was in the act of taking down a new panama from the hall rack when Joseph entered the house, and was already dressed for the evening—line-striped white flannel trousers, blue serge coat and white buck shoes. Something extra—freshly groomed and looking more like money in the bank than ever. He started nervously when he saw Joseph, and his smile was not so quick as usual.

"Hello!" said Joseph. "Why, supper isn't ready yet, is it?"

"I'm eating with a friend," Eddie explained hurriedly as he made for the door. "Sorry, but I haven't time to tarry. See you later."

"I'll walk with you," said Joseph. "I want to see you particularly."

Eddie gave him the hard eye for one instant, but made no objection and the two walked down the street together.

"Well?" said Eddie, breaking an awkward silence rather explosively.

"I—I guess you know what it is," Joseph stammered. "I haven't seemed to get a chance to see you to talk to you the last few days."

"I told you I'd see you later," snapped Eddie. "Yes, I know what it is, and I'll tell you you're making a big mistake to hound me." He went on, still more irritably: "I've been telling you about all there is to tell, but that don't seem to satisfy you. I told you to leave it to me, didn't I?"

"I didn't know you felt that way about it," Joseph answered quickly. "I know I've been imposing on you. You see," he added, "I—this means a good deal to me—but ——"

Eddie did something unusual. He blushed. "Sure, I know, pal," he said in an altered tone. "I'm not feeling good this evening. I guess I didn't mean to talk that way. And honest, I've been trying to dope this thing out for you. I honestly have tried. You know me. But ——"

They had reached the corner of the street and stopped to wait for the car. Eddie dived for his cigarette case and Joseph caught a whiff of violet perfume. "It's like this."

"It's all right," said Joseph. "I won't ask you to put yourself out any more. You've done all you could do, and more than I ought to have expected. I wasn't going to hound you. But—are you going up to Miss Wiman's house now?"

"I am not," Eddie replied; and the hard look came into his face again.

"You were up there last night, weren't you?"

Eddie swung round and met his friend's steady look with defiance. "I was," he replied. "I did that little thing. Do I hear any objection? Because if I do it's all the same to me. And if there ain't any other questions I'll tell you I've got the right dope for you: You forget Miss Wiman. Sleep it off. You've got the same chance an elephant would have chasing a butterfly. You've been trying to pick up a thin dime with boxing gloves on your mitts. Make me? And there's nothing didding. Fly to it, if you don't think so, but you won't live to be over a hundred and it's going to take you longer than that to get a look-in. You get that?"

He broke off to signal the approaching car.

"You asked for it, so don't blame me. And I tried ——"

The car stopped and he leaped aboard. Joseph made a movement to follow him, but checked himself and returned to the boarding house. There he ate his supper as usual, it seemed, and replied in his ordinary sober manner to the pleasantries of old Miss Glidden, who, dressed in unusual splendor, announced that she was going to spread a glow of crimson over the town and invited him to get his paint brush and go along. The old thing got real kittenish at times.

From the supper table Joseph went down to his basement shop and stood for a long time by the bench, winding, bending and straightening a small piece of sheet copper between his fingers in an aimless way. Then he went up to his room and took the green-mixture suit out of the closet; but instead of putting it on as he evidently intended, he suddenly hurled it, with a clatter of metal hangers, into a corner of the room. Then he jammed his hat on his head with a violent movement and went out.

Half an hour later Miss Christine Pospeshell looking from the parlor window for her own steady company saw Joseph approaching the house and ran quickly to admit him. "Well, well!" she exclaimed vivaciously, "At larst! At larst! They told me you was false, but I still believed you true. Come right in and tell me! Why didn't you wire? Milly? What do you know about that! Here I am, and he asks for Milly!"

"If she could see me a moment—please," said Joseph.

"I'm afraid she couldn't," replied the girl. "If she had the Yerkes telescope and there wasn't any houses in the way she might, but she's over on the north side by this time—to a dance—with a gen'l'man friend. My goodness, Mr. Moxey! You certainly ain't looking well."

"With Ed —— Mr. Gillespie?" Joseph asked huskily.

"You got a cold, ain't you? No, it was with another gen'l'man. I was dated up to go along, but—I got some letters to write, and she got Miss Watts to go with her instead. You know Miss Watts? I—thought you did. No, it wasn't Mr. Gillespie, but—say —— Oh, well, I guess I'd better keep out. But—'but' is right, I guess. All the same, if you should ask me ——" Miss Pospeshell seemed a little embarrassed for once. "Well, I'd see if Milly could see you a little oftener. See? About as often as Mr. Willie Gillespie. Eddie, is it? Well, have it your own way. He's your friend—I don't think."

"I think he is," said Joseph.

"That's because he pads his hammer," explained Miss Pospeshell. "You stick round; that's my dope, if you'll excuse the slang, which I know ain't —— Well, look who's here!"

It was the steady company, and he was so plainly steady company that Joseph took his leave, shortly after the introduction, and went home, full of matters to ponder, with the mean doubt more active than ever, the gloom of hopelessness intensified, and a dull but steadily growing anger to struggle against. A little after midnight a latchkey snapped the lock of the street door and Joseph went out into the passage and waited until he had satisfied himself that it was Miss Glidden returning from her vermilion adventure. Then somehow Joseph fell asleep and, being in arrears of the balmy restorative, managed to oversleep, so that he did not see Eddie until at supper the following evening.

Eddie came into the dining room debonair as usual, with a bright smile and a word of greeting flung here and there among the half-dozen belated suppers, like crumbs scattered to birds by a kind-hearted man. Only Joseph's crumbs were small and hard. A casual nod and a "H'lo, Moxey," that sounded half-contemptuous. Then his teeth flashed at the waitress. "A canvas-back or something of that sort; half leather will do if there's no canvas," he said. "Calves' liver? All right then; half calf and half bacon. Tell 'em it's for me."

"He didn't lie to me, anyway," Joseph thought. "That's one thing." He was wondering how he could leave the table and his almost untouched food without exciting remark when Miss Glidden, addressing Eddie, said coquettishly, "It's all right for you!"

"How's that?" Eddie inquired.

"That's all right; only don't ever pretend you love me after last night at the Rienzi. So busy making love to that beautiful auburn-haired girl, you wouldn't even notice me when I waved at you. See how confused he is! Who was she, Mr. Gillespie? I don't know that I blame you. Such lovely red hair and blue eyes—and such a complexion!"

Eddie caught Joseph's Indian-black eyes fixed upon him attentively, and made an effort to smile carelessly at Miss Glidden, provoking a burst of laughter by his failure.

"Were you there? I didn't see you."

He could hardly make himself heard above the shout, but he managed to make a few smart retorts and finish his meal, and even returned Joseph's somber unwinking regard with creditable bravado as he rose and pushed his chair back. Joseph continued for some moments to sit and sip his long-cooled tea, staring straight before him; then he went slowly upstairs and knocked at Eddie's door. There was no response. Then all that smoldering long-dampened material—doubt, jealousy, despair and all

Johns-Manville SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

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THE danger you run in buying just brake lining lies in the fact that you take the asbestos in it for granted.

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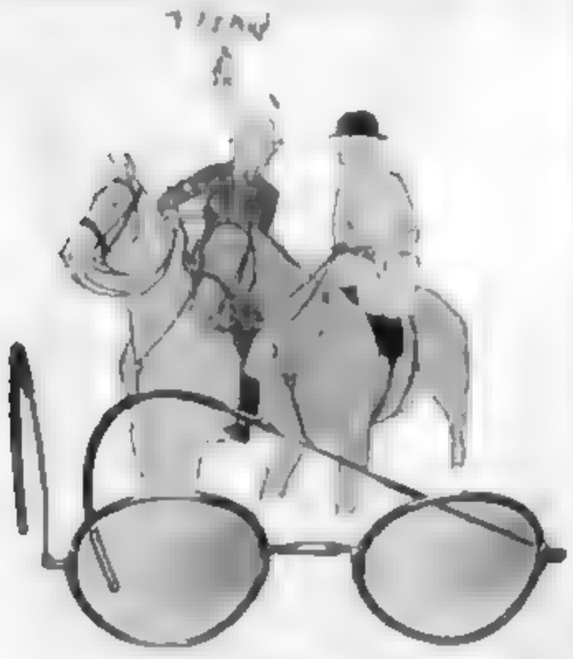

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the rest of it, with their inflammable vapors—burst into an uncontrollable flame of wrath and Joseph heaved his shoulder against the door and burst lock and casing.

Eddie was gone. The room showed an unusual disorder of littered clothes, indicating that he had gone in something of a hurry, and Joseph actually swore. He wanted Eddie. Possibly he had never wanted anything so passionately and instantly in his life as he wanted that young man. He strode to the closet and flung it open with the violent impulse that tingled in his every nerve and fiber, and repeated the unaccustomed oath with bitter emphasis. As he descended the stairs to his own room he broke into a profuse perspiration, and his knees weakened.

"This won't do!" he muttered—"won't do."

He wiped his forehead and sat down. How long he sat, striving for some self-control, he never knew, but presently he got up and found himself almost running to the corner of the street. The car seemed an interminable time coming, and its progress after he had boarded it was continually interrupted.

"Run him down; run him down!" he croaked, as one leisurely dray blocked the track; and the motorman turned as if he had been struck.

"What's eating you?" he demanded. But the resentment in his manner left him when he saw Joseph's face, and he clanged his gong furiously.

And when Millicent and Eddie saw him, even before his features were distinguishable, they seemed to sense something ominously inevitable in his unhurried but curiously direct approach—much as if he had been a ponderous sort of projectile aimed at—Eddie. They had been laughing, but they stopped that as he stood before them at the foot of the house steps.

There was no shrinking about Eddie, though. "Hello, Joey," he said quite cheerfully. "I wondered if you wouldn't be along." He had changed his position slightly, resting the palm of his hand on the step behind him and drawing in his feet a little; but he met Joseph's look unwaveringly and with a smile.

"How do you do, Mr. Moxey? You're quite a stranger," said Millicent.

Joseph vouchsafed her not a glance. His mouth grimly set, his body tense as a terrier's, he contemplated Eddie and there was danger in his eyes.

"No extra charge for seats," Eddie continued. "It's just as cheap as standing."

"There's room here," said Millicent, nervously moving her skirts. But she might have been miles away for all the notice that Joseph took of her. With his eyes still on Eddie he spoke, in a queer guttural tone:

"Get up from there and come along with me, you!"

"Say 'please'—say 'pretty please.' What do you want, anyway?"

"I want to break your neck," Joseph answered convincingly; and at that Eddie leaped like an acrobat and stood upright and alert before him.

"Lead me to it," said Eddie with the utmost readiness. "You poor simp, I'll sure teach you to come butting in here this way." And he had no sooner said that than Millicent was clinging to Joseph's arm and telling him that he wasn't to go, and "Oh, for goodness sake! Joe, you silly!"

"Turn him loose, Milly; he's asking for it," said Eddie; and Joseph shook her roughly, but she still clung.

"If you go you'll have to drag me along with you," she cried. "Be a gentleman!"

"Ask him something easy," mocked Eddie.

"You hush!" cried Milly, her blue eyes blazing at him. "Talk about butting in! It's you that have been doing that all along, and making trouble between us. Oh, I've got your number, Mr. Gillespie! And who gave you any license to call me Milly? Butting in! I suppose you weren't butting in on me and my friends last night! You weren't asked or expected—or wanted; let me tell you that. Joe—Mr. Moxey, I want you to stay right here. I never really wanted him round."

Joseph's bunched muscles relaxed and his fists slowly unclenched as he turned to her for the first time, his expression one of profound stupefaction. Milly relinquished her clasp of his arm and huddled down on the steps, her slender shoulders shaking and her face, rosy-red, buried in her hands. Eddie was as pale as she was red, and for a moment, as he looked at her, even Joseph might have pitied him. But only for a moment. He was game, Eddie was—gritty as a grindstone. The haggard misery of that one look faded like a passing shadow and he laughed.

"If that's the case, Joey, old sport ——"

He descended the steps, but faced about as he reached the sidewalk, a gallant figure enough, with his stick hooked over his arm and his cigarette case open in his hand.

"I've got mine, all right, all right," he said. And then: "Say, Joey, you seem to have figured out quite a little line of dope of your own. Pretty good, I should say. Pret-ty good!" He raised his hat neatly and went swinging off, head up.

Joseph drew a long breath and turned to Miss Millicent Wiman, who had taken her hands from her face and was regarding him anxiously through a mist of tears. He held out his hand.

"Come into the house, dear little Redhead," he said. "I want to talk to you."

TOWARD MORNING

(Continued from Page 19)

it like that," he went on impatiently. "It's the glory—the fighting—one man against another—you or him; and every man you strike down is something done for your king—for your country. You prove what you're made of. You prove you're a man. How can you prove that in a stuffy office?"

The boy Schultz lifted his head.

"I wish to God you wouldn't talk!" he burst out hoarsely. "I can't think, with you going on like that. I can't get this into my head. I—I can't fix it. I don't know what'll happen. Oh, do shut up!"

He looked about him wildly, and his face struck cold, unreasoning fear into Helmut's heart. It was old and fat and shapeless. The features lost themselves in white, puffy flesh that fell into creases beneath the eyes that were so absurdly, horribly young. They fixed themselves at last on Helmut, but Helmut felt they did not see him.

"Oh, for God's sake, how does it go? '*Die schönen Tagen von Aranjuez sind nun zu ende* ——'" His head went down into his hands again.

Von Prütwitz shrugged his shoulders.

"Poor old Schultz. He's in a bad way. He's afraid they won't give him his remove; and they won't either. He can't stand the grind here. One has to be tough—or —— Oh, well, time's up, anyhow."

Herr Heilig stood in the middle of the courtyard and swung his bell. The little groups came together instantly, forming into double file.

"I like him," said Helmut. "He's kind."

"Oh, Heilig?" Von Prütwitz's tone was cold but respectful. "Yes, he's all right. He paints pictures. He just does this to help out. They say he's a social democrat. But he's an artist, so it doesn't matter. Come on, Schultz."

The boy seated on the ground looked up. His lips were still moving soundlessly. He lurched to his feet, holding to his companion's arm. It seemed as though his legs were not strong enough to bear the swollen-looking head.

"'*Die schönen Tagen von Aranjuez* ——' Oh, how does it go then?"

"We've got to hurry," Von Prütwitz retorted. "Never mind old Schiller."

Helmut lingered. He was looking at the iron gates and at the green trees beyond. They lured him—tempted him. His heart beat in frantic tumult. He couldn't go back—not into that dull, cold classroom; not to that man who jeered at him; not to those pitiless, staring faces. He didn't want to learn; he wanted to go out into the woods and play with Schnäutzchen and be free. They said one couldn't be free. It wasn't true. He had been free. And freedom was out there—beyond the gates. Only one had to go now—now, before they caught you.

A hand touched him and he almost screamed—so real had the shapeless "they" been to his imagination. It was only Schultz. He had come back. His pitiful face was quite close to Helmut's. But the eyes were no longer vague and unseeing.

"No," he said quietly. "It's no good. They're locked. Always. They keep them locked. One can't get out—ever." His voice dropped to a whisper. "I know; I've tried."

(Continued on Page 101)

The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

WHEN you ask for a shoe that will give you the fullest value in the long run—

The dealer is pretty apt to point to my trade-mark—"The Crossett Shoe"—which is branded with a hot iron on the soles of all my shoes. Please look for this mark.

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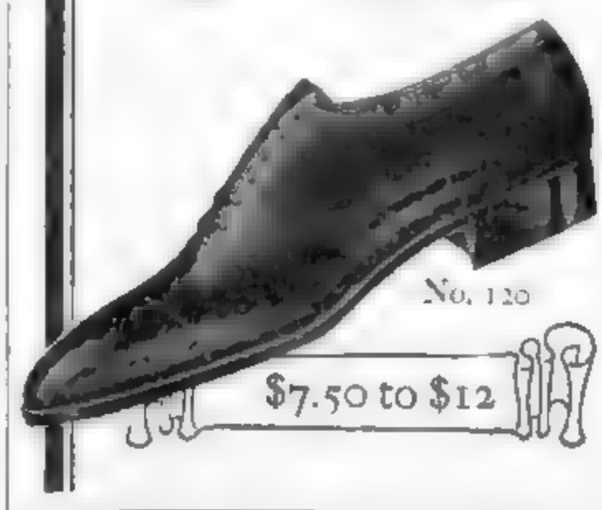

Napoleon Once Said:

"A FOOTSORE ARMY IS AN ARMY HALF DEFEATED."

Soldiers use Foot-Ease

Men from every community are drilling for Military Service. For all these men the frequent use of **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**, the antiseptic powder, shaken into the Shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, increases their efficiency and insures needed physical comfort. The American, British and French troops use Allen's Foot-Ease, because it takes the Friction from the shoe and freshens the feet.

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Why not order a dozen or more 25c. boxes to-day from your Druggist or Dep't store to mail to your friends in training camps and in the army and navy?

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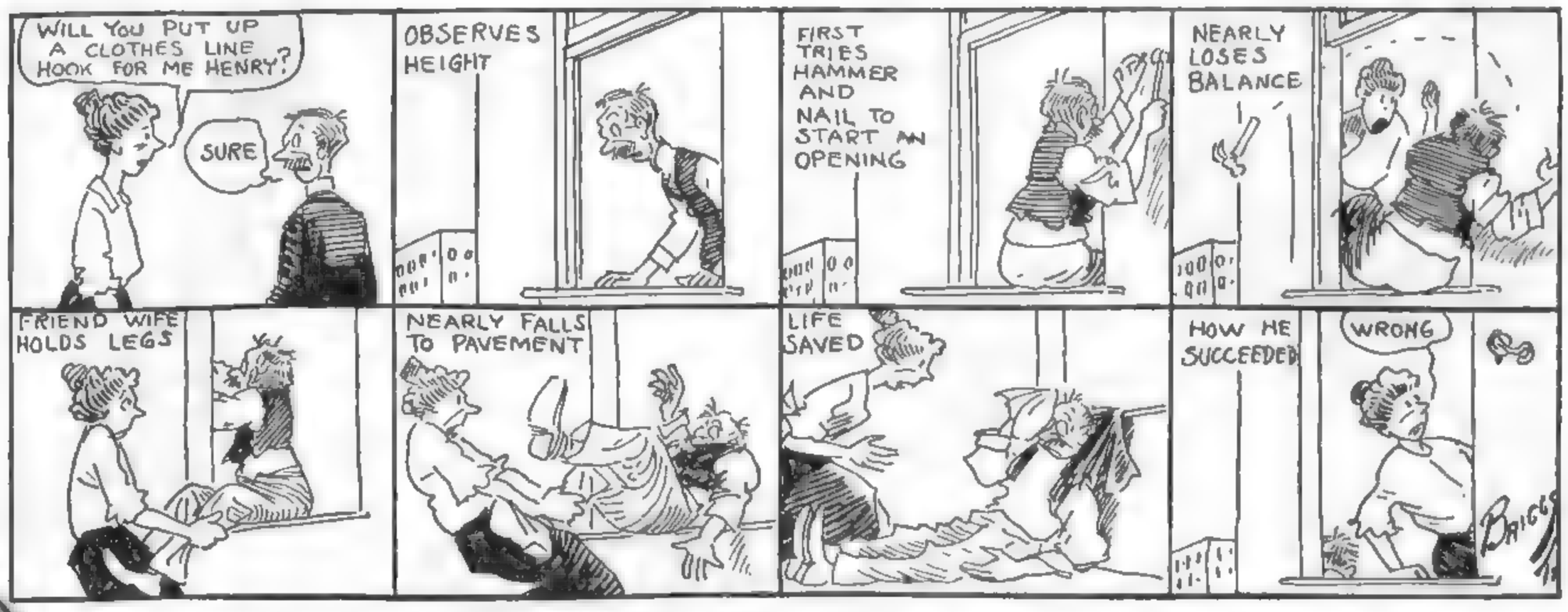

Mr. Punch

–The Hole Maker–

The Ought-to-be-done Things

Amusing—this little domestic drama, for those who have never tried to put up a clothes-line hook from a back window. Doing the job with *ordinary* household tools is work for a gymnast, with the nerve and skill of a steeplejack. The ordinary mortal generally accomplishes some such result in the finished work as the picture up there shows.

Mr. Punch, the Hole Maker, would have made the job easy. He carries in his handle drill points of eight different sizes. You pick the one you want for a given job of hole boring, slip it into the bull-dog jaws of Mr. Punch, place the point against the place where you want the hole. You push. He twists. Zizz—z-z-z! There you are. In goes the screw or screw-hook, brad, nail, or staple—easily, quickly, firmly.

Mr. Punch can be had in most good hardware shops. He costs $1.80. His picture is on the green-covered box in which he comes packed. Be sure to see the picture for your own protection.

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We make 1500 good tools which are used and praised by mechanics the world over. A few of them which are very useful in the home are described in our booklet—

"The House That Jack Fixed"

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NOTE the economy of floor space made possible by the Uhl Steel Typewriter Table Cabinet. It saves nearly six feet of floor space per stenographer over the old-style wooden typewriter desk. Solves the crowded office problem.

UHL Steel Typewriter Table-Cabinets give an exterior appearance of order when closed at night—they are proof against dirt and meddling fingers. Can be moved into small space when not in use.

Watch Your Stenographer's Efficiency Improve

SEATED at this Typewriter Table-Cabinet of Uhl Steel, your stenographer is equipped to make every minute of her time *productive.*

In plain view and within easy reach is the metal cabinet, with its compartments for letterheads, billheads, envelopes of various sizes, second sheets and carbon paper—all in orderly arrangement. A convenient place is provided for [illegible], erasers, rubbers, clips, pencils and other supplies.

There is no need for excuse for [illegible] papers on desk—no lost time searching through disordered, cluttered drawers.

The leaf on the left is elevated so the note-book (or material to be copied) is on the same eye-focus as the keyboard. This avoids eye-strain or bending over. The right-hand leaf is for finished work.

These two leaves form the sides of the cabinet when closed. The metal top rolls over and down and has a strong spring lock. Papers must be removed from leaves to lock up at night. Since there are no drawers in which to throw these papers, they must all be placed exactly where they belong.

Thus orderly habits are cultivated, neatness insured, system obtained—and efficiency increased.

Floor space also is saved. With the leaves open, the Table-Cabinet illustrated occupies 25 x 43 inches; closed, only 25 x 23 inches. It can be moved with ease, on smooth-rolling casters, into better light or out of a draft—and by means of foot lever. But when at rest, the base is firm and solid. No dust nor dirt can accumulate beneath it.

Like all Uhl Steel products, this Typewriter Table-Cabinet is attractive in appearance and will give unlimited service. Finished in rich olive green or maroon enamel; table surfaces are veneered oak or birch mahogany.

Ask your office equipment dealer to show you the Uhl Steel Typewriter Table-Cabinet. Most progressive dealers carry it in stock. If yours doesn't, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

Send for complete catalog of Uhl Steel office furniture—typewriter chairs, typewriter stands, office work tables, magazine stands, adding machine stands, desk stools, etc. (see panel below).

DEALERS: Uhl Steel quality plus our national advertising is increasing many fold the demand for Uhl Steel Typewriter Tables, Chairs and other Uhl products. Write us if you do not handle the line—or if your stock is not complete.

The Toledo Metal Furniture Co.
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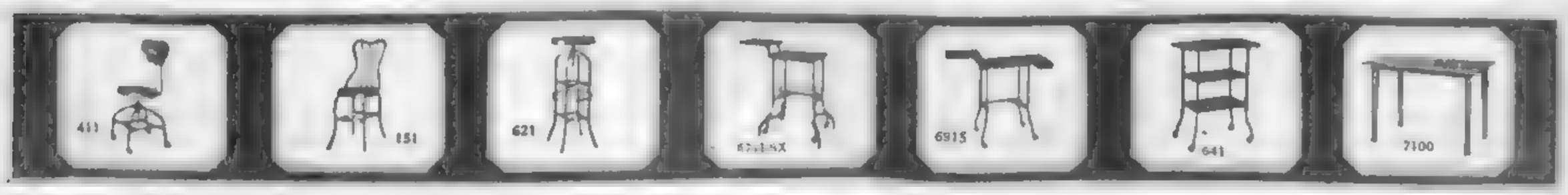
Also makers of steel factory stools, tool trays, lunch-room tables and chairs, soda fountain and café tables and chairs. Write us for prices. Inquiries invited from manufacturers regarding contract work on special steel office and factory equipment.



(Continued from Page 98)

The bell rang more urgently. They had to run to get into the schoolhouse in time.

There was no mystery about the door now. You rang a bell and someone upstairs pulled a lever attached to a strong wire and the door opened. The *Geheimrat* had been quite right about it.

There were no fairies.

Helmut crept up the stairs, lingering on each step. The stairs were dark and in the darkness he was hidden. He cowered away from the thought of light and faces and of people's questioning him. Then they would find out that he had made Kurt's nose bleed and that he was a half-wit.

His mother opened the door for him, and there was Schnautzchen lying on the mat, waiting. But Schnäutzchen knew that today was different from other days. He did not bark or caper in a gallant travesty of youth. He followed heavily into the dining room.

"Well, Helmut?"

He did not answer, and she took off the bright yellow cap of the lower fifth and ran her hand with a caress over the close-cropped head.

"Why—you're going to be a real man, Helmut."

She helped him to unstrap the square knapsack and to unpack his books. There were ten of them and he laid them out separately on the table and looked at them. He had got to take everything that was inside those dull covers and squeeze it into his head. And his head ached now—as though it were pressed full to overflowing.

"Well, Helmut—can't you speak?"

And suddenly he turned on her and there was a quavering note of hysteria in his boy's voice.

"And shall I never play again, mother?"

For the moment they stared at each other. There was an aghast look on the woman's pale, dull face. She turned away as though there were something in his eyes that she could not meet.

"You must be a man, Helmut," she said quietly. "Life isn't a game."

So he knew that he was not to play again, and soon he understood why. There was no time. Life was work—work from eight o'clock in the morning till five o'clock at night; work at home, trying to placate the contemptuous mocking of those lightless brown eyes; work when the light was out, piecing together tags of half-digested knowledge; piano lessons at the conservatory on the one half-holiday, an hour's practice when an hour could be found; on Saturday night preparation for Pastor Kleister's Scripture class.

It did not matter that everyone in the town knew that Pastor Kleister believed in neither God nor devil. It did not make the chapter of the Old Testament—to be learned by heart—one verse the less.

At first he flung himself against the bars.

"Why can't I play? Why? Why?" he asked.

But after a little he ceased to question, and in a little while again he forgot that he had ever played.

He was ten when he found out that life wasn't a game.

Fritz Schnäutzchen waited patiently for his playmate. But he never came. And Schnautzchen grew very old.

IV

BUT there was a feast day. On that day in the term the school closed. One did not play, it is true, but the gray monotony was broken with light and music. The tension tightened, but now with a kind of fierce joyfulness. It was as though one had come suddenly quite near to the answer to all one's questioning and that it was a glowing, fiery answer.

The evening before, the *Herr Oberlehrer* gave them an address. Helmut had never seen him like that before. There was a white heat about him—an inward illumination of the whole man which shone through the dull brown eyes and gave them splendid life.

"To-morrow is a day on which you must reconsider yourselves, your position, your duty. You must fix in your mind the knowledge of the immense and glorious whole to which you belong, to which you must give everything—if need be, your life. Thereafter you will be able to understand your task better, to bend yourselves to it with a greater will."

And Helmut knew then that there was a bond between him and the man whom he hated which could never be broken.

There were flags out in the Kaiserstrasse—the yellow and red of Baden; the red, white and black of the empire. The streets sparkled with bright colors. The officers wore their gala uniforms—plumed helmets, short jackets with gold-braided collars, shining high boots. The thrilling whisper of spurs and sabers played a soft accompaniment to the brazen chorus of the bands as they came at the head of their regiments—pouring into the town like shining rivers into a lake.

Helmut and Schultz and Von Prutwitz met outside the latter's home—a high, violently ornate *Etagenhaus* in the Kaiserstrasse—and then ran as fast as their legs would carry them. They were very late. Schultz had arrived ten minutes after time. He had had a bad night, he said, and his head hurt.

"It's that beastly fourth prop. I can't get clear," he panted. "I keep on doing it over and over again—in my mind."

The *Schlossplatz* was black with crowds when they arrived. The people, wedged in between the houses and the wall of troops, could not lift their hands, and at first it seemed a hopeless business. Then Von Prütwitz recognized a brother officer, as he called him—a merry-faced youth, who laughed and escorted them across the road to a perfect vantage point between two immense grenadiers. Just behind them stood Herr Heilig, more scarecrowish than ever, his soft hat at a rakish angle, his hands plunged in the pockets of his velvet coat.

They lifted their yellow caps solemnly, and he nodded back to them, smiling.

"Good morning, children. Come to see the show?"

"*Jawohl*, Herr Heilig!" they answered in chorus.

But there was something about his smile that they did not understand.

It was quite still now. The bands were silent, the troops in their places. Everywhere you looked you saw the flash of steel. In front of the *Schloss* stood the commanding general of the district. You picked him out from the midst of a glittering staff by the red revers of his gray overcoat.

The hush deepened. It was as though everyone in that vast concourse held his breath. Then a deep rasping voice broke upon the stillness: "*Seine Kaiserliche Majestät—er lebe hoch!*"

From ten thousand men's throats came the answer: "*Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!*"

Each cheer fell short and hard, like a great blow. The massed bands clashed out together.

"*Heil dir im Siegerkranz* ——"

The grenadier regiment swung out of its square; ten deep they poured past the saluting base, parade step, their officers with lowered swords at the head of each company. They came on like rolling thunder—like a torrent. They were not men—not soldiers. They were one body moving at the behest of one mind—a body elemental and monstrous and human, and a mind of a soulless, terrible god.

They shook the earth under their feet.

Helmut clenched his hands. The tears stung his eyes. Shock after shock of strange delirious excitement, half joy after terror, ran through his nerves. He could have screamed, and his body was wet with perspiration. He looked up suddenly, for Herr Heilig had taken a step forward. He was leaning over Helmut, his face red and swollen with a rush of blood; his eyes, staring from under knit brows, dropped almost instantly to answer the boy's gaze, and their hardness broke, letting through the old humor. But it had become a trifle wry—a trifle bitter. He shook himself like a big dog.

"The Juggernaut makes us dance, doesn't it, Helmut?" he said. "And one day we shall throw ourselves under the wheels, singing."

Helmut did not understand. He had never heard of a Juggernaut. At that moment Schultz jogged at his elbow.

"Look at the bayonets! They shine like—like needles. If one stuck them into a man's body do you think it would hurt—I mean—badly—like my head; or would it kill—at once? One could twist it round in the wound—like this—and then ——"

He made a gesture. He was strangely, horribly excited.

It was over. The great black crowd broke up into particles that meandered peacefully homeward or straggled into the cafés and tempting *Conditoreien*. The three boys scarcely spoke. Even cakes piled high with cream could not rouse them from the

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"*Of course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

.....

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*.

And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple, your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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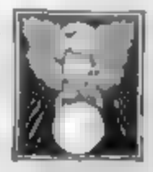

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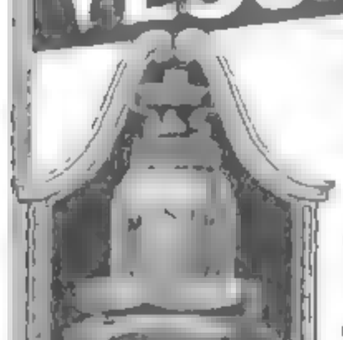

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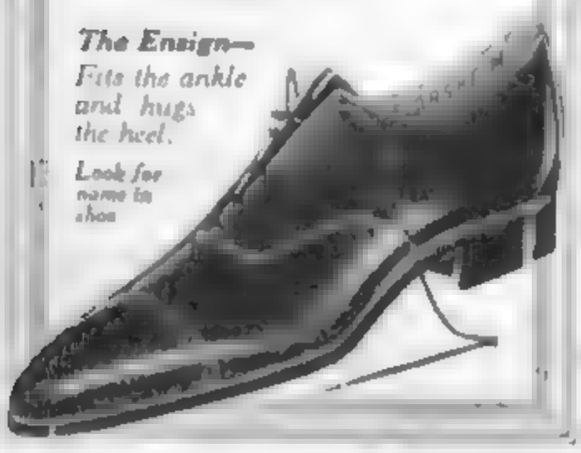

queer tiredness that had come over them. They dragged their feet. They could easily have quarreled. It was as though they had been worked up and up to a crisis and that the crisis had not come. A circle had not been completed. Something had been withheld. They did not know what it was, but the lack of it made them morose and nervous.

At the top of the Karlstrasse they met another cortège. It was led by three students on horseback. They were clad in medieval costume, with ostrich-plumed caps, thigh boots and velvet coats. They carried drawn swords and the colors of their order. Behind them came a stream of carriages filled with students, and more carriages still, packed with old gentlemen wearing the tricolor ribbon across their breasts and the gay cap of their youth on their gray heads; then three more riders, bearing other colors, and more carriages.

"The corps and *Burschenschaften* hold their *Kaiser Kommers* together to-night," Schultz said. "I was to have gone. My father's an *alter Herr* of the Friesens. But I can't get my work done."

"There's my father!" cried Helmut suddenly. "There—in the third carriage. Now he's looking!"

It was the *Herr Amtschreiber* right enough. He sat very grave and upright between two old gentlemen, his cap a little over one ear, his coat thrown open to show the ribbon. As he saw the three children standing on the curb he lifted his cap with a flourish and they lifted theirs respectfully.

Never had the *Herr Amtschreiber* seemed so bright and clear and definite.

"My father was third *Chargierter* when he was active," Helmut said breathlessly. "He's got a cut right across the head—from his first *Mensur;* he showed it to me."

"Students are all right," Von Prütwitz observed dispassionately; "especially if they're in a good corps. Even a *Burschenschaft* can be pretty decent, I believe. But they go into business or an office afterward. It's not like being an officer."

The little glow of glory went out.

"Oh, no, of course not!" said Helmut, sighing.

Schultz gave a queer laugh.

"Do you know, I don't believe I shall be either," he muttered.

The glory came again that night. Helmut sat with his mother on the raised dais and looked over the huge *Festhalle.* The uniforms of the students who moved hither and thither among the long tables danced before his eyes like the colors of a kaleidoscope. The chink of beer glasses and the hum of voices wove themselves into a haunting symphony which died away when the band struck up and a swinging students' song thundered exuberantly to the rafters.

Helmut joined in, too, holding to his songbook:

"*Gaudeamus Igitur . . .*"

He did not know what it meant. But it made him so happy that he could have cried. He forgot all the lessons that he had left behind him and that he would never, never understand. Everything was lost in fire and color. He looked up into his mother's face, smiling. Frau Felde, very red and earnest, sang with all her might.

At the cross table at the head of the hall sat the first *Chargierten* of all the *Corps* and *Burschenschaften,* a prince from the reigning house, old generals in full uniform. And there at one of the side tables was the *Herr Amtschreiber.* He sat among all the young men and drank with them and laughed with them. When he saw Helmut and his mother he waved his cap and lifted his glass.

"*Prosit!*"

And Frau Felde lifted her glass and drank back and laughed.

"*Prosit!*"

She, too, seemed to have grown more vivid, as though life in her had suddenly begun to burn strong and clear.

"*Silentium!*"

And it was so still that Helmut thought he heard his own heart beating. The first *Chargiert* of the presiding *Corps* stood up in his place, his drawn sword lying on the table. At first Helmut could not hear what he said, but as his young voice accustomed itself to the vast hall the words rang out sharp and passionate:

"But it's not the man only we honor. Bound as we are to him by personal oath, by a personal allegiance which has its root in the most splendid hour of our history, we yet know that it is not that alone which holds us—claims our endeavor—our life. It is not the Emperor as man but the Emperor as Germany who commands us. And who is Germany? He is our father. We are his sons. Each one of us—the least and the greatest—bears the glorious burden of sonship on his shoulders. But the Emperor bears the greatest burden of all: He is the chosen heir. He leads us forward—across the seas to new lands, new victories. When the smoldering envy and hatred of effete peoples burst into flame he will lead us over them till they are trampled into ashes. We shall carry our banners over the world.

"For that hour we live. We are one people. The old individualism is dead. We no longer live for ourselves, for our families, for our city or our province—we live for Germany! We have no other life!"

He stopped suddenly. There was no sound.

"Gentlemen, I call upon you to rub a salamander in honor of our Emperor."

They rose to their feet like one man.

"*Eins!*"

The glasses were raised high and emptied to the dregs.

"*Zwei!*"

They were lowered swiftly.

"*Eins, zwei, drei!*"

The glasses rumbled on the table with the noise of thunder.

The band caught up on the last crash:

"Germany—Germany before all!"

And Helmut sang as though his life depended on their hearing his shrill young voice. His heart grew big and hot within him. He saw the *Herr Amtschreiber* and that he was singing, too, holding himself straight and fine like a soldier.

"Even Prütwitz would know we were all right if he could see us now," Helmut thought.

And presently the *Herr Amtschreiber* came up onto the platform. He carried little bunches of flowers—one for every lady invited by his *Verbindung.* The best of all he kept for the *Geheimrätin.* He made her a deep bow, with his hand on his heart, and everyone laughed. They had never seen him so gallant—so daring.

For a moment he stood at Helmut's side, blinking over his glasses.

"That was beautiful—beautiful, wasn't it?" he said softly. "In such a moment one understands why one is alive."

It was not like sleep. There was no sweet sinking into forgetfulness. He could not close his eyes, try as he would. He could not turn them away. The pageant went on and on—cavalry and foot, generals on horseback, brave banners and tossing plumes, rivers of steel, brazen music, thunder of voices—all passing from darkness into light and into darkness again.

He kept on saying: "I'm so tired. Can't I go to sleep ever?"

And his father answered: "Now we understand why we are alive, little Helmut."

In reality Helmut was fast asleep. He did not hear Frau Felde open the front door. He did not hear the *Herr Amtschreiber* drag his foot along the passage. And the *Herr Amtschreiber* was not trying to move quietly. He did not care who heard him. He cared for neither God nor man. His battered student's cap was at the back of his head, faded bunches of flowers in his buttonhole, sticking out of his pockets. He went shuffling along into the sitting room, singing under his breath, leaving a trail of smoke and wine fumes behind him.

"*You are mad, my child.*
You must go to Berlin;
That's where the lunatics come from,"

sang the *Herr Amtschreiber.*

Frau Felde closed the door in an agony of fear.

"Oh, Hermann—if anyone heard you! If anyone saw you!"

He laughed and flung up his arms.

"Who cares? I—I've had a g-good time. Jolly f-fellows—all sorts of jolly—fellows—no nonsense about them—said I was a jolly fine fellow too; a—a real German—we're to wipe up the world between us—French and English and Russian—dirty monkeys the lot of them—just wipe them up—l-like that!"

The little *Herr Amtschreiber* made a sweeping gesture that nearly carried him off his feet.

"Oh, Hermann—for God's sake ——"

"Well—w-what's the matter? What you crying for? I'm—drunk. Of course I'm drunk. W-what do you think I'm drunk for? I'm drunk to be free—to do what I like—I'd push in my *Herr Bürgermeister's*

(Continued on Page 105)

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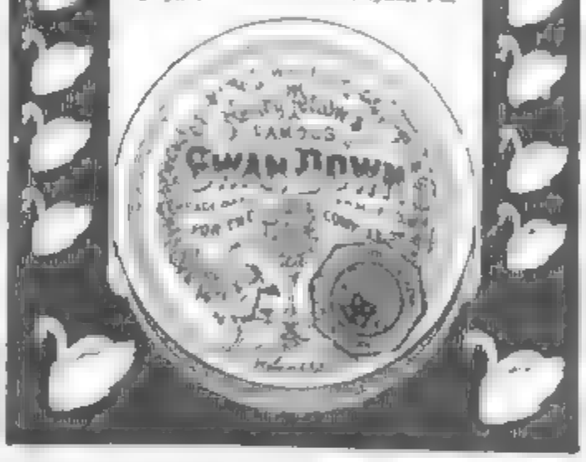

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(Continued from Page 102)

ugly face if he was here—I'd spit in his eye. That's w-what I'm drunk for—not so much of this damn fear of everything! We Germans fear G-God and nothing else; we're supermen—blond beasts! And we can't smack a man's face ——"

The *Herr Amtschreiber* lurched, and then was sick—pitifully, helplessly sick.

Frau Felde said nothing. She helped him into his chair before the fire and fetched hot water and bathed his hands and face and the soiled waistcoat. He was quiet now—drowsy as an exhausted child. He had lost his glasses, and his round, shortsighted blue eyes blinked wistfully at her.

"You—you won't let me be late for office, Clärchen?"

"No—of course not! It would never do."

He fell asleep instantly.

She sat beside him, her hand on his, upright, expressionless, waiting for the gray morning.

V

IT RAINED so that the black, mourning pines that shadowed the *Gasthaus zur Hundseck* on three sides were just a memory. The drenching mist rolled between, white and soundless, muffling the rare footstep, the very drip of the water-laden branches, to an intangible whisper. Sometimes it lightened—as though behind it someone were moving about with a lantern, searching for shelter—then darkened again hopelessly.

A little group of people stood in the porch and drank their after-lunch coffee and were facetiously pessimistic, after the manner of their race.

"This is nothing to what it can do," one of the men declared; "and moreover it can go on doing it for days and nights together."

"To think we left England for this!" a feminine voice answered. "An English drizzle is hope compared to it."

"Do you believe that out over there are a valley and mountains and more mountains—right to the end of the world?"

"No, I don't. I believe there is an abyss, and if I took three steps forward I should fall straight into it."

"How deadly quiet—and boring. What on earth are we to do with ourselves?"

Someone yawned.

"Might hire a conveyance and run to Baden-Baden and make a night of it."

"It won't be much of a run up—three hours' tug."

"Who cares? Better than sitting here. I'm damp to the skin already."

"What's that? Something's coming. Look—over there!"

They laughed at the mock excitement, but were bored enough to turn in the direction which the girl indicated. Someone was actually coming—more than just "someone." The subdued shuffles of many feet reached them long before the mist broke into shadows that came pouring in ghostly procession to the doors of the *Gasthaus*.

"What on earth are they? Gnomes? There are gnomes in the Black Forest. The tourist agency swore there were."

"Moving toadstools!"

"Oh, hush! We mustn't laugh—if they're gnomes it might annoy them."

A waiter, collecting coffee cups, offered obsequious explanation.

"The three lower classes from the Karlstadt Gymnasium, on their yearly holiday," he said.

"Schoolboys? And so solemn! And those funny caps."

"Only Germans could think of caps like that."

"Can you imagine English boys carrying umbrellas?"

The under-fifth gazed stolidly at the foreigners. Their round young faces were expressionless, and yet their expressionlessness conveyed a dull dislike and distrust. Someone hidden in the mist shouted an order, and the umbrellas were lowered and stacked like rifles. The children stood motionless and silent in double file.

"Good Lord—young Germany, and no mistake!"

"They're not children. They can't be. They're little old men."

The girl who had first seen the new arrivals pressed her companion's arm.

"Hush! They may understand. They look so wise—as though they knew everything—and—and so pathetic ——"

The *Herr Oberlehrer* Schäfer loomed out of the mist with Herr Heilig at his heels. His face was set and dark and he pushed through the little knot of strangers insolently—as though he had not seen them. But he had heard them. He heard a man's voice remark behind him:

"Well—they don't teach manners at that school, anyhow."

"Of course not! They'd think it effeminate."

The *Herr Oberlehrer* turned to his companion:

"Damned English pigs! What do they want here? Why do they come? They contaminate our forests as they contaminate our national life. They brought their filthy vices to Baden-Baden. Isn't that enough? Have we got to put up with their infernal insolent patronage and laughter even in our holy of holies!"

He spoke loudly. His rasping voice reached the silent children, who stood stiffly at the long tables, awaiting their orders. Heilig shook the rain off his long Loden overcoat.

"The English are a critical race," he observed coolly, "and they have an immense sense of humor. They can't help seeing the comic in everything."

"You call that a sense of humor? To laugh at sacred things? Or perhaps you would excuse that?"

"Certainly not! In the meantime they have only laughed at us. And perhaps we are funny. I often think so myself."

"A German who makes a jest of his country is a traitor!"

Heilig rubbed his untidy beard and twinkled good-humoredly.

"Hadn't we better begin, *Herr Oberlehrer?* The coffee will be getting cold."

His superior made no answer. He sat down with a peremptory gesture which opened forty neat little parcels and set forty hungry mouths to work. The children ate almost in silence, with rare gusts of whisperings and irrepressible boyish scufflings. And after each gust they threw sidelong glances at the two men at the head of the table. They looked at the *Herr Oberlehrer* with fear, but at Herr Heilig with distrust—with unchildish disapproval. He was a traitor. The *Oberlehrer* had said as much. A traitor—a man who could laugh at sacred things—at Germany.

They could hear the English voices in the corridor outside, calling instructions, laughing. The place might have belonged to them. The *Herr Oberlehrer* sat back, his fists clenched on the table.

"Come, children! We will give these English a song before we go—a German song. We will show them that German boys aren't afraid of rain—or of them—or of anything on earth."

"*Jawohl, Herr Oberlehrer!*" they shouted.

They sang the Wacht am Rhein, and Deutschland—Deutschland über Alles. Their eyes fixed on the man's dark and bitter face, they sang shrilly, truculently. The songs of defense and love rang with aggression and hate. It was as though they drew venom from some secret source.

The *Oberlehrer* conducted with his clenched fist.

"How jolly it sounds!" the English girl said as she stepped into the closed carriage. "The Germans are so musical."

Five minutes later, just as the Baden-Baden expedition started on its way, the under-fifth came pouring out of the *Gasthaus*. Discipline had been relaxed. They straggled across the road, they eddied uncertainly round the slowly moving carriage, peering in at the windows.

Suddenly Kurt Köhler jabbed his umbrella savagely at the girl seated in the far corner. The man next her laughed, and catching hold of the umbrella point gave the aggressor a playful poke, which sent him tumbling back from the step into the silent, unlaughing crowd.

"Mischievous young devil!"

"Well, I'm glad there is a bit of fun in them!" the girl said. "Did you see that boy standing on the bank? Such a pretty little fellow—and so serious. Do you think they ever laugh?"

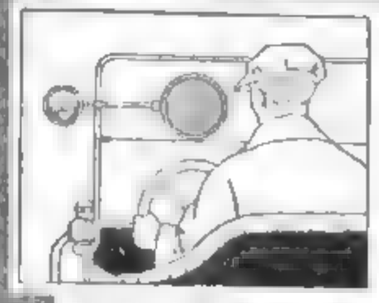
"Perhaps it's '*verboten*,'" her companion suggested. "At any rate they're allowed to cry."

From the distance came the sound of Kurt Köhler howling dolefully.

The three boys had climbed to the highest point of the mountain, where a half-ruined Roman tower kept watch over the Rhine valley. It was still raining. They crept into the shelter of a broken archway and huddled together from the driving mist.

Von Prütwitz commanded their adventure. He always commanded. No one quite understood why he accepted the

Kills the glare from other cars



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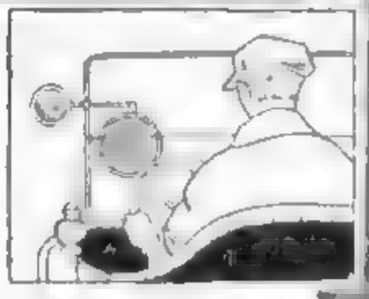

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companionship of the two dullest children in the school. It was partly perhaps because they accepted him so simply, so reverently. He was their bright and steadfast star, the one firm rock in their small tottering universe. And he was not domineering or cruel—only radiantly self-assured. He was not even afraid of the masters.

He was going to be an officer, and compared to him schoolmasters were small fry.

Helmut, who had not eaten all his dinner, divided out the remnants and they munched for a little while in silence. The enveloping mist gave them a thrilling sense of mystery and loneliness. Schultz pointed down into the twisting, wreathing clouds of smoke and his hand trembled.

"Anything—anything might come up out of that!" he whispered.

"Fairies!" said Helmut; "the bad ones."

"Or the English." Von Prütwitz caught up a broken branch and set it to his shoulder like a rifle. "Let's pretend they're trying to storm our castle. There they come—up the hill! Aha, you see that fine fellow? Bang! There—head over heels! Dead as a doornail."

"I hate the English," said Helmut solemnly.

Von Prütwitz picked off another assailant.

"So do I—professionally. One can't fight if one doesn't hate. And as we're going to fight them we can't start hating them too soon. But they're rather decent fellows, I believe. My uncle admires them frightfully. It'll be a ripping war if only it doesn't come off before I'm grown up."

"Anyhow, I couldn't help being pleased when they poked Kurt in the chest—he's such a beast. All the masters like him. At home they're always telling him how clever and splendid he is. They're ashamed of me."

"Kurt cheats," Schultz muttered. "I've seen him."

Von Prütwitz shrugged his shoulders.

"Everybody knows. The masters know. They think it's rather smart. But it's silly to cheat. It's pretending you know something you don't know. Sooner or later you're bound to be found out, and the later it is the worse it is. Supposing I pretend I know how to aim a gun and always get the calculations from someone else. Then when the war comes I try to blow up an English battery and hit our first-line trenches instead. It's idiotic. You've got to know to be efficient or you're no good to anybody."

There was a silence. Schultz sat with his white face between his hands, staring down at an ant heap among the pine needles. The ceaseless, passionate hurrying of its inmates seemed to exercise a strange fascination over him.

"I never know," he said at last. "I never know anything. I don't know why it is. A thing looks easy enough at first, and then when I try to do it it sort of slips away—I can't get hold of it. And my head hurts as though it was too full—and the stuff was trying to burst out of my ears."

"And I think I know until I get into class," Helmut said; "and then when Sheepshanks looks at me it—it just goes. Sometimes I wish he would kill me and then it would be over."

Schultz nodded gravely.

"Yes—then it would be over."

He had discovered a large party of ants at some distance from their ant heap. They were trying to carry a twig several hundred times larger than themselves. Schultz dug a deep trench round them with his forefinger.

"You oughtn't to be frightened," Von Prütwitz said, still busy with his invisible Englishmen. "Germans are not afraid of anyone except God—that's what Bismarck said."

"Who is God?"

They were silent again. It was as though the sudden question touched something vital in all three of them. Von Prütwitz let his rifle drop.

"I don't know. I don't believe anyone does. Of course there's nothing in all that Bible stuff. No one believes in that now—not even old Kleister. He hardly pretends to. He has to stick to his screw like everyone else. He knows it's all a fairy story. He said as much ——"

"You mean—he doesn't believe in God—or—or in Christ?"

Von Prütwitz lifted his proud young head with a laugh.

"Why, he hates all that talk about humility and forgiveness and submission. And he's right too! It's all rot and humbug. We aren't humble—and humility is sickly anyhow—and we forgive just as much or as little as we feel inclined. And submission is cowardly. No man who is a man submits unless he's got to. We despise men who give in. You look round you and you'll see that's true. And some of us have got to go on pretending, because it's an easy way of making a living—like Kleister. But even Kleister only sticks to it by pretending Christ is Siegfried and God Wotan—good old fighting German gods. When he talks of them he warms up. You feel he means something."

"It's no good my praying to Wotan," said Schultz under his breath. "Only the great warriors go to Valhalla."

"Don't you believe in anything, Prütwitz?" Helmut asked shyly.

The boy did not answer for a minute.

"I'm not certain yet. One has to work these things out for oneself or it's no good. I think about it, though, and one day I shall make up my mind. Perhaps it's as some people say—God is just everything—what we call life—the trees and animals—the earth—and us. Where we're sitting now—perhaps some German died thousands of years ago. Perhaps this handful of dirt is—is him. When I am buried on a battlefield I shall become dust like that too. Perhaps that's being immortal. So when we are fighting for our country—it's fighting for God—our God."

"Then there are ever so many gods in the world?"

"Our God is the greatest," Prütwitz answered. "We must make him God of gods."

A gust of wind shook the invisible pine trees so that they sighed sadly among themselves. The mist eddied and swayed and suddenly thinned like a worn and tattered shroud. And through the jagged rent they looked down upon a world of valley and mountain lying in a pale flood of sunshine. The valley shone like an emerald snake between the dark mountains that rolled on and on till they met the clouds.

And Heinrich von Prütwitz leaped up and tossed his cap into the air.

"Long live our dear Lord God!" he shouted. "Long life to him!"

His shrill boy's voice echoed through the muffled silence. He stood with his arms stretched above his head in exultant salutation.

But his companions huddled closer together.

"I don't think I want to believe in God," Helmut brooded. "He made people like old Sheepshanks."

"Cruel people," said Schultz dully. "People who laugh at you so that you want to kill them—hurt them; and ugly, stupid people—like me—who never wanted to be born."

"Perhaps there isn't a God at all," Helmut consoled.

"Then it doesn't matter what happens," Schultz answered. "It doesn't matter what one does—it's just a handful of earth ——"

"German earth," Prütwitz cried out. "That matters!"

But the vision was already fading. A dense steamy cloud rolled up over the opposite mountains. It came on irresistibly, menacingly, like a charge of cavalry, its wet chill breath dimming the rain-washed colors of the valley. Its shadow raced up the slopes. Suddenly the light went out.

"Look!" said Schultz under his breath. "Look here!"

They bent over his shoulder, looking at what he indicated. Von Prütwitz laughed.

"They've done you! You didn't dig deep enough, duffer!"

Schultz shook his head. The bewildered ants, cut off from their retreat, began to pour over the edge of the trench. They tumbled in, one after another, and little by little they filled it. Their brown, insignificant bodies filled it to the brink. The remainder, carrying their twig, passed over.

"One can learn something from those beggars," Von Prütwitz declared admiringly. "They've got the right spirit!"

But still Schultz pointed with his stubby, misshapen finger.

"We're like that," he whispered. "Just like that. And I sit here and watch—and watch—and laugh—and ——"

Suddenly he sprang up and stamped upon the little moving busy world—stamped upon it till it lay flat and still. "I'm—I'm just like God!" he gasped out.

The mist closed in. It whirled about them. The valleys and mountains had passed away. The rain swept down in a blinding curtain.

And Schultz lay with his face in the earth and wept.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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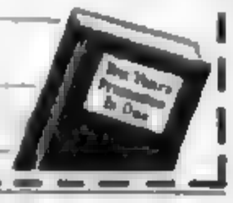

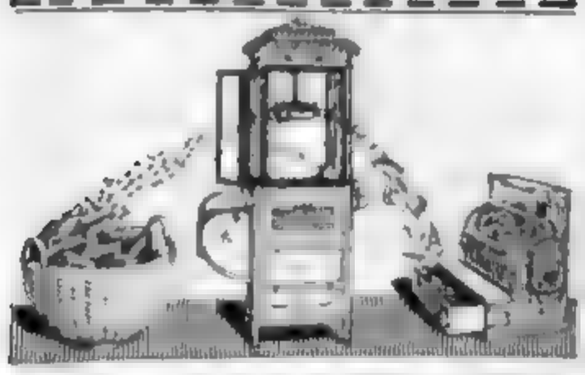

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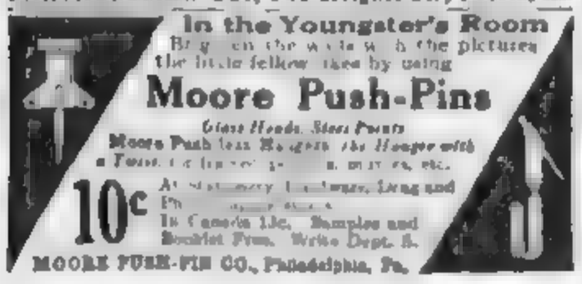

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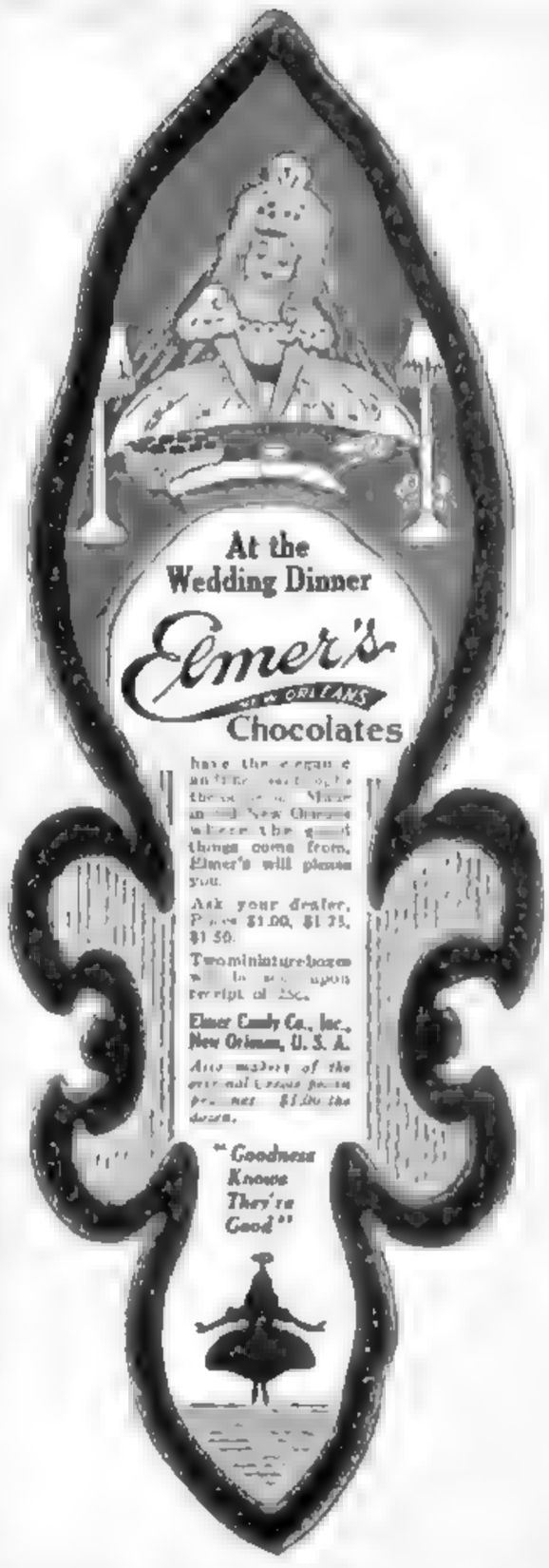
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Absolute accuracy is impossible and unnecessary. In many cases the carrying of precision beyond requirements means financial loss. The problem is to establish the permissible variation or tolerance of any given dimension, before a run on a job is started. This can be done beyond peradventure of doubt. It makes the operator sure he's ***right*** before going ahead—and ***keeps*** his output accurate to size. This is the all-important point concerning production of machine parts—if they are properly ***gaged*** they will go together the ***first*** time. That means a ***flowing*** day's output and minimum assembling costs.

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The war has taught European workmen how to produce great volume of munitions of accurate dimension, motor trucks and other intricate machinery for military purposes, at unprecedented speed. When hostilities cease, millions of these workers will turn to industrial pursuits, creating formidable competition for American industry. Then the limit gage must play a tremendous part in the quantity-production of machine parts, so that assembling can be done with speed and facility in any plant. Shall America profit by Europe's lesson?

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MA PETTENGILL AND THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

(Continued from Page 7)

Well, I hear no more about whales; but a circus is coming to Red Gap and old Pete, the Indian, says he must go down to it, his mind being inflamed by some incredible posters pasted over the blacksmith shop at Kulanche. He says he's a very old man and can't be with us long, and when he does take the one-way trail he wants to be able to tell his friends on the other side all about the strange animals that they never had a chance to see. The old pagan was so excited about it I let him go. And he was still more excited when he got back two days later. Yes, sir; he'd found a way to fortune.

He said I'd sure think he was a liar with a crooked tongue and a false heart, but they had an animal at that circus as big as our biggest covered mess wagon and it would weigh as much as the six biggest steers I ever shipped. It has a nose about five feet long—he was sure I wouldn't believe this part—that it fed itself with, and it carried so much meat that just one ham would keep a family like Pete's going all winter. He said of course I would think he was a liar, but I could write down to Red Gap to a lawyer, and the lawyer would get plenty of people to swear to it right in the courthouse. And so now I must hurry up and stock the place with these animals and have more meat than anybody in the world and get rich pretty quick. Forty times he stretched his arms to show me how big one of these hams would be, and he said the best part was that this animal hardly ate anything at all but a little popcorn and a few peanuts. Hadn't he watched it for hours? And if I didn't hurry others would get the idea and run prices up.

I guess Pete's commercial mind must of been engaged by hearing the boys talk about whales. He hadn't held with the whale proposition, not for a minute, after he learned they live in the ocean. He once had a good look at the ocean and he promptly said "Too much water!" But here was a land animal packing nearly as much meat as a whale, eating almost nothing, and as tame as a puppy. "I think, 'Injun how you smart!'" he says when he got through telling me all this in a very secret and important way.

I told him he was very smart indeed and ought to have a job with the Government at a dollar a year telling people to quit beef meat for the elephant. I said I was much obliged for the tip and if I ever got to going good in elephants I'd see he had a critter of his own to butcher every fall. So Pete went out with all his excitement and told the boys how I was going to stock the ranch with these new animals which was better than whales because you wouldn't have to get your feet wet. The boys made much of it right off.

In no time at all they had all the whitefaces sold off and vast herds of pure-bred elephants roaming over the ranch with the Arrowhead brand on 'em. Down on the flat lands they had waving fields of popcorn and up above here they had a thousand acres of ripening peanuts; and Sandy Sawtelle, the king of the humorists, he hit on another idea that would bring in fifty thousand dollars a year just on the side. He said if a crowd come along to a ranch and bought the rancher's own hay for the sake of feeding it to his own steers they would be thought weak-minded. Not so with elephants. He said people would come from far and near and bring their little ones to buy our own peanuts and popcorn to feed our own elephants. All we needed to do was put the stuff up in sacks at a nickel a throw. He said of course the novelty might die out in time, but if he could only get the peanut-and-popcorn concession for the first three years that would be all he'd want for his simple needs of living in a swell marble house in Spokane, with a private saloon and hired help to bring him his breakfast in bed and put on another record and minister to his lightest whim. Buck Devine said he'd be able to throw his own good money right and left if he could get the ivory privilege, which is made from the horns of the elephant and is used for many useful purposes; and one of the other boys says they'll develop a good milk strain and get a dairy herd, because the milk of this noble animal ought to be fine for prize fighters and piano movers.

In about ten minutes they was doing quite a business for old Pete's benefit, and Pete very earnest about it. He says I've promised him a young animal to butcher every fall, and they tell him there ain't no meat so good as a prime young popcorn-fed elephant, and he'll certainly live high. And just then up rides old Safety First again. So they get silent and mysterious all at once and warn Pete, so Safety will hear it, not to say a word to anyone. Pete looks secretive and hostile at the visitor and goes back to his woodpile. Safety naturally says what fool thing have they got into their heads now, and he supposes it's some more of that whale nonsense.

The boys clam up. They say this is nothing like whales, but a dry-land proposition too important to talk about; that I've sworn everyone to secrecy, but he'll see soon enough what it is when the big money begins to roll in. They don't mind telling him it's an African proposition of new and nourishing food, a regular godsend to the human race, but they got to keep quiet until I get my options bought up so I'll have the cream of the business.

Safety sniffs in a baffled manner and tries to worm out a hint, but they say it's a thing would go like wildfire once it got known, being so much tastier than whale meat and easier to handle, and eating almost nothing.

"Whales was pretty good," says Sandy; "but since the boss got a line on this other animal she's disposed of her whale interests for seventy-three thousand dollars."

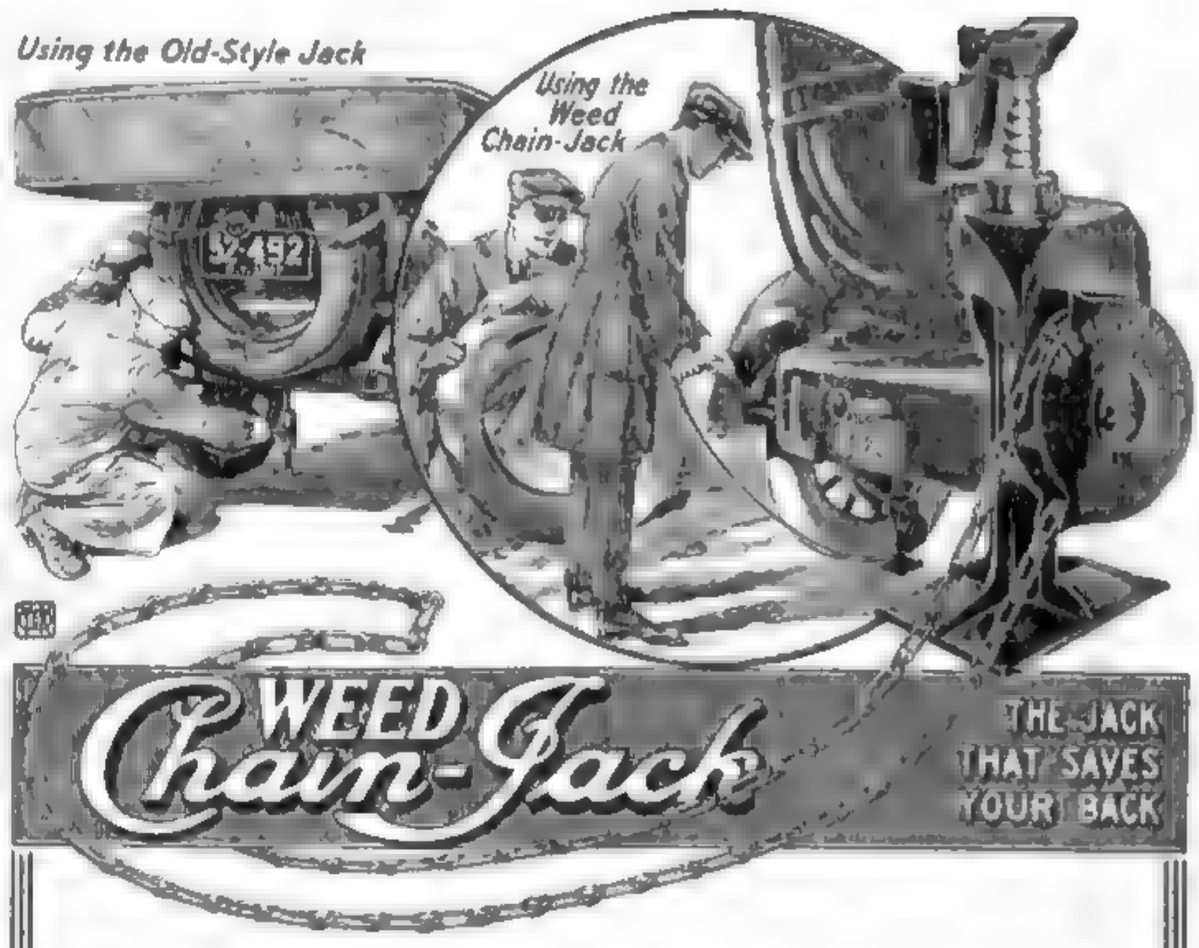
Buck Devine says I showed him the check, that come in yesterday's mail, and let him hold it a minute so he could say he once held seventy-three thousand dollars in his hand just like that. And the money was to be put into this new business, with the boys being let in on the ground floor, like they had been with the whales. Sandy says that in probably a year from now, or eighteen months at the most, he won't be a thing but a dissipated millionaire. Nothing but that!

Safety is peculiar in his mind. If you told him you found a million gold dollars up in the top of that jack pine he wouldn't believe it, yet still and all he'd get a real thrill out of it. He certainly does cherish money. The very notion of it is romantic to him. And he must of been thrilled now. He hung round, listening keenly while the boys squandered their vast wealth in various reprehensible ways, trying to get some idea about the new animal. Finally he sniffed some more, said they was all crazy as loons, and went off. But where does he go but over to old Pete at the woodpile and keeps him from his work for ten minutes trying to get the new animal's name out of Pete. But he can't trap the redman into any admissions. All he can find out is that Pete is serious and excited.

Then he come up to ask me once more if he couldn't take some mules off my hands. He found out quick and short that he couldn't. Still he hung round, talking nonsense as far as I could make out, because I hadn't yet been let in on the new elephant proposition. He says he hears I'm taking up a new line of stock, the same not being whales nor anything that swims, and if it's more than I can swing by myself, why, he's a good neighbor of long standing, and able in a pinch, mebbe, to scrape up a few thousand dollars, or even more if it's a sure cinch, and how about it, and from one old friend to another just what is this new line?

Being busy I acted short. I said I was sticking to cattle in spite of the infamous gossip against 'em, and all reports to the contrary was mere society chatter. Still he acted like I was trying to fool him. He went out saying if I changed my mind any time I was to let him know, and he'd be over again soon to talk mules at least, if nothing else, and anything he could do for me any time, just say the word, and try some of this gum, and so forth. I was right puzzled by these here refined civilities of his until Pete comes in and tells me how the boys have stocked the old ranch with elephants and how Safety has tried to get him to tell the secret. I tell Pete he's done right to keep still, and then I go down to the bunk house and hear the whole thing.

By this time they're shipping thousands of steer elephants at top prices; they catch



Simply a few pulls on its chain and the heaviest car is raised or lowered without danger and without exertion.

Every motorist has dreaded using the ordinary jack—an unpleasant operation, to say the least, and constantly fraught with danger and much tiresome work. Now all the unpleasant, disagreeable features have been ***entirely eliminated*** by the Weed Chain-Jack. With it, whether raising or lowering the car, you are always ***out of harm's way***—No knocking of head, or soiling of clothes against springs or other projections—***No skinning of knuckles*** or flying up of a "handle"—***No chance of the car coming down,*** often resulting in serious bodily injury—Infinitely easier to operate than any jack on the market.

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Has a strong cap, providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a ***broad base*** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. ***Every Weed Chain-Jack*** is submitted to a lifting test and will support over twice the weight it is ever required to lift. ***Never gets out of order.*** Gears and chain wheels protected by a stamped-steel housing. ***Chain heavily plated*** to prevent rusting.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised with Auxiliary Step Up	List Price
8 inch	8 inches	12½ inches	14½ inches	$7.50
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If your dealer does not have them, send $7.50 for any size for pleasure cars or $15.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $8.50 for any size for pleasure cars or $16.00 for the Truck size. Try it 10 days. If not satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money. Use the coupon.

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HE will declare it "a peach of a present!" Makes the wagons of all the other boys 'round about "look cheap." Made of [illegible] seasoned ash and steel. Extra big—extra strong—extra durable. And *speedy!* Why, its *wheels are* [illegible] *ball bearing just like an automobile!* Steers [illegible] too. It means fun and health [illegible] him "oceans of fun" out in the fresh air. Gives you satisfaction, because it is *built to last.* That—or the

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[illegible] one foot to other.

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Rider Agents Wanted

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'em up off soft feed and fatten 'em on popcorn and peanuts, and every Thanksgiving they send a nice fat calf down to the White House, for no one looks at turkey any more. Sandy is now telling what a snap it will be to ride herd on elephants.

"You pick out a big one," he says, "and you build a little cupalo up on top of him and climb up into it by means of a ladder, and set there in this little furnished room with a good book, and smoke and pass the time away while your good old saddle elephant does the work. All you got to do is lean out the front window now and then and jab him in the forehead with an ice pick, whichever way you want him to turn."

I said trust a cow-puncher to think up some way where he'd have to do as little work with his hands as he does with his head. But I admitted they seemed to have landed on old Timmins for once, because he had tried to get Pete to betray the secret and then come wheedling round to me about it. I said I could talk more intelligently next time, and he would sure come again, because he had lavished two sticks of gum on me, which was an incredible performance and could not have been done except for an evil purpose.

"Now say," says Sandy, "that does look like we got him believing. I was going to kid him along about once more, then spring elephants on him, and we'd all have a good laugh at the old wolf. But it looks to me like a chance for better than a laugh; it looks to me like we might commit a real crime against him."

"He never carries anything on him," I says, "if you're meaning something plain, like highway robbery."

Sandy says he don't mean that; he means real Wall Street stuff, such as one gentleman can pull on another and still keep loose; crooked, he says, but not rough. I ask what is the idea, and Sandy says get him more and more feverish about the vast returns from this secret enterprise. Then we'll cut out a bunch of culls—thin stuff and runts and cripples—and make him give about four times what they're worth on a promise to let him into the new deal; tell him we must be rid of this stuff to make room for the new animals, and naturally we'll favor our friends.

"There, now!" says Sandy. "I should be in Wall Street this minute, being able to think up a coop as pernicious as that: and I would of been there, too, only I hate city life."

"For once in the world's history," I says, "there may be a grain of sense in your words. Only no cows in the deal. Even to defraud the old crook I wouldn't let him have hide nor hair of a beef, not since he worked on my feelings in the matter of them bull calves two years ago. Mules, yes. But the cow is too worthy a beast to be mixed up in anything sinful I put over on that profiteer. Now I'll tell you what," I says, very businesslike: "you boys tole him along till he gets hectic enough to take that bunch of mule runts down in the south field, and anything you get over fifty dollars a head I'll split with you."

Sandy hollers at this. He says this bunch ain't mules but rabbits, and that I wouldn't refuse forty a head for 'em this minute. He says even a man expecting to be let in on a sure-thing elephant ranch would know something wicked was meant if asked to give even as much as fifty dollars for these insects. I tell him all very true; but this is just the margin for his lasting financial genius which he displays so little reticence about that it'll get into the papers and make him a marked man from coast to coast if he ain't careful. He says oh, all right, if I want to take it that way, and he'll see what he can do. Mebbe he can get fifty-five a head, which would not only give the boys a good laugh but provide a little torch money.

I left 'em plotting against a man that had never been touched by any plot whatever. I resolved to remain kind of aloof from their nefarious doings. It didn't seem quite dignified for one of my standing to be mixed up in a deal so crooked—at least no more than necessary to get my share of the pickings.

Sure enough, the very next day here come the depraved old outcast marauding round again at lunch time and et with the boys in the kitchen. He found 'em full of suppressed excitement and secret speech and careless talk about large sums of money. It must of been like sweetest music to his ears. One says how much would it be safe to count on cutting up the first year—how much in round numbers; and another would say that in round numbers, what with the expense of getting started and figuring everything down to the last cent, it wouldn't be safe to count on more than a hundred thousand dollars; but, of course, for the second year, now, why it would be nearer two hundred thousand in round numbers, even figuring everything fine and making big allowance for shrinkage. After that they handed money back and forth in round numbers till they got sick of the sound of it.

They said Safety set and listened in a trance, only waking up now and then to see if he couldn't goad someone into revealing the name of this new animal. But they always foiled him. Sandy Sawtelle drew an affecting picture of himself being cut off by high living at the age of ninety, leaving six or eight million dollars in round numbers and having his kin folks squabble over it will till the lawyers got most of it. They said Safety hardly et a morsel and had an evil glitter in his eyes.

And after lunch he went out to the woodpile where old Pete was working and offered him two bits in money to tell him the secret, and when old Pete scorned him he raised it to four bits. I guess the idea of anyone refusing money merely for a little talk had never seemed possible to him. He must of thought there was sure something in it. I was away that day, but when I got back and heard about his hellish attempt to bribe old Pete I told the boys they sure had the chance of a lifetime. I said if there was a mite of financial prowess in the bunch they would start the price on them runt mules at one hundred dollars flat, because it was certain that Safety had struck the skids.

Next day it looked better than ever. Safety not only appeared in the afternoon but he brought me a quart jar of honey from his own bees. Anyone not having looked up his criminal record would little understand what this meant. I pretended to be too busy to be startled at the gift, which broke thirty years of complete inactivity in that line. I looked worried and important with a litter of papers on my desk and seemed to have no time to waste on callers. He mentioned mules once or twice with no effect whatever, then says he hears I'm going into a new line that seems like it might have a few dollars in it, and he hopes I won't lose my all, because so many things nowadays look good till they're tried. I was crafty. I said I might be going into a new line, then again it might be nothing but idle talk and he better not believe everything he hears.

He took up the jar of honey and fondled it, with his face looking like he was laying a loved one to rest, and said he wouldn't mind going into something new himself if he could be sure it was sound, because the stock business at present was a dog's life. He said the war was to be won by food, and every patriot should either go across or come across, and he was trying to stand by the flag and save all the food he could, but by the way his help acted at mealtime you'd think they was a gang of German spies. Watch 'em eat beans, he said, and you'd think they'd never heard that beans had gone from three cents a pound to sixteen; but they had heard it, because he'd told 'em so in plain English more than once. But it had no effect. The way they dished into 'em you'd think we'd been endowed with beans the same as with God's own sunlight.

He said it was discouraging to a staunch patriot. Here was the President trying to make democracy safe for the world, and he was now going to stand by the Administration even if he had voted the Republican ticket up to now; but three of his men had quit only yesterday and the war was certainly lost if the laboring classes kept on making gods of their stomachs that way. And as a matter of fact now, as between old friends and neighbors, if I had something that looked good, why not keep it all together just with us here in the valley, he, though a poor man, being able to scrape up a few thousand dollars in round numbers for any enterprise that was a cinch.

And the old hound being worth a good half million dollars at that instant! But I kept control of my face and looked [illegible] more worried and important and said I might have to take on a good man, and I then again I might not. I couldn't [illegible] till I got some [illegible] of stock started up. Then I looked at some more documents and, like I was talking unconsciously to

(Continued on Page 113)

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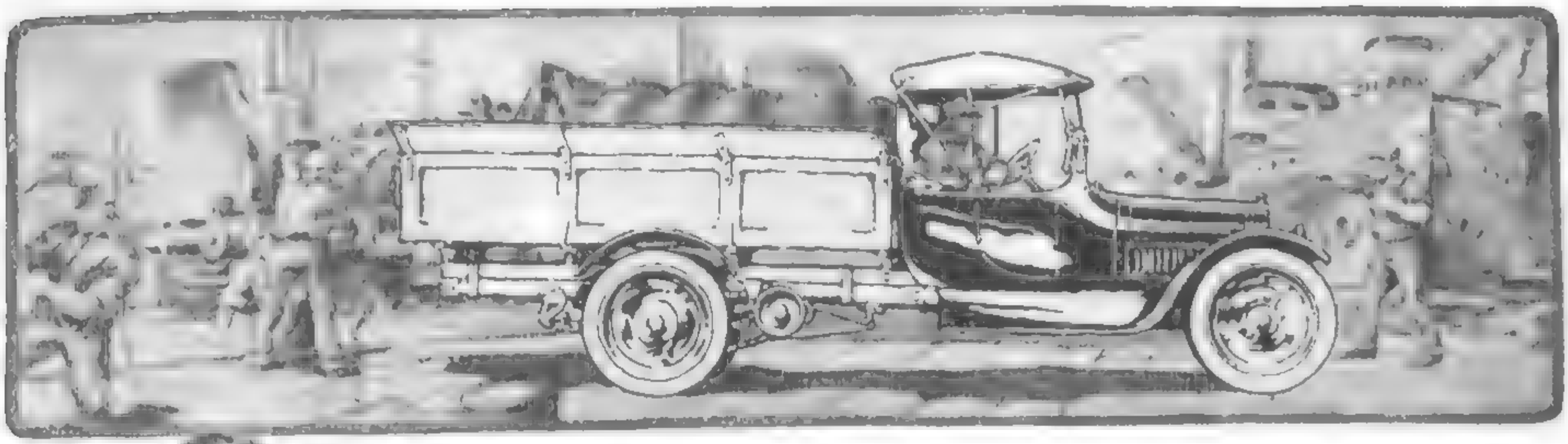

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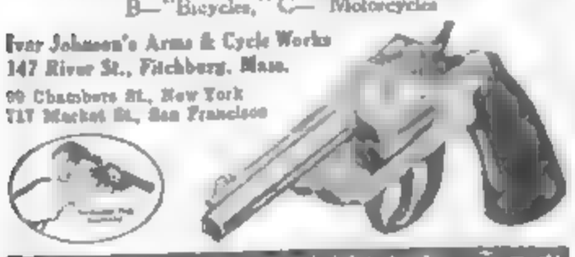

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How much are YOU worth? More than you're making now? Then write today to

The Curtis Publishing Company
347 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

(Continued from Page 110)

myself, I muttered, though distinctly. "Now that there bunch of runt mules—they'll have to go; but, of course, not for any mere song."

Then I studied some more documents in a masterful manner and forgot my caller entirely till at last he pussyfooted out, having caught sight of Sandy down by the corral.

Pretty soon Sandy reports to me. He says Safety is hurt at my cold manner to an old friend and neighbor that's always running in with a jar of honey or some knickknack; and he had mentioned the runt mules, saying he might be induced to consider 'em though I probably won't let 'em go for any mere song, contemptible as they are. Sandy says he's right; that it's got to be a whole opera with words and music for them mules. He says I got a reason for acting firm about the price, the reason being that this new line I'm going to embark in is such a sure thing that I want only friends to come in, and I got to be convinced first that their heart is in the right place.

Safety says his heart is always getting the best of his head in stock deals, but just how foolish will I expect an old and tried friend to seem about these scrub mules that nobody in his right mind would touch at any price.

Sandy yawns like he was weary of it all and says a hundred dollars flat. He said Safety just stood still and looked at him forever without batting an eye, till he got rattled and said that mebbe ninety-five might be considered. That's a trick with this old robber when a party's got something to sell him. They tell their price and he just keeps still and looks at 'em—not indignant nor astonished, not even interested, but merely fishlike. Most people can't stand it long, it's that uncanny. They get fussed and nervous, and weaken before he's said a single word.

But it was certain now that the mystery was getting to Safety, because otherwise he'd have laughed his head off at the mention of a hundred dollars for these mules. Three months before he'd heard me himself offer 'em for forty a head. You see, when I bought bands of mules from time to time I'd made the sellers throw in the little ones to go free with the trade. I now had twenty-five or so, but it had begun to get to me that mebbe those sellers hadn't been so easy as I thought at the time. They was knotty-headed little runts that I'd never bothered to handle.

Last spring I had the boys chink up the cracks in the corral and put each one of the cunning little mites into the chute and roach it so as to put a bow in its neck; then I put the bunch on good green feed where they would fatten and shed off; but it was wasted effort. They looked so much like field mice I was afraid the cats would make a mistake. After they got fat the biggest one looked as if he'd weigh close up to seven hundred and fifty. It was when they had begun to buy mules too; that is to say, mules! But no such luck as a new West Pointer coming to inspect these; nothing but wise old cavalry captains that when they put an eye on the bunch would grin friendly at me and hesitate only long enough to put some water in the radiator. I bet there never was a bunch of three-year-old mules that stood so much condemning.

After offering 'em for forty a head one time to a party and having him answer very simply by asking how the road was on beyond and which turn did he take, I quit bothering. After that when buyers come along I told the truth and said I didn't have any mules. I had to keep my real ones, and it wasn't worth while showing those submules. And this was the bunch Sandy had told S. F. Timmins he could take away for a hundred a head—or even ninety-five. And Safety hadn't laughed!

And would you have wondered when he sifts in a couple days later and makes me a cold offer of sixty dollars a head for this choice livestock? Yes, sir! He says "Live and let live" is his motto, and he wants to prove that I have wronged him in the past if I ever had the faintest suspicion that he wasn't the ideal party to have in on a deal that was going to net everyone concerned a handsome fortune. He says the fact is money goes through his fingers like water if you come right down to it; and sixty or even sixty-five if I want to push him to extremes, because he's the last man on God's green earth to let five dollars split up old neighbors that ought to be hand and glove in any new deal that come up.

It like to of keeled me over, but I recovered and become busier than ever and got out my bank book and begun to figure over that. I said Sandy Sawtelle had the handling of this particular bunch of my assets and I couldn't be bothered by it.

So he mooches down to the barn till Sandy come in with Buck Devine. They was chattering about three hundred thousand dollars in round numbers when they got near enough for him to overhear their private conversation. They wondered why they had wasted so much of their lives in the cattle business, but now them old hard-working days was over, or soon would be, with nothing to do but travel round in Pullman palace cars and see America first, and go to movies, and so forth. Safety wished to haggle some about the mules, but Sandy says he's already stated the price in clear, ringing tones, and he has no time to waste, being that I must send him down that night to get an order on the wire for two carloads of the Little Giant peanut. Safety just blinked at this, not even asking why the peanuts; and the boys left him cold.

When I told 'em about the offer to me of sixty or a possible sixty-five, they at once done a medicine dance.

"This here will be the richest coop ever pulled off west of Cheyenne," says Buck; and Sandy says he guesses anybody not blind can now see what well-known street in New York he ought to have his office on. He says he hopes Safety don't fall too easy, because he wants more chance to work it up.

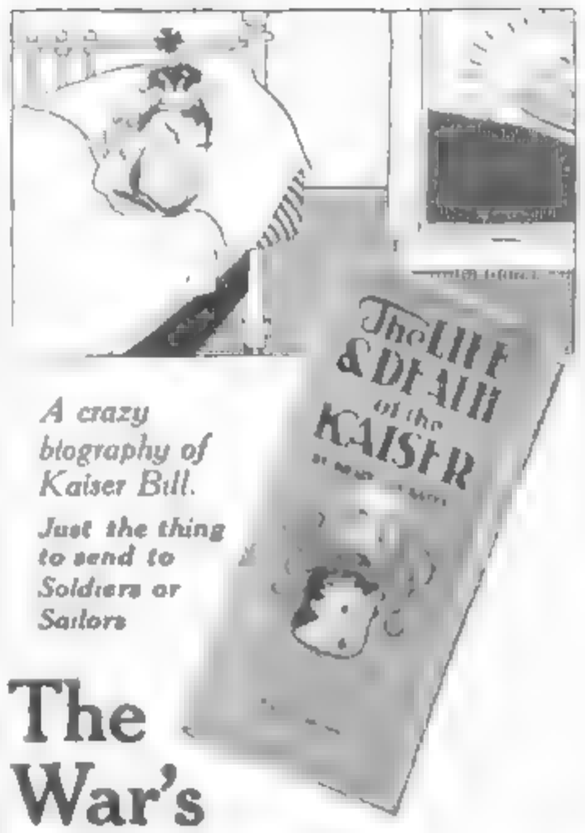
But Sandy is doomed to disappointment. Safety holds off only two days more. Two days he loafs round at mealtimes, listening to their rich converse and saying he'd like to know who's a better friend of this outfit than he's been for twenty years. The boys tell him if he's such a good friend to go ahead and prove it with a little barter that would be sure to touch my heart. And the first day Safety offers seventy-five a head for these here jack rabbits, which they calmly ignore and go on talking about Liberty Bonds being a good safe investment; and the second day he just cries like a child that he'll pay eighty-five and trust to their honor that he's to have in on this new sure-thing deal.

That seemed enough, so they all shook hands with the spendthrift and slapped him on the back in good fellowship, and said they knew all the time he had a heart of gold and they feel free to say now that once the money has passed he won't be let to go off the place till he has heard all about the new enterprise and let in on the ground floor, and they hope he won't ever forget this moment when the money begins to roll in fit to smother him in round numbers. So Safety says he knows they're a good square set of boys, as clean as a hound's tooth, and he'll be over to-morrow to take over the stock and hear the interesting details.

The boys set up late that night figuring their share of the burglary. There was twenty-five of these ground squirrels. I was to get my fifty a head, at least ten of which was illegitimate. Then for the thirty-five, which was the real robbery, I was to take half, and eight of the boys the other half. I begun to wonder that night just what could be done to us under the criminal law. It looked like three years in some good jail wouldn't be a bit too harsh.

Next day bright and early here comes frugal Safety, gangling along behind his whiskers and bringing one of his ill-fed hirelings to help drive the stuff back. Safety is rubbing his hands and acting very sprightly, with an air of false good fellowship. It almost seems like he was afraid they had thought better of the trade and might try to crawl out. He wants it over quick. They all go down and help him drive his purchase out of the lower field, where they been hiding in the tall grass, and in no time at all have the bunch headed down the lane onto the county road, with Safety's man keeping well up to protect 'em from the coyotes.

Next there's kind of a solemn moment when the check is being made out. Safety performs that serious operation down at the bunk house. Making out any check is always the great adventure with him. He writes it with his heart's blood, and not being the greatest scholar in the world he has to count the letters in his name after it's written—he knows there ought to be nine altogether—and then he has to wipe the ink off his hands and sigh dismally and say if this thing keeps up he'll be spending his old age at the poor farm, and so forth. It all went according to schedule, except



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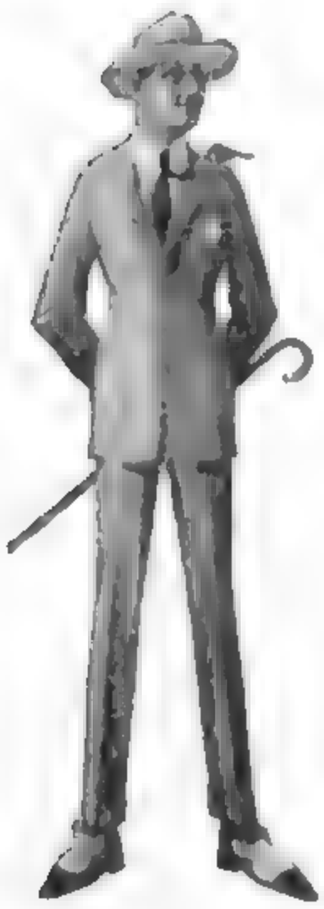

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Mohair
Flannels
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"R & W" No-wate suits, treated with a special cold water shrinking process, retain their shape after cleaning.

Ask your dealer about "No-wate" suits. Be sure the "R & W" label is there.

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Guaranteed to clean out and prevent carbon—to increase power—to save gasoline—to be absolutely free from acids and all elements injurious to motors—to add up to 30% to gasoline mileage—MONEY BACK if you're not pleased.

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that he seemed strangely eager and under a severe nervous strain.

Me? I'd been sort of hanging round on the edge of events while the dastardly deed was being committed, not seeming to be responsible in any way. My Lord! I still wanted to be able to face the bereaved man as an honest woman and tell him it was only some nonsense of the boys for which I could not be held under the law, no matter how good a lawyer he'd get. When they come trooping out of the bunk house I was pretending to consult Abner, the blacksmith, about some mower parts. And right off I was struck by the fact that Safety seemed to be his old self again; his air of false gayety and nervous strain had left him and he was cold and silent and deadly, like the poisonous cobra of India.

But now they was going to spring the new secret enterprise on him, so I moved off toward the house a bit, not wanting to be too near when his screams begun. It did seem kind of shameful, taking advantage of the old miser's grasping habits; still, I remembered a few neat things he'd done to me and I didn't slink too far into the background. Safety was standing by his horse with the boys all gathered close round him, and I heard Sandy say "Elephants—nothing but elephants—that's the new idea!"

Then they all begun to talk at once, jabbering about the peanuts and popcorn that crowds of people will come to buy from us to feed back to our stock, and how there's more meat in an elephant than in six steers, and about how the punchers will be riding round in these little cupalos up on top of their big saddle elephants; and they kept getting swifter and more excited in their talk, till at last they just naturally exploded when they made sure Safety got the idea and would know he'd been made a fool of. They had a grand time; threw their hats in the air and danced round their victim and punched each other, and their yells and hearty laughter could of been heard for miles up and down the creek. Two or three had guns they let off to add to the gleeful noise. Oh, it was deuces wild for about three minutes. They nearly died laughing.

Then the whole thing kind of died a strange and painful death. Safety wasn't taking on one bit like a man that's been stung. He stood there cold and malignant and listened to the noise and didn't bat an eye till he just naturally quelled the disorder. It got as still as a church, and then Safety talked a little in a calm voice.

"Elephants?" says he, kind of amused. "Why, elephants ain't no good stock proposition because it takes 'em so long to mature! Elephants is often a hundred and twenty years old. You'd have to feed one at least forty years to get him fit to ship. I really am surprised at you boys, going into a proposition like that without looking up the details. It certainly ain't anything for my money. Why, you couldn't even veal an elephant till he was about fifteen years old, which would need at least six thousand dollars' worth of peanuts; and what kind of a stock business is that, I'd like to know. And even if they could rustle their own feed, what kind of a business is it where you could only ship once in a lifetime? You boys make me tired, going hell-bent into an enterprise where you'd all be dead and forgotten before the first turnover of your stock."

He now looked at 'em in a sad, rebuking manner. It was like an icy blast from Greenland the way he took it.

Two or three tried to start the big laugh again, but their yips was feeble and died quickly out. They just stood there foolish. Even Sandy Sawtelle couldn't think of anything bright to say.

Safety now climbs on his horse, strangely cheerful, and says: "Well, I'll have to be getting along with them new mules of mine." Then he kind of giggled at the crowd and says: "I certainly got the laugh on this outfit, starting a business where this here old Methusalem hisself could hardly get it going good before death cut him off!"

And away he rides, chuckling like it was an awful joke on us. Not a single scream of agony about what had been done to him with them stunted mules.

Of course that was all I needed to know. One deadly chill of fear took me from head to foot. I knew perfectly well our trench was mined and the fuse lighted. Up comes this chucklehead of a Sawtelle, and for once in his life he's puzzled.

"Well," he says, "you got to give old S. F. credit for one thing. Did you see the way he tried to switch the laugh over onto us, and me with his trusty check right here in my hand? I never would have thought it, but he is certainly one awful good game loser!"

"Game loser nothing!" I says. "He's just a game winner. Any time you see that old boy acting game he's won. And he's won now, no matter how much the known facts look against it. I don't know how, but he's won."

They all begin to tell me I must be mistaken, because look at the price we got for stuff we hadn't been able to sell at any price before. I says I am looking at that, but I'm also obliged to look at Safety after he's paid that price, and the laws of Nature certainly ain't been suspended all at once. I offer to bet 'em what they've made on the deal that Safety has run true to form. "Mark my words," I says, "this is one sad day for the Arrowhead! I don't know how or why, but we'll soon find out; and if you don't believe me, now's the time to double your money."

But they hung off on that. They got too much respect for my judgment. And they admitted that Safety's way of standing the gaff had been downright uncanny. So there was nothing to do but pay over their share of this tainted money and wait for the blow, eighty hundred and seventy-five dollars being the amount I split with 'em for their masterly headwork in the depredation.

That very day in the mail comes a letter that has been delayed because this here Government of ours pinches a penny even worse than old Timmins does. Yes, sir; this letter had been mailed at Seattle with a two-cent stamp the day after the Government had boosted the price to three cents. And what does the Government do? Does it say: "Oh, send it along! Why pinch pennies?" Not at all. It takes a printed card and a printed envelope and the time of a clerk and an R. F. D. mail carrier to send me word that I must forward one cent if I want this letter—spends at least two cents to get one cent. Well, it takes two days for that notice to reach me; and of course I let it lie round a couple of days, thinking it's probably an advertisement; and then two days for my one-cent stamp to go back to this parsimonious postmaster; and two days for the letter to get here; making about eight days, during which things had happened that I should of known about. Yes, sir; it's a great Government that will worry over one cent and then meet one of these smooth profiteers and loosen up on a million dollars like a cowhand with three months' pay hitting a wet town. Of course it was all over when I read this letter.

I rolled another cigarette for the injured woman, it being no time for words.

"It just goes to show," she observed after the first relishing draft, "that we should be honest, even with defectives like old Timmins. This man in Seattle that keeps track of prices for me writes that the top of the mule market has blown sky-high; that if I got anything looking at all like a mule not to let it go off the place for less than two hundred dollars, because mule buyers is sure desperate. Safety must of got the same tip, only you can bet his correspondent put the full three cents on the letter. Safety would never have trusted a strange postmaster with the excess. Anyway he sold that bunch of rabbits a week later for one hundred and seventy-five a head, thus adding twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars of my money to his tainted fortune. You can imagine the pins and needles he'd been on for a week, scared I'd get the tip and knowing if he even mentioned them runts at any price whatever that I'd be wise at once. That joke of the boys must of seemed heaven-sent to him.

"You ought to heard the lecture I read them fool punchers on common honesty and how the biter is always bit. I scared 'em good; there hasn't been an elephant on the place since that day. They're a chastened lot, all right. I was chastened myself. I admit it. I don't hardly believe I'll ever attempt anything crooked on old Safety again—and yet, I don't know."

The lady viciously expelled the last smoke from her cigarette and again took up the knitting.

"I don't really know but if there was some wanton duplicity come up that I could handle myself and not have to leave to that pack of amateur thieves out in the bunk house, and it was dead sure and I didn't risk doing more than two years' penal servitude—yes, I really don't know. Even now mebbe all ain't over between us."

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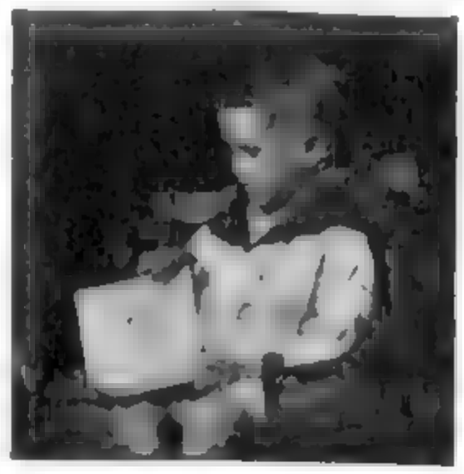

To Fathers & Mothers

ABOVE is pictured John Reily, 3rd, a future captain of industry from Louisiana. He is earning *for himself* all his spending money and building a good-sized account in the savings bank besides.

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TROCO Made from Coconuts FOR TABLE USE OLEOMARGARINE TROCO NUT BUTTER COMPANY MILWAUKEE-U-S-A- ONE POUND NET

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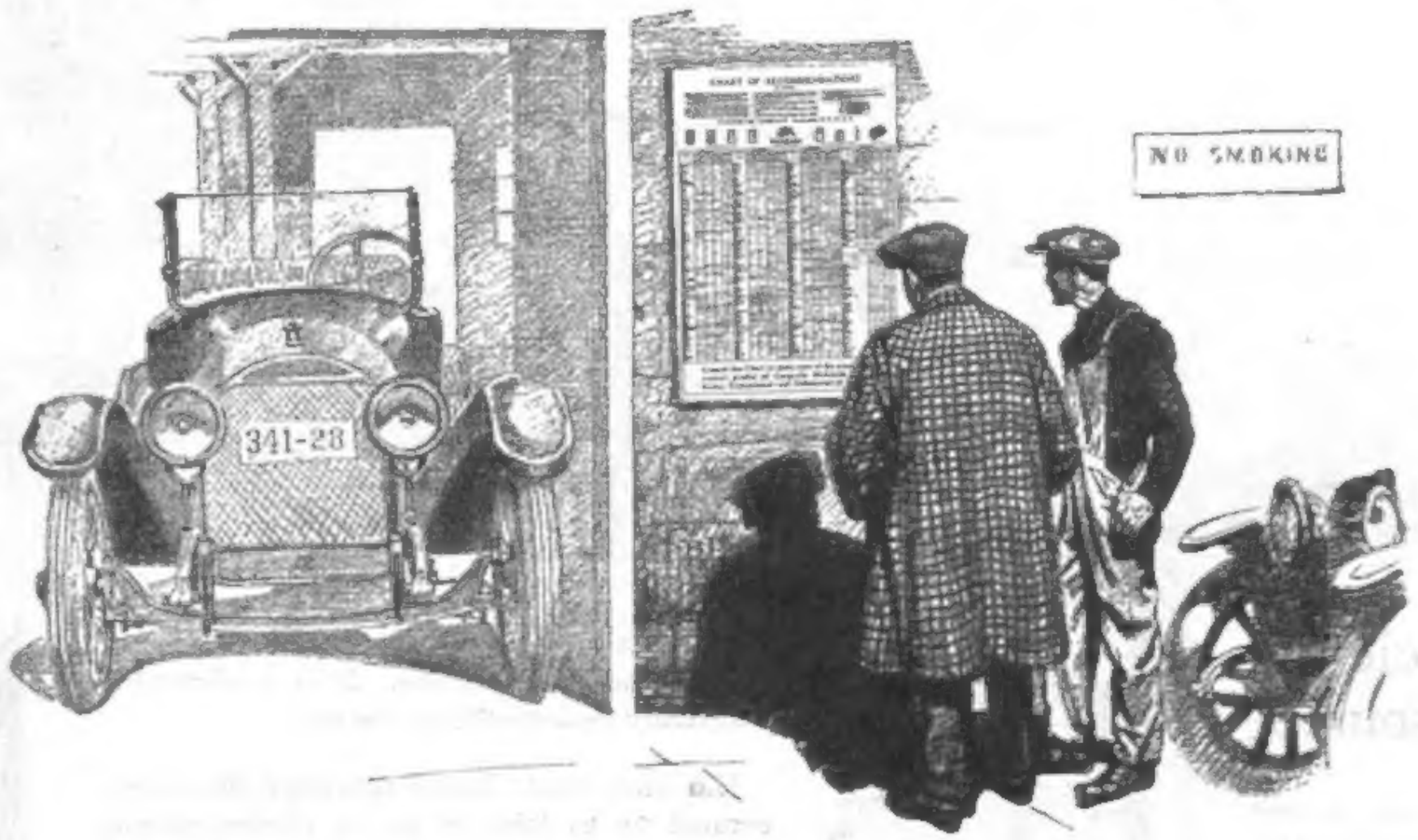

Look for it on your dealer's wall

EVERY time you stop for oil you face a question which is vital to the life of your car.

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The better type of dealer and garage man now realizes that something like 50% of all engine troubles are due to incorrect lubrication.

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That is why the large Chart of Recommendations, issued by the Vacuum Oil Company, is now fastened to the walls of thousands of supply shops and garages.

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This oil will effectually seal your piston rings against power-waste, gasoline-waste and oil-waste.

* * *

THE Vacuum Oil Company for 50 years have specialized in scientific lubrication. Today their world-wide leadership in lubrication matters is unquestioned in scientific circles. For years their Chart of Recommendations has been recognized as the scientific guide to correct automobile lubrication.

In keeping this Chart up to date, each new model of every automobile is carefully analyzed. This work involves lengthy and painstaking engineering study by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations of this Chart are proven correct by repeated practical tests.

But nothing has given dealers such faith in this Chart as their experience with the oils themselves. For no one knows better than the dealer how difficult it is to secure efficient lubrication and how much efficient lubrication means.

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Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation: — The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

AUTOMOBILES	1918		1917		1916		1915		1914	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott	Arc	Arc								
Abbott-Detroit			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A	A	A		
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Apperson	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Auburn (4 cyl)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6-35&6-39)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (6-39) (Touring II)	A	Arc								
" (6-39 II) (Cont'd)	Arc	Arc								
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Case	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (6-40)					A	Arc				
" (6-30)			A	A	A	A				
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" (F A)	A	Arc								
Cole					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Cunningham							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Dart	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (Mod. C)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (1 & 3½ ton)	A	A								
Detroiter			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Dodge	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E		
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Federal	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. S-X)	A	A	A	A						
" (Special)	Arc	Arc								
Flat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hal-Twelve			A	A	A	A				
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Hudson					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Super Six)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A				
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King							A	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc		
" (Con'd)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " (Mod. 48)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" " (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Lexington			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Lippard Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. M)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (Mod. M W)			A	Arc						
Locomobile	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
McFarlan	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Madison	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (22-30)							Arc	Arc		
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Moline-Knight	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Oldsmobile	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Overland			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Com'l)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Paige (4 cyl)							A	Arc	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" (6-35)					A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (6-35-39)			A	Arc						
" (6-40)	A	Arc								
Paterson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Pathfinder			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Com'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A	Arc	Arc		
Renault (French)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Riker	A	E	E	E						
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (3½ ton)			A	Arc						
Simplex			A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" " (8 cyl)	B	A	A	A	B	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (2 & 3½ tons)	Arc	Arc								
" (1½ ton)	A	Arc								
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (16 valve)	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys Six			Arc	Arc						
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Electric Vehicles: — For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year 'round. For open chains and differential, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year 'round.

Exception — For ***winter lubrication*** of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.

To Balance This Good Meal

THE great value of oranges today, and for all time, is in balancing the diet.

"The diet of the average man, made up chiefly of white bread, meat and potatoes, is decidedly deficient in vitamines," says Dr. J. H. Kellogg, head of the famous Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan. "Orange juice," he continues, "is needed to supplement these defective dietaries and might, with the greatest advantage, find a place on every table at least once a day."

Thus a world-renowned dietitian cites a very important reason why you should eat freely of this fruit.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's Comment

"I don't think anything I have ever said in praise of a fruit diet is too strong to say about oranges," says Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, former chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, United States Government.

Scores of other eminent men are also recommending oranges at a time when we are choosing food with the greatest care. Statistics show that patients in hospitals eat nearly three times as many oranges as the average consumer. This is due to the recognition by dietitians and doctors of the healthfulness of this fruit.

For True Efficiency

Oranges are remarkable. Their organic salts and acids help to digest all the other foods, and thus make those foods more efficient.

And the best of it is, all these rare benefits are made attractive with *luscious flavor*.

Don't you think you should act today on these suggestions for your family's sake?

Order Now

Order oranges now before you forget it. Don't overlook a vital food like this. Eat fresh fruit—as much as you can—and thus save other more concentrated foods for export. Ask for Sunkist Oranges. They are uniformly good and practically seedless. Sunkist are picked fresh every day the year 'round, and shipped daily to all markets. Winter or summer, every first-class retailer can supply you with this fruit.

Send a post card for Dr. Kellogg's article, "Food Value of Oranges." We will also send 200 orange and lemon recipes compiled and tested by Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,000 Growers
Dept. E-23, Los Angeles, California

The Kodak Letter

The star in the window tells the story—their soldier is "over there."

The morning letter of cheer and hope has been written and with it pictures are going, simple Kodak pictures of their own taking that tell the home story,—pictures that will bring a cheery smile to his face, a leap of joy to his heart, that will keep bright the fire of courage in his soul as with the home image fresh in mind he battles for the safety of that home and for the honor of his flag.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*